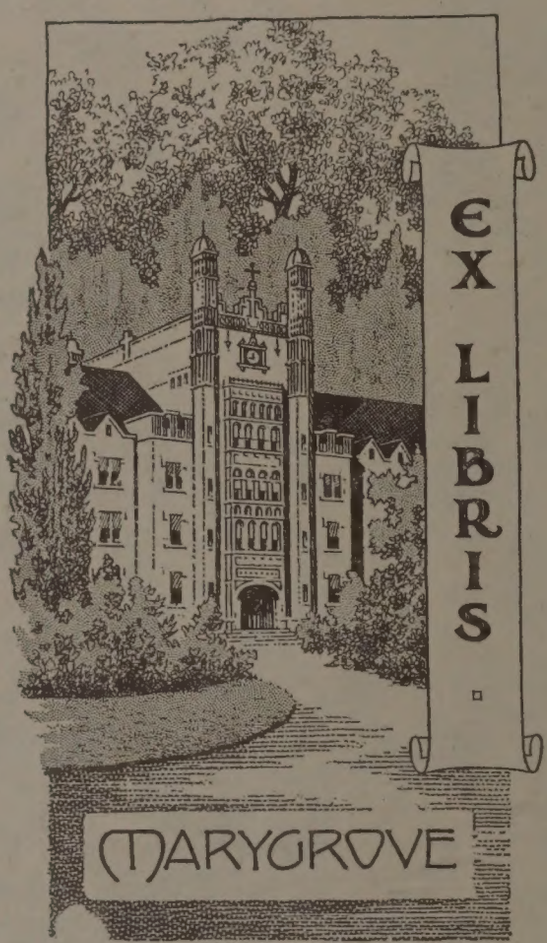

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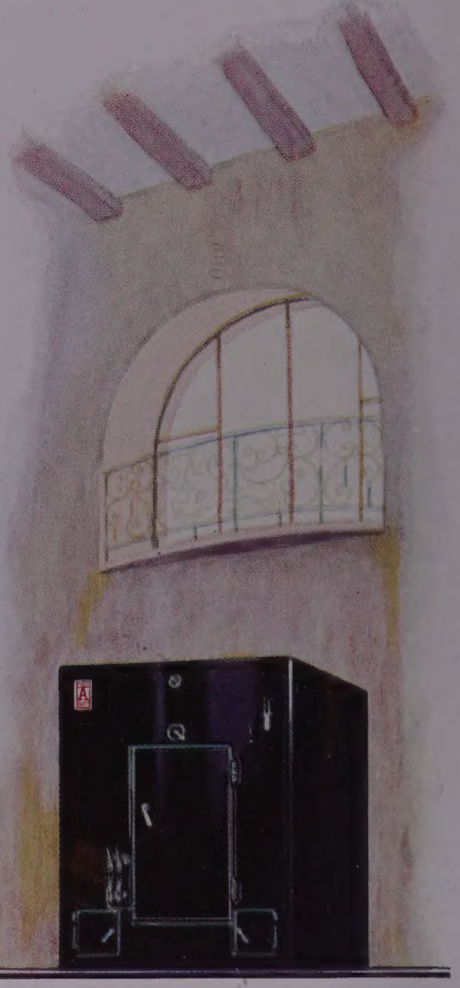
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Peyton Boswell
EDITOR

W·B·M'Cormick
ASSISTANT
EDITOR

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TO CONTRIBUTORS

Articles are solicited by the editor on subjects that are interesting and significant in all branches of the fine and applied arts. No responsibility is assumed for the safe custody or return of manuscripts, but due care will be exercised

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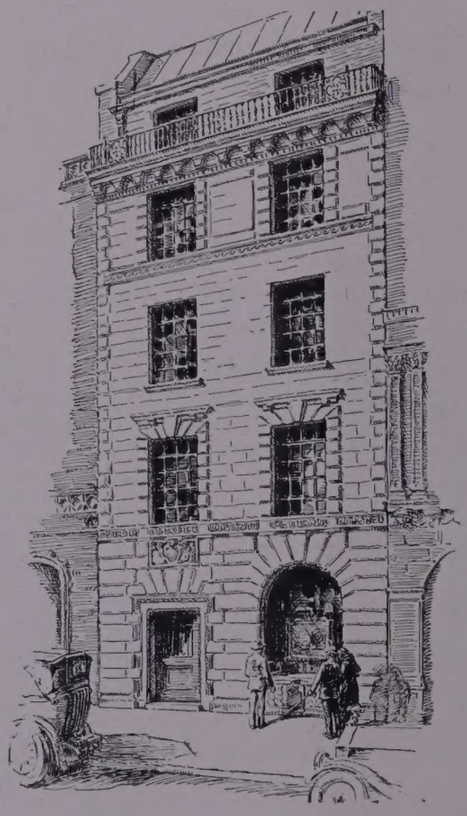
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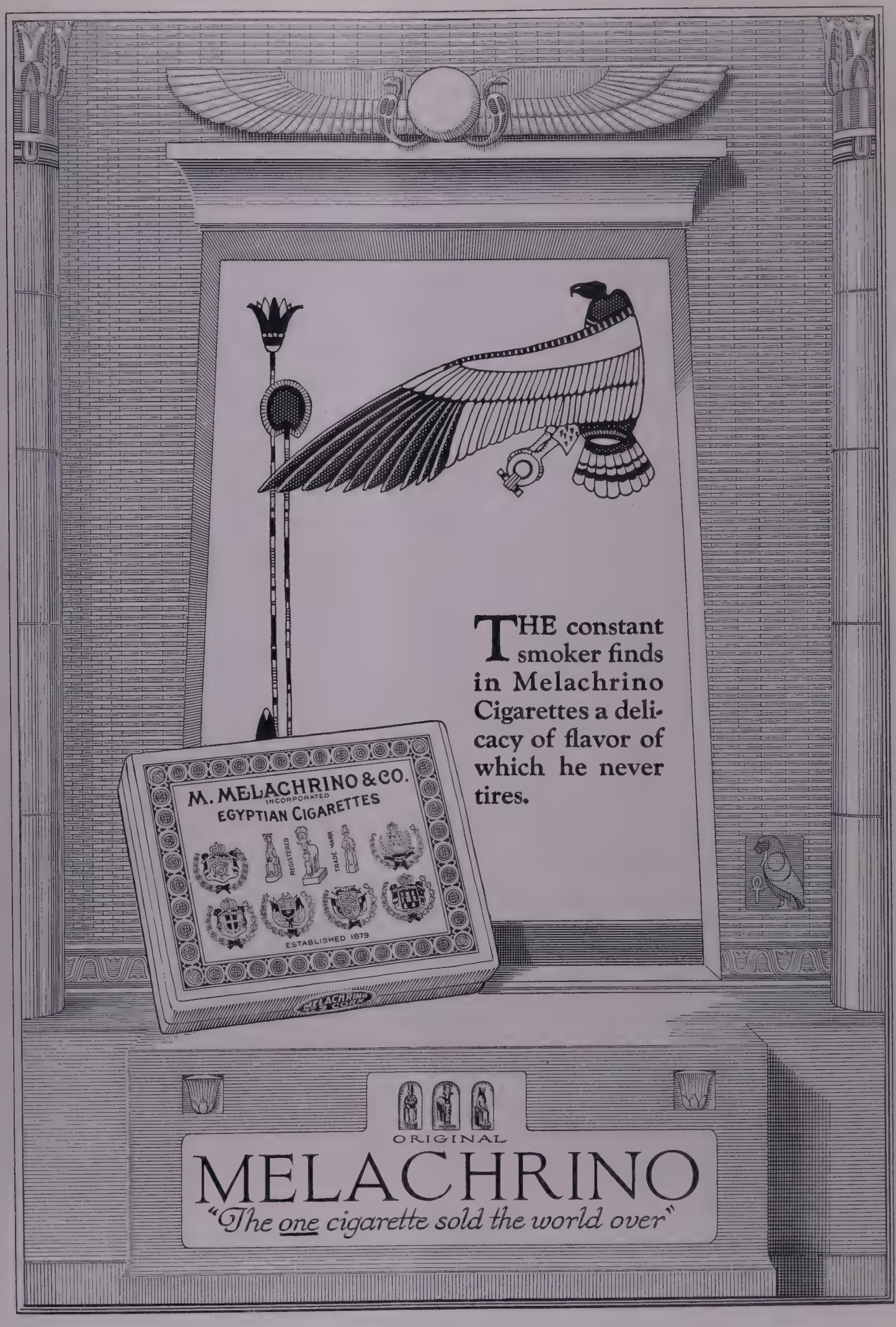
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INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Volume LXXX

Number 329

October 1924

BEDS OF THE THREE LOUIS

Decorative styles of these periods and social changes in French life traced through pieces of antique furniture

William B. M'GORMICK

IN THAT CENTURY and a half between the time Louis XIV assumed absolute control of the kingdom till the Revolution ended the life of Louis XVI France was the greatest art influence of the time; and in the reigns of the three Louis, including the brief years of the Regency, design as applied to architecture, furniture and interior decoration achieved a degree of perfection that has no parallel in the history of these arts and crafts. The luxury of the lives of royalty and the nobility grew to a splendor whose grace and beauty is summed up in Taine's brief description of the times of Louis XIV as being "wholly operatic," a luxury that brought about the inevitable and terrible days of the Revolution when, to paraphrase Taine, life became wholly tragic. The first two of these kings deliberately encouraged this splendid magnificence by their manner of living; and although it is the general custom to blink the fact they were aided to a marked degree by that group of royal mistresses beginning with Madame de Montespan and ending with Madame du Barry.

If the reader may wonder how out of all this superb refinement of form and color as applied to the utilities of life so prosaic an article of furniture as a bed should be selected for special note his curiosity or mild surprise will be quickly satisfied by a summary of the place the bed occupied both as to its actual situation in any home and in its social relation. Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century a bed was the most important thing in a household in respect to value as countless royal inventories and private wills record. Almost to the end of the eighteenth century the bed of the head of every wealthy family stood in the state room of the castle or chateau. A history of the gradual improvement of domestic comfort, heating and sanitation might be traced through the several general forms of northern European beds from the early paneled ones, *lit clos*, to the semi-enclosed bedsteads of the era of the three Louis and to the last traces of the first type found in the open "four-poster" where ornamentation through structural forms actually ends. When it is known that Louis XIV gave audience in bed; when it is recalled that the great ladies of those eras received their friends in the same manner; when the reader is reminded of the elaborate ritual that grew up about the morning toilet of royalty and nobility, then the bed assumes outstanding importance in the history of the arts and crafts of the period under consideration here.

Costly as these state beds were, treasured as they were at the time, few are the examples that have come down to us and these chiefly through being in museums such as that at Fontainebleau. It is only within recent months that the Metropolitan Museum of Art has acquired two notable pieces that fall within the classification of state beds, one from France of the Louis XVI period, the other from England and of a century earlier and typical of the extravagances of the Restoration. Just why these bedsteads have so completely disappeared from all save a few of the more stately chateaux and palaces of France and England is easy of understanding in view of the trend toward a simpler form of life and of domestic interiors following the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. The state bedstead was cumbersome, its costly luxury an affront to the growing

Photographs by courtesy of French & Co.



NEEDLEWORK VALANCE AND SIDE PANELS OF THE LOUIS XIV BED

democratic and puritanic tastes of the people of these two nations. Once disassembled there was nothing to call for the care of its several parts; and the natural enemies of fabrics and wood completed a physical destruction originating in social and political revolution.

The more remote any type of antique bedstead is from the present day the rarer it becomes, this being in marked contrast to the number of chairs, tables, benches and chests that come down to us from the sixteenth century and even earlier. This circumstance adds much to the extreme rarity, to mention this feature alone, of a monumental bed of the period of Louis XIV which has recently been acquired by a New York collector, a piece of which every member is in its original condition, the nearest existing duplicate of which for regal beauty is the bed of Louis XIV at Versailles. Its stately form, its damask covering and, most of all, its exquisite needlework valances and panels of myriad flowerlike hues, make this bedstead chief in its field not alone in our country but anywhere beyond the confines of France itself.

This Louis XIV bed is that greatest of all rarities among such pieces of furniture, a perfect example of the *lit en dôme à la duchesse* of which the most famous specimen is the bed of Marie Antoinette at Fontainebleau. The *lit à la duchesse*, which is better known through the literature of furniture than by existing pieces, is defined "as a bed having its head-board against the wall, no foot-board and a canopy supported from the ceiling and of the same size and shape as the bed." Comparison of this definition with the accompanying illustrations will show that our *lit* fills every one of these specifications perfectly. The type was unknown before the last quarter of the seventeenth century and even in the reign of Louis XIV they were not numerous for in a royal inventory of that time out of four hundred and thirteen beds described there were only "several" *à la duchesse*. Our example may be dated as approximately of the year 1700. Its dimensions are: length, six feet ten inches; width, five feet three inches; height to top of canopy, eleven feet eight inches. The upper end of the frame and head-board form one piece, the rest of the members of the bed being applied, the demountability of the whole being one of its chief features. The frame, designed to be wholly concealed, is of cherry wood and of the simplest possible construction with slightly tapering quadrilateral legs while the covered headboard is shaped in the style of the period.

After its perfection of form the glory of this



MONUMENTAL LOUIS XIV "LIT À LA DUCHESSE"



LOUIS XV CHAISE LONGUE

bed is to be found in the textiles comprising the green damask of the covering and the canopy lining and the needlework upper and lower valances and side panels. The damask bed covering, the drapery behind the headboard, or *dossier*, and the lining of the padded canopy is of a lustrous green with a characteristic flower and leaf design. This is ornamented with yellow silk galloon shirred with a marvelous technique (this feature representing the acme of appliqué), the bed-covering being finished with yellow silk fringe. Luxurious as is this damask it assumes an air of sobriety when in the company of the needlework side panels and the scallop-pointed valances around the canopy above and the bed-frame below.

The needlework of these panels is what is technically known as *point St. Cyr*, a style developed in the school established at St. Cyr by Madame de Maintenon who played so important a part in the life of Louis XIV and in the court and France itself. The upper and lower valances and the lower ends of both side panels are scalloped and show a series of medallions enclosed in scroll-like frames with borders of strapwork and conventional floral decorations. The medallions are Biblical and mythological with a few of animal subjects, these last reflecting the then growing vogue of La Fontaine's "Fables." The needlework is in both *gros point* and *petit point*, the colors being glowing blues and reds and greens, such as are no longer seen in so rich and varied beauty in needlework, embroidered on a dark ground. The exquisite harmony of these colors and their interplay adds much to the gorgeous splendor of the dominating feature of this monumental bedstead.

The *chaise longue* of the period of Louis XV is selected for illustration here since it is the symbol of a marked change that had taken place in the court attitude toward the bedstead in this reign. It had begun to be realized that a bedstead in the chief royal apartment was a contradiction of the privacy that should be associated with sleep and there already had appeared the *lit de parade*, a bedstead separated from the rest of the room by being placed on a platform and surrounded with balustrading, and the *lit d'alcove*, a bedstead placed in a recess to which semi-state and privacy was given by balustrading or columns which separated the bed from the room and yet made it and its alcove a part of the architectural scheme. With the next step in this transition of the bed from the "front parlor" to an actual bedroom there still remained the tradition of receiving friends in a reclining position, the justification for which may be found in David's immortal portrait of Madame Recamier. And to accommodate this desire in the bedsteadless drawing-room the graceful ingenuity of French cabinetmakers revealed itself in the *chaise longue*. Originally the frames of these day-beds were filled in with cane but soon velvets and other rich fabrics were used to upholster them as more befitting their surroundings. Usually associated solely with the idea of luxury of surroundings and physical ease the *chaise longue* is actually one of the most striking pieces of furniture extant since it marks the era when the bed-



CARVED, PAINTED AND GILDED LOUIS XVI BED

room as such came into existence in the homes of royalty and the nobility.

Although the tradition of the monumental bed was still preserved through the reign of Louis XVI we can see how far progress had gone toward the more practical and less cumbersome and costly modern bedstead through the illustration of an original Louis XVI bed now in this country shown herewith. Painting, carving and applied decoration all were called upon to embellish this very practical and moveable piece of furniture. A carved panel adorns the headboard, the footboard is enriched inside and out with panels of Louis XVI brocade, the legs are modeled and carved in the characteristic style of the period. Painted a pale green with touches of gilding this piece of furniture serves as an exquisite link between the gorgeous splendors of the monumental Louis XIV bedstead described here, the supreme grace of the *chaise longue* and the passing of the era of the three Louis. This faded but graceful piece also marks the last but one great and distinctive French furniture style. Yet not even the most reactionary Frenchman would hold the Empire style on the same plane of beauty as any one of the *modes* developed under these three kings.

APPLIQUÉD DAMASK COVER OF HEADBOARD, LOUIS XIV BED





"AT SEA" BY ALBERT RYDER

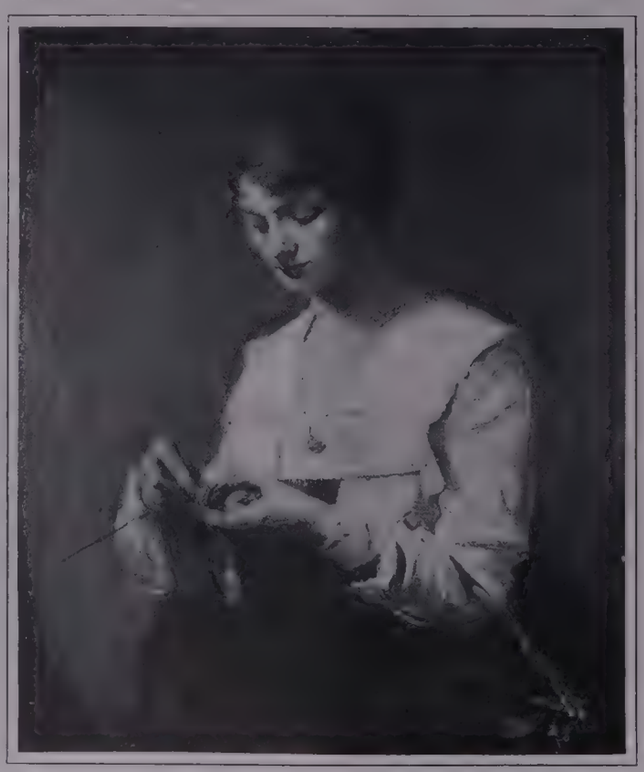
PHILLIPS *Memorial* GALLERY

Collection formed by Duncan Phillips of Washington, D.C., to further the appreciation of art in America

F. NEWLIN PRIGE

GREAT MUSEUMS are forming, private and public, bright gemlike areas of this youthful America, over the country everywhere. Fine art has found its place in the sun. In the beautiful city of Washington much has been done; the National Gallery, the Corcoran Gallery, the Freer Collection, and high on the horizon the Phillips Memorial Gallery. It was founded spiritually, intellectually, esthetically, by a practical dreamer, Mr. Duncan Phillips, an art critic fortunate in the means to gather a collection; an author whose travel and education have built authority. And this museum, fathered by a critic-student-author, must perforce command attention, endow America from its delightful source, and form an uplifting power, a blessing.

"KNITTING FOR SOLDIERS" BY J. ALDEN WEIR



"The Collection consists chiefly of French and American paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, although it is my intention to continue to acquire works by a few 'old masters' who had a modern spirit, and who anticipated in one way or another methods modern artists are using and ideas they are thinking about. Thus I hope to trace the growth of modern painting from remote origins, bringing together in separate exhibition units congenial spirits from different parts of the world and from different periods of history. For there is nothing more demonstrable than that art is a universal language defying classification according to time and place, nation or race, periods or schools or neat chronological sequence. We have already in our catalogue names of three artists who are sources of modern painting: El Greco, a founder of



"LE DÉJÊUNER DES CANÔTIERS" BY PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR

romantic expressionism and rhythmical design; Chardin, a founder of simplified naturalism and the richly harmonious envelopment of objects in space; Guardi, a founder of impressionism or the rapid transcript of elusive appearance," Mr. Phillips has written.

"FOUR O'CLOCK LADIES" BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES





"PAGANINI" BY EUGENE DELACROIX

Mr. Phillips has traveled far, literally and esthetically; his purchases are self reflections. First he bought for the encouragement of the painter where ere he saw the spark developing; he now has so vast a memorabilia that he stores comparative data and is fascinated in the "analysis of constituent qualities of a great painter." So his Memorial Gallery will hold exhibitions of comparison, starting the observer on fascinating adventures into books and museums, little journeys to the dreams and hopes of a painter. He will correlate men of similar temperament and esthetic vision. He will contrast the results achieved from different artists' points of view on similar subjects. He will show the gradual development of an artist's genius, its expression through "period phases of his development."

To quote his promise: "Instead of trying to have all the good painters represented with one example, we shall continue to bring together works fully revealing the genius of a few chosen artists. Among the Frenchmen for whom we are planning exhibition units are Daumier, Corot, Courbet, Renoir, Monet and his school and Puvis de Chavannes; Americans include Ryder, Twacht-



"BOWL OF PLUMS" BY JEAN BAPTISTE CHARDIN



"THE REMORSE OF PETER" BY EL GRECO

man, Homer, Weir, Prendergast, Hassam, Davies, Tack, Lawson, Luks, Myers, Kent, Beal, Spencer and Marjorie Phillips."

One of the purposes of the Phillips Memorial is to show American and European paintings side by side instead of exhibiting our native work separately as if it were a by-product. Taking just pride in revealing its distinction and importance as part of the main channel of all artistic progress, he plans to do all he can to make American art better known abroad.

"Another of our purposes," Mr. Phillips declares, "is to discover and to honor quality in contemporary art of a kind easily overlooked and not easily recognized at its true worth because of the fact that artists of creative originality and of



"ROAD ROLLER" BY ROCKWELL KENT

"WINDY DAY" BY ERNEST LAWSON





"SAILING BY MOONLIGHT" BY ALBERT RYDER

sincere independence refuse to paint down to the public and are equally incapable of attracting attention to themselves by sensational subjects and methods and by political wire pulling and organized self advertisement. I wish to win for them reward and recognition in their own day, and I prefer to take a chance on over-rating the men I believe in rather than discreetly to wait for time to appraise their achievement.

"We want to popularize what is best in art by the intimacy and attractiveness of our methods of presentation without making concessions to the public in matters of taste and without in any way lowering our standards as some public galleries are tempted to do to alleviate the over-aweing effect of cold formal institutional architecture. We wish if possible to create the atmosphere of a home, an atmosphere of ease and comfort, for our gallery, where visitors will feel inclined to linger. Their pleasure must pursuade them to return and ultimately to absorb the point of view of the artists. Should they remain thereafter on the same esthetic level our purpose will have been accomplished. We would then have hastened the development of a public enlightened as to what art really is, and able to assist the artist to get his work known and his purpose understood."

The architecture of personality is strangely built. Its Gothic spires of artistic development rise early but mature slowly. Before you walk, before you talk, the charm of pictures stills your infant battle-cry. Under the urge of new adventures you forget beauty, yet in music, in color, in form, it remains a part of you, builds high your lives, makes comprehensible your loves and many noble things you do. Duncan Phillips has always had a consciousness dominated by color and yet aware of inadequate talent for drawing and ambitions to make literary record of exquisite moments in rare places or to suggest spiritual emotions in the abstract. Foreign travel awakened him to his absorbing interest in painting.

Mr. Phillips is of Scotch-Irish and English stock, pure American from Colonial days; soldiers and statesmen and captains of industry, no artists. His maternal grandfather, Mr. James



"LILIAN WOLKES" BY JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

Laughlin, was founder of the Jones and Laughlin Steel Company and a great banker, of the type of Andrew Mellon. His father was a union officer, a major in the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry through the Civil War, later on a manufacturer in Pittsburgh where Duncan Phillips was born June 26, 1886. When they moved to Washington in 1897, young Phillips attended private school and later entered Yale, graduating in 1908 with honors in English composition. As an editor of the Yale Literary Magazine he wrote essays on art because he loved paintings more than books. His travel through the summer took him to Italy and Spain, Paris and London, the Louvre and National Gallery; he dreamed of being a painter, but could write better than paint and wisely decided to interpret the work of great artists. "Far too many that paint, far too few who understand and interpret the true artist's point of view to the end that he may not be without fame in his own day and without honor in his own country."

In 1910-1915 he lived with his brother James Laughlin Phillips, an exceedingly able man, who had a brilliant life before him. Loveable, altruistic, practical, he gave himself to great causes, the Red Cross, the Civic Federations. During this time Duncan Phillips wrote through the winter and studied art in Europe during the summer. He joined the Century Assotiation and the contact with other artists had profound effect. J. Alden Weir became a close friend, Weir whose kindly genius for enthusiasm encouraged him. The first fruit of his travel study was *The Enchantment of Art* published by John Lane, 1914, received with splendid notices. Followed book-reviews and contributions to the *American Magazine of Art* and many other magazines. In the war he threw himself into the pictorial propaganda, stimulating artistic paintings, helping artists, winding up in collaboration with Mr. A. E. Gallatin in the Allied War Salon of 1918, at the old American Art Galleries—thousands of pictures in all mediums from artists of all the allied countries. After the death of his father in 1917 and brother in 1918, he suffered a protracted illness, happily recovering. In 1921 he married Miss Marjorie Acker of Ossining, New York, a niece of Reynolds and Gifford Beal, a talented painter. Her New York exhibition at Kraushaar's was generally liked, critics and artists alike found "distinction of touch" and "freshness in her point of view." It is pleasant to contemplate Mr. Phillips helping her and Marjorie Phillips lending her artist spirit to his collecting.

This great enterprise was conceived as a bridge between folks who would not see and art, between folks who could not see and opportunity. Purposefully Phillips went about his collecting, inspired and assisted by his wife. Now there are two hundred and seventy-two paintings by ninety-six artists, foreign and American. Of sculpture only a beginning. Hunt Diederich, Gaston Lachaise, Mahonri Young. The passion is for color rather than for form. One-third of the present collection may be eliminated before this contribution to America's declaration of artistic independence has reached its final stage and the ultimate gallery in Washington opens permanently and continuously for the people. Meanwhile because of limited space, there is but one small gallery in which may be seen but a small part of the collection at one time. But one always finds



"LES AVOCATS" BY HONORÉ DAUMIER

new treasures and old favorites recombined in new and suggestive groups. The changing exhibitions are like concerts of color with ever varied programs.

In his writings Duncan Phillips aims to recreate the pleasures of pictures, and in his more analytical moments to generously expand his appreciation, in Pater's fashion, to the full measure of the artist's intention. His taste is catholic. His collection gives a survey of life. The delicate lyrics of Corot play with the fat unctuous harmonies of Monticelli. The linear melodies of Davies are contrasted with the more solemn rhythms of Puvis. He has found excitement in the irony of Daumier, in the meditation of Fantin, in the various arts of Inness, Whistler, Weir, Chardin,



"THE GLEN" BY COURBET

Pissarro, Lawson, Twachtman, Ryder, Prendegast, Tack. The famous "Déjeûner des Canotiers" of Renoir is now the crowning peak of the collection. Pathos, joy, and despair (witness the Greco), sunlight, snowstorm and spring, peoples of all the world, colors of all the elements!

It is for us to ponder over the philosophy of the thing. Do we see beauty? Are people being trained to feel and to understand? Is it not a record of dates and names out of books which parrot-like we drop from our mouths? What do we care or know about the elements of design, the artist's point of view and the difficulties he surmounts before he arrives at his effects of consummate ease? Have our critics been trained? Our art dealers—are they qualified? Phillips



"FESTIVAL" BY JEROME MYERS

would have colleges offer courses in the philosophy of art and in elementary technical instruction, not merely in art-history. He would like to see colleges turn out great art teachers and "an enlightened public." If the people could produce connoisseurs in greater number they would be the best art jury for an exhibition, doing away with professional politics and the clash of rival cliques.

"SUMMER" BY JOHN H. TWACHTMAN





"SNOWSTORM" BY SISLEY

So, in a sheltered valley the romance is yet unfinished, many golden threads to be woven into the fabric, many gaps to be filled, some inconsistencies to be corrected. The Memorial grows apace. Books are published—the first on J. Alden Weir, the second on Honoré Daumier, and the third on Arthur B. Davies. The next one is to be on Renoir. Living artists are given credit where credit is due, chosen ones being recorded completely. To look for the fleeting instant of beauty —lonely, to find company, sad, to find solace. Boldness you will meet, contrast of color, worship and strange necromancy. Contrasts of many moods, something for all of us, this beauty absolute sought for is found.

Photographs for this article by courtesy of the Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington, D.C.







"VICTORY" BY ALBERT LAESSLE

A SCULPTOR of ANIMAL LIFE

Albert Laessle devotes both craftsmanship and art to the modeling of the smaller birds and beasts and reptiles

D. ROY MILLER

WHEN the immortal Alice found herself in Looking-Glass Land her first discovery was that in order to reach a desired spot she must walk in the opposite direction. I have always thought this was written especially for artists, because an artist who wishes to please his public must forget all about it, and determine only to please himself. When he has succeeded in pleasing himself he will probably have an enthusiastic audience around him. Albert Laessle is an example of this independence of spirit; in choosing subjects which are really unique in sculpture he has certainly not thought of other artists or of the public. He has done the things which he loves solely because he wished to do them. Consequently his work has met with a cordial reception, and he is justly famed for daring and originality.

I am not going to speak of Laessle as a medalist, although the medal which he has made for the Belgian Children's Relief Committee, the medal awarded by the University of Pennsylvania for architectural merit, the Widener medal at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, and a medal of honor recently completed for the Concord Art Association are all deserving of mention. Nor shall I dwell on his work as a portrait sculptor, though his busts of H. Grant Pearson, Lytton Buehler and Henri Scott, among others, deserve more than passing notice. In this article there is space only for an appreciation of his work as a sculptor of animals. In some of his subject matter he may be compared to those Japanese artists who have shown a like sympathy for the little creatures that too many of us pass without notice. There is something naïve and refreshing in the Japanese enjoyment of the fire-flies and singing grasshoppers which they keep in small cages in their homes. The seventeen syllable poems which they write about dragon-flies, fire-flies and frogs may also be cited. There is a kindred sentiment in Laessle's observation of the minute forms of life, as in his three bronzes, "Frog and Katydid," "Locust and Pine Cone" and "Outcast," in the possession of the Peabody Institute in Baltimore.

Let us follow Laessle into his studio on a wide quiet street in an old part of Philadelphia. It is situated conveniently near the Zoological Gardens where he has permission to keep his clay and study the animals at will. In his studio he is surrounded by *objets d'art*—pottery from Italy and Spain, and massive furniture of proportions most delightful

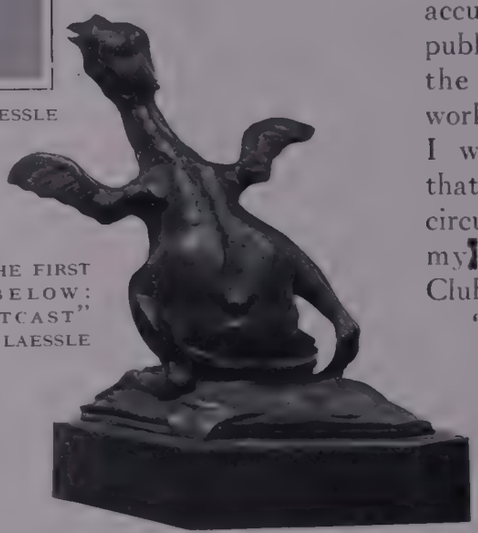


"FAN-TAIL PIGEON" BY ALBERT LAESSLE

to the eye of a sculptor. Dark copies of old paintings hang on the walls. On a table under the skylight two small bronze bears confront each other.

"How did you first think of such unusual subjects?" I asked, as I turned in my hand a bronze statuette representing a nude chick at the awkward age.

"It came about in a rather amusing way," he replied. "I was a young student working in Mr. Grafly's regular life and head classes. One day one of the boys in the class brought in a ten pound snapping turtle for Mr. Grafly's dinner. Of course the entrance of a turtle into the class occasioned a great deal of fun. All the students stopped work and went to look at it—I with the rest. As I was watching its movements and admiring the construction of its shell the thought came to me that the turtle might be a good subject for study. I borrowed it, and became so much interested that I decided to use it in a composition. Casting about in my mind for other objects which might combine with the turtle to make a possible group, I conceived the idea of a struggle between a turtle and a giant crab over the body of a dead crow. I worked on this subject a long time, becoming more and more interested, and finally brought it to a successful conclusion. It was the first composition I had ever finished, and I was naturally pleased with it. I decided to send it to the Art Club's exhibition in Philadelphia. What was my surprise when the newspapers, in reviewing the exhibition, assailed my work as a cast! It was too lifelike for them to believe that a twenty-four year old student had done it. My state of mind at the time was indescribable. I was naturally pleased that the same mistake had been made in my case as in that of Barye and of Rodin, both of whom had been accused of casting by a public unaccustomed to the accuracy of their work. On the other hand, I was much chagrined that the doubt of the circumstances prevented my receiving the Art Club medal that year.



RIGHT: "THE FIRST STEP." BELOW: "THE OUTCAST" BY ALBERT LAESSLE



"This incident determined me to prove the error of my critics, and the next year I made a careful study of the same turtle and exhibited it, this time in wax, at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. The modeling of the wax showed very plainly, and removed all doubt of my ability to make accurate studies of animals without casting. The papers which had formerly been loudest in their accusations now preserved a discreet silence, while other newspapers acclaimed my achievement. I was most pleased when the Academy purchased the turtle, and had it cast in bronze for the permanent collection, where it may now be seen under the title 'Turtle and Lizard.'"

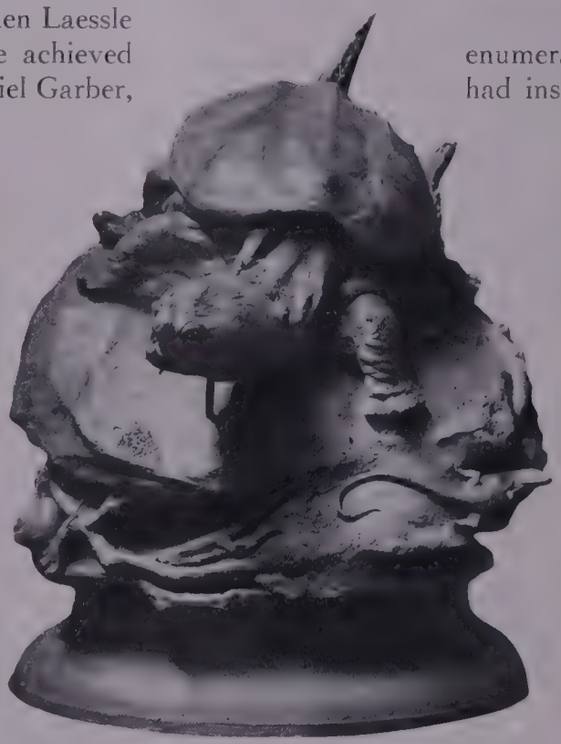
Soon after this episode whereby a snapping turtle obtained a new lease on life, and Mr. Grafly missed a dinner, Laessle received a long term scholarship to Europe from the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts where he was studying. It was much more difficult to win a scholarship in those days than it is now. At that time only one student received the honor each year, and he was permitted to remain in Europe for three years if his work showed improvement enough to warrant the extension of time. Of the little group of American students residing in Paris when Laessle was there many have since achieved eminence. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Garber, Mr. and Mrs. George Oberteuffer, and Maurice Molarsky were of the number. It may be imagined what a fruitful life was led by these young and ambitious artists, living in a beautiful foreign city, and meeting in the evenings to discuss their enthusiasms and plans for the future.

It was in 1905, while Laessle was in Europe, that he married Mary Middleton, to whom he had become engaged while they were both students in Mr. Grafly's class in Philadelphia. Miss Middleton was herself a talented student and much of the sculptor's later success is due, no doubt, to her encouragement and sympathy.

"Though I joined no school," said Laessle of his life in Paris, "I studied the works of the masters with the greatest enthusiasm. Houdon, Dalou, Carpeaux, Frémiet, Chapu — in fact, all of them—" the sculptor was brought to a halt by the impossibility of enumerating the men whose work had inspired him.



"THE BLUE-EYED LIZARD" BY ALBERT LAESSLE



"TURTLE WITH LIZARDS" BY ALBERT LAESSLE

"With what work of your own were you occupied?" I asked.

The sculptor smiled. "I had become so much interested in the type of subject upon which I had chanced," he replied, "that I took care not to depart from it entirely. I had no difficulty in obtaining turtles in Paris. At that time many families had turtles which were imported from Algiers and kept in the cellars to eat insects. Our *concierge* lent me his turtle, and I made a careful study which I sent to the *Salon* under the name 'Turning Turtle.' There my Philadelphia experience was repeated. Because of the peculiarity of the subject, and the accuracy of the craftsmanship, the jury refused to believe that it was modeled. M. Béguine, from whom I had afterwards some criticisms on my work, told me of the jury's opinion that it had been cast. On our return to America we brought this bronze with us,

"TURNING TURTLE" BY ALBERT LAESSLE





"TURKEY" BY ALBERT LAESSLE

and it is now in the possession of the Metropolitan Museum in New York."

After his return from France, with a home in suburban Germantown, and summers spent in the country, Laessle had no lack of models. Honors began to come in. Beside the Stewardson prize at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, which he had received in 1904, he was awarded a bronze medal at Buenos Aires in 1910, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts' fellowship prize in 1915, a gold medal at the Panama Pacific Exposition at San Francisco in 1915, the first sculpture prize at the Americanization Through Art exhibition in Philadelphia in 1916, the George D. Widener memorial gold medal at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in 1918, an honorable mention for sculpture at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1920, and the fellowship gold medal in Philadelphia in 1923.

In spite of these successes, Laessle remains a modest, quiet man who enjoys above all things a long walk in the country with his two sons. Everything in nature is of interest to him—be it a frog, a newly hatched chick, or the conflict between two stag beetles. He sees the drama of life in these things. The ambition of an emperor may, as in *Chanticleer*, be paraphrased in the barnyard. It is in this whimsical vein that Laessle often treats his subjects. The names

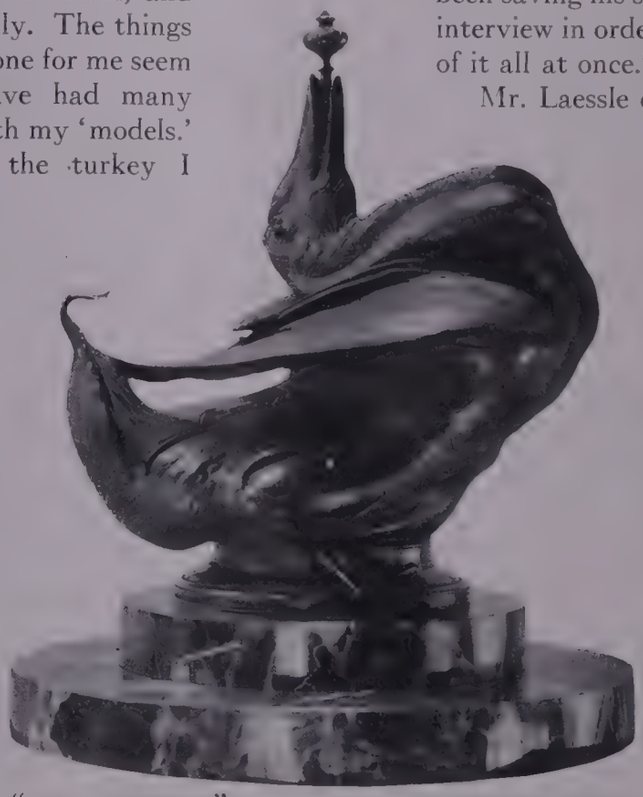
"FROG AND KATYDID" BY ALBERT LAESSLE



which he gives his bronzes are full of significance. Thus, two little pigs racing for apples are "Greed," the tense eagle is "Victory," while the poor plucked chick is, inevitably, "The Outcast."

"Do you never have trouble in getting your animals to pose?" he was asked.

"I have a great deal of success in handling animals," replied the sculptor. "Perhaps it is because of my sympathy for them, and because I treat them kindly. The things that some of them have done for me seem almost incredible. I have had many interesting experiences with my 'models.' When I was modeling the turkey I wanted him to strut. However, the atmosphere of the studio seemed to depress him; with drooping head and tail he was anything but an inspiring subject. My studio at that time overlooked a yard in which there a number of chickens, ducks, pigeons and peacocks. The thought occurred to me that the turkey might be pleased if he could get a glimpse of these feathered connections. I placed him on the deep window sill and drew back the curtains which had concealed the yard. The moment he caught sight of the other birds his pride returned, and, spreading his tail, he began to strut in lordly fashion. He would strut for hours in a manner calculated to impress the fowl below, and when I wanted him to stop I had only to pull the curtains together again.



"DRAKE FOUNTAIN" BY ALBERT LAESSLE

"A cock which I modeled always crowed three times when I drew back the curtain and afforded him a view of his fellows."

"No doubt they would have strutted and crowed the more had they known that their likenesses were destined for the permanent collections of the Philadelphia Art Club and the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts as 'The Bronze Turkey' and 'Chanticleer,'" I suggested.

"Of course I am not unfailingly successful in the management of animals," Laessle continued. "I had once a squirrel that I could not handle. When I first saw him I suspected that he might bite, and I took great care, as I thought. First I rubbed him gently with a stick. He took that very well, so I put on a thick glove and stroked him. Contrary to my expectation he seemed very tame. It was possible even to pick him up and feel the construction of the muscles under his fur. I decided that I could work, and, holding him with one hand, I turned to pick up my tools with the other. The moment I took my eyes from him he bit me, and there was no mistake about his knowing how to bite! It seemed as though he had been saving his strength during our whole interview in order to give me the benefit of it all at once."

Mr. Laessle enjoys talking about the creatures that have posed for him, and many are the stories he can tell about the eagle that inspired his "Victory," now in the Metropolitan Museum in New York; the baby calf which he saw rise for the first time, giving him the idea for his statue, "The First Effort;" the newly hatched chick whose statuette is now owned by the Concord Art Association under the name, "The First Step;" the bird whose grace suggested the "Heron and Fish" at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh; the little reptile which, as the "Blue-Eyed Lizard," forms one of the group of Laessle's works owned by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts; and the "Penguins" now owned by the Fairmount Park Association in Philadelphia. The tradition left by the young goat which posed for "Billy" is all too rich in incident! But the sculptor's family and neighbors admit that they would undergo Billy's ravages again for the pleasure which they now derive from seeing him, safely tethered, and in the sobriety of bronze, in one of Philadelphia's most beautiful breathing spaces—Rittenhouse Square. The children who frequent this square can never forego a ride on his back, and the little hands clasping his horns have entirely rubbed the patina from the bronze, so that the points appear to be tipped with gold.

Laessle has always been interested in the work of students, and he really enjoys teaching. Since 1921 he has been the instructor of a class in sculpture at the Chester Springs summer school of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

THE NEW ARCHITECTURE

The strict utilitarianism of modern engineering has proved a new impetus and achieved a new beauty

John W. VANDERCOOK

THE MATERIALISM of the century is realizing its soul in its own symbols of eternity—stone and steel. Architecture is being recreated in a new form, a form typical of its age, elemental in its beauty and definite in its use. The utilitarianism of industrial civilization is giving the lie to the pessimism which predicted the death of esthetic creativeness. The growth of huge cities is fathering a titanic beauty which has no ancestry in the past and gives promise of a splendid and striking future. Science and industry have provided new material; necessity has wedded the profession of the engineer to the art of the architect; steel girders have proven their fitness to uphold incredible burdens and architects have begun to demonstrate their strength. The skyscraper has become commonplace, but the architecture of the skyscraper is just being developed.

Seven years ago New York City formulated a building code. It was designed to limit and restrict construction in the city in order to prevent overshadowed streets and unmanageable crowds and the chaos of building forms which already characterized much of Manhattan. Few more inspired documents have ever become law. The Zoning Law, as it is called, bids fair to provide the greatest impetus to the new architecture which it has ever had. For the law was eminently practical, and practicality, as is ever more evident, is to be the source and root of whatever great art the Age of Machines will produce.

THE SHELTON HOTEL. ARTHUR LOOMIS HARMON, ARCHITECT

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



Architecture has always been an association of beauty and use. It works with clear purpose, and the Zoning Law restricts form in accord with purpose. Concisely, a building may rise straight up from the street line to an elevation governed by the width of the street upon which it faces. From that point upwards it must keep within a line drawn from the centre of the street through the top of the wall. In other words, a triangle is formed in which one half the street width is the base, a wall proportioned to the total width of the street, the side, and the extended hypothenuse the limit of any further elevations which may be imposed upon the main mass. A cube-like edifice topped by a pyramid would be a literal application of the law. But that, of course, would be impracticable. The procedure has been to resort to piled up diminishing cubes topped, through a clause in the law which allows unlimited height to anything with an area not exceeding twenty-five per cent. of the total area occupied by the building, by a tower regulated by the proportions of the structure.

The city is divided into five zones of varying height allowance. In the Wall street district where the streets are especially narrow a building may rise two and one-half times the street width before it begins its backward start, while in the residential sections the height of a structure cannot exceed the exact street width. Other zones vary between those limits. The Zoning Law deals only with

the geometric volume of a building. But it is through form, through a simplification of volume, that the leaders of the modern architectural movement insist the new architecture will realize itself.

Le Corbusier-Saugnier in his *Vers une Architecture*, says: "Les formes primaires sont les belles formes parce qu'elles se lisent clairment. Les architectes d'aujourd'hui ne réalisent plus les formes simples. Opérant par le calcul, les ingenieurs pratiquent les formes geometriques, satisfaisant nos yeux par la geometrie et notre esprit par la mathématique; leurs oeuvres s'approchent du grand art."

Such buildings as the Shelton Hotel, the new Standard Oil Building, the Allerton House for Men and the huge Fisk Building, all in New York, give promise of this great architecture of tomorrow. The traditional past of architecture has little of value to give to the present. It is antithetical in purpose, in essence, and in mood. Gothic architecture was designed to give an intensified impression of height. It was wholly spiritual in significance. The skyscrapers of modern cities must avoid exaggeration of ascending perspective lest foreshortening give an appearance of absurdity to



PROPOSED "BROADWAY TEMPLE" COMBINING CHURCH AND APARTMENT HOUSE

the already extreme height. They are entirely material in meaning. Gothic architecture grew increasingly flamboyant as its popularity increased. Surfaces were broken, elaborated, confused. Later baroque and rococo fashions, and finally the fearful knickknackery of the nineteenth century made surface and the fanciful treatment of surface the one enthusiasm. Then an architecture arose which dealt first, last and always with volume.



THE LARGEST OFFICE BUILDING IN THE WORLD, NOW BEING ERECTED AT THIRTY-SECOND STREET AND LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

The new movement in architecture dates back, at the most, not more than sixty years. It has only emerged from the obscurity of abstract speculation during the past twenty-five. In Germany some two generations ago there arose a movement which is the direct forebear of current theory and practice in architecture. Under imperial inspiration and encouragement the architects of Germany set about being "modern." They rejected everything which antedated them and gave themselves up to a studied orgy of planes, masses and geometrical precisions of the most brusque and vivid sort. With native Teutonic thoroughness they applied their principles to everything from grain elevators and railroad stations to dog kennels and villas. In the latter instances the results were appallingly awful for they were inappropriate and impractical and therefore an absolute negation of the fundamental principles for which they

strove. However, in the larger instances the success of the movement was definite and sure. There were created images of a new and splendid vitality which will color the art of architecture for many years to come. Soon Norway, Sweden and Denmark, always quick to catch inspiration from Germany and still more rapid in surpassing Germany in skill and imagination of application, adopted the successful rudiments of the new art and carried it on.

They learned judgment in selecting subjects naturally adapted to the cubic form and they found that building in mass did not mean lack of delicacy. Austria and Finland were contemporary and no less able in acceptance of the new ideas.

Then Louis Henri Sullivan, recently deceased, of Chicago, became splendidly imbued with the new teaching but failed to win an appreciable number of others to the belief. It was his theory that the steel frame which was to be the basic actuality of the buildings of the future must be admitted, utilized artistically and enthused over, not feebly hidden beneath archaic surfacings. His views were enthusiastically accepted and incorporated by the European modernists, but never found real favor at the time of their origin among Sullivan's fellow-countrymen. Then came the Chicago World's Fair—bringing to this country a vast architectural orgy of abject traditionalism. It retarded the new movement for years. It formed national taste and retarded the national progression in architecture. But there followed an even stronger forward force to counteract that vicious dead-weight.

The new force was necessity. Chicago grew. It grew out with astounding rapidity, but it also grew up. Its central districts became congested and the demand for ground space enormously exceeded the supply. There was need for sky-scrapers—and they were needed in a hurry. There was no time for decoration and no need for it. So with the other fast growing cities of the plains. Industrial buildings, factories, grain elevators, etc., supplied their own essential forms. Architects did what they were told, to fill an entirely practical demand, and they were somewhat astounded to find that what they had made was beautiful. The abrupt and massive fashion of the industrial buildings was soon discovered to lend itself effectively to office buildings and the huge new structures which city life necessitated. And although the beginnings of this school of architecture were crude, in Europe there are now a few incontestably lovely buildings in the new manner; in Chicago, in Kansas City and in Omaha there are a few others, and in New York there are still more. The Zoning Law is the impetus in the latter city. "Modernism" as an architectural school has been graduated through legal compulsion from the status of a fashion susceptible of choice to a necessity.



STANDARD OIL BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY. CARRERE AND HASTINGS, SHREVE, LAMB AND BLAKE, ARCHITECTS

Such men as Arthur Loomis Harmon, creator of the Shelton Hotel, the firms of Severance and Van Allen, Starrett and Van Vleck, and Murgatroyd and Ogden, have incorporated the essentials of the modern architecture into their work, have adjusted it to the requirements of the Zoning Law and have achieved a few thoroughly fine buildings. The Shelton is undoubtedly the best.

The New York of tomorrow gives promise of being a mighty city of terraced stone. It will be vast in height but its streets will no longer be canyons. The terraces left by each step will certainly be utilized. New York will be a city of hanging gardens surpassing Babylon in beauty and number. Its famed sky-line will take on a new order and a new loveliness.

THE STORY OF MY BRASSES

China, Arabia, India and Mongolia have contributed to this tale of collecting and adventure told by

CHARLES K. MOSER

THE DAY nears its close and I am sitting by the fire, in my Virginia home, watching the flames play. Outside, flurries of snow and brown leaves, intermingled, go by the window on their way to the fence corners, while the wind roars in the naked trees. The flames leap higher. One, whipping away from the oak logs, licks the face of the mantel with a fiery tongue, scarcely missing the bare foot of Buddha, on the mantel shelf. I follow the movement upward and catch the fat rascal grinning at me. It is just the look he gave me that night at Hulan-fu, long ago.

"No, no, mein fr'endt," the old German cried out, and his voice broke against the unpitying walls of the mud hut, "I care noddings vat you say. Chermany vill vin, she *musdt* vin!" He beat the table between us with his iron-shod stick so vehemently that the rice brandy danced in the tumblers. "Ledt Amerika kom in, ledt de whole dam' *vorld* kom in; she vins shust de same. I bedt you anyt'ings." And he muttered a phrase, thick and gutteral, into the bottom of his glass. It was then that I caught the brass god grinning at us from his niche in the corner.

"But if she don't vin," I said, mocking him a little, "you give me that."

Two years went by, and the war with them, and one night a Chinese soldier with frostbitten cheeks came to my door. He handed in a parcel—so heavy and bound around with jute sacks that, coupled with his secretive manner, it suggested a human head—and went away. Unwrapped, it proved to be the brass Buddha of Hulan-fu.

I see the brass god's leer has changed to full laughter, and I don't like him any more. He is so gross and hearty, so full-fed and sensual, his earlobes fallen upon his shoulders, his great paunch seeming to shake with his mirth. Of course I know he is no true Buddha—though the foreigners call him so—but, as the incarnation of an attribute, the God of Good Living. And when I consider, in the light of that, what he saw at Hulan-fu I don't wonder that he laughs.

My ugly Buddha is no art treasure. He is interesting for what he recalls to me. Better brasses than he I gathered in the Yemen, on a caravan trip I made in 1910 from the Red Sea to Sanaa, that ancient capital of Arabia Felix, older than Damascus, with Dr. George Richardson, the British vice-consul at Hodeidah. It is seven days by camel train from the coast to Sanaa, high up in the Yemen mountains, and not forty white men have made the trip—or had at that time—in two thousand years. Wild Bedouins, with fanatic eyes and terrible, hooked knives in their hands, guard the way every step. We had an armed escort of Arab camel cavalry and a battalion of Turkish infantry to make sure that we should not have our throats cut in our sleep. It was at Bohah, thorn huts and a well in the desert waste, that I picked up an incense burner that, like the Sultan's turret, strikes the eye "with a shaft of light." Our caravan halted for the night at an inn of millet stalks thatched on bamboo and guarded by a fence of thorns. Inside the caravansary goats, chickens, loaded asses, camel drivers and Turkish soldiers shrieked and jostled each other in the business of getting something to eat. We were given *charpoys*, or native beds under a thatch of four poles in the center of the inn yard, and Abdullah set about making tea. Then a mat curtain was pushed aside from a doorway and our landlady stepped into view. Bedlam ceased, as if at a given signal. Even the goats seemed to stop



"THE INCENSE BURNER LIKE THE . . . COLUMN OF A YEMEN MINARET"

their bawling. I looked around and saw all eyes fixed upon her.

She was a young Arab woman, unveiled and buxom, the handsomest, most imperious of her race I ever saw. With a fling of her arm she sent one manservant scurrying here, another there, while she favored us with a loud, "Salaam, Effendis," that was far more perfunctory than deferential. There were no signs of gallantry nor respect noticeable among the Turkish soldiers that stared her hard—for none is given to Moslem women in the East, especially to one unveiled—but it was plain that she filled the eye of every man there.

"Take your carcass out of here, if you must feed it," she cried to one inoffensive looking traveler who had pulled his laden ass down beside him and was eating his supper out of its pannier. "Begone!" And when he failed to move swiftly enough she beat him with her hands. The soldiers laughed, almost to bursting, as she chased him through the gate. Even Abdullah, my half-Hindu, half-Arab servant, dry and dignified, managed a smile, and the captain of our Turkish guard seized upon the incident to inject himself into our company.

"She's a handsome devil," he informed us, pluming his upturned mustaches the while, "but a devil."

The stillness of midnight had fallen upon the caravansary when bedlam broke out again. We sprang from a deep sleep feeling for our guns. Could it be another raid of the scoundrelly and murderous Dar Beni Achmed? There were the screams of women, men shouting and sounds of lusty blows, movements of excited cattle and torches flaming in the inn yard. "By the Prophet's beard," swore Hassan bin Saadi, Richardson's *kavass*, "are we fleas that we can be disturbed by these sons of goats?" And he sprang for the landlady's door, from whence seemed to issue the most clamor, followed by Richardson and me. But we had no need of weapons. A couple of Turkish infantrymen who had, perhaps, drunk too much soured mare's milk, had wandered into the lady's apartment and were paying for their mistake. An old woman screeched on the floor, clawing at their ankles, and a foolish old man was humped down beside a smoking incense pot moaning his prayers. But the *busany* herself was beating away at the soldiers with a stout bamboo stick as they vainly tried to embrace her. Of course we broke up the game and the officer, coming in behind us, amid the jeering "ho, ho's," of the Arabs, booted his fuddled gallants out of the room.

But the old man's incense pot had attracted me more than the brawl, and after the tumult and the shouting died Richardson and I invaded the sanctum again. "Little jasamine flower," said Richardson, who knows every language, "my friend is pleased with that old incense pot of thine, and though it is of no value, he would exchange with thee a luckpiece for it. Wilt thou exchange with him?" Flowery is the language and compliments the currency of the East, but here was one not to be ravished with flowers.

"What will he give?" she demanded harshly. I looked again at the incense burner and was enchanted with it. The body was of pure Arab design—the tall and shapely column of a Yemen minaret—soldered to a base of Persian workmanship, "all wreathed in fruits and flowers." Quickly I decided to overwhelm her, and slipped to Richardson the utmost that I would be willing to give.

"He will give thee this golden token from the hand of the Sultan himself," and he displayed in his hand a small, gold coin, the Turkish half-lira, worth about $2.20. For answer she cackled like a hen, and picking up the pot she slammed it into a corner, the old man whining his protests. After which she held the mat curtain aside for us to pass out. "We offered her too much," Richardson mumbled when we were back on the charpoys. "In the morning she'll reopen negotiations."

She did not. We waited until it was time to ride, and she had made no sign. Then, just as I had lost hope, her silly old father crept up to Richardson's side and furtively slipped the pot from the folds of his dirty *mushaddah*. As furtively he crawled away again, the gold piece with him, and I thought he had let himself in for something. Instead, as we were leaving the inn yard, out came the little jasamine flower as gay as a dancing girl. She kissed our hands, she kissed our knees, she kisses our feet. Then, still waving hands to our cavalcade, she ran back, inside. O, wiles of the daughters of Eve! Yet as I look at the incense burner now, the scene that it recalls for me holds nothing but charm. Belting its rounded tower, in richly decorative characters, runs an Arabic inscription, "Peace be in the house that holds me, and unto the owner thereof the blessing of Allah through life." So may it be.

Our caravan had passed Suk-el-Khamiss, a fortress 12,000 feet above the sea and not far from Sanaa, and I was listening to the goatherds' pipes when, through the doorway of a stone hut beside the road I saw a coffee ewer. It was on the earthen floor, beside a charcoal fire, and it was smeared with grease and ashes, but no smear of filth could hide the beauty of its lines.

"God's blessing, mother of strong sons," I hailed the old woman that was roasting *dhurra* cakes on the coals. "What hast thou, besides this trash, that thou couldst sell me with thy blessing?" and I picked the treasure up. Its copper bottom, through old age and bad soldering, was falling out. It had never been there when the ewer was made, nor had several bottoms before it. Abdullah spoke with sincerity, "It is worthless, Sahib," but the old woman was of a different mind. She took it away from me and put it behind her.

"The Effendi knows we can not sell this," she said, "for luck would leave the house, and how should I brew *kisbar?* It has been in this house longer than I." Then pride overcame her and she took a portion of the betal and *chunam* or lime she was chewing and rubbed it into the surface with a fold of her woolen skirt. "Look," she cried. The rubbed spot shone like gold.

I bought it for half a *medjidie*, or about forty cents, and that night at the house of Tali Bey, in Sanaa, I polished it up myself until its whole form shone like gold. It had none of the hard lustre of burnished brass, but a golden patina, as soft and fine as satin. The slender tapered neck, the swell of the round body, the cap, like a Byzantine cupola, the curve of handle and spout, all were in harmony. The sense of line and the skilled hand of a master craftsman had given it form, but only the kindly hands of those who had tended it for daily use, through lifetimes, could have produced its exquisite refinement. But from whence did it come? Certainly no Arab could have produced those lines, and the Turks have no art sense. It was not possibly either Indian, or Persian, or Chinese, or from Turkestan. Could it be Egyptian, or Assyrian? We took it to Caprotti, Signor Caprotti, a Gargantua of a man, *bon vivant* and connoisseur, a Roman emperor among the Europeans of the Yemen. He has lived in Sanaa forty years, the only European there, and is famed for his knowledge of all that pertains to the East. He thought it looked Italian, probably an Arabic copy of an early Venetian wine pitcher, not unlikely from the fact that Venetian mariners centuries ago were accustomed to trade the wares of Venice and Florence for incense, coffee and ostrich feathers along the Yemen coasts. The coins of ancient Rome and the Tuscan cities are still found there. But the magnificent Roman wouldn't commit himself, beyond the fact that it was *tres joli*. I have had it around the world with me, in many lands, and picked up other pieces richer of design, of finer workmanship or more interesting associations; but the coffee ewer of the Yemen mountain village has always remained, for me, the most perfect of my brasses. I call it the Lady of Suk-el-Khamiss.

And then in Constantinople I came across my treasure in literally thousands of counterparts. They were in every coffee shop, the commonest form to be seen. But all were new or had been ill-cared for, and none had the perfect proportions nor the golden skin of mine. I believe, myself, that my prize is of pure Turkish origin and an accident of beauty, its form suggested by that of the slender minaret arising from the rounded nave of the Turkish mosque, its symmetry, like human character, perfected by the fateful hands it has passed through.

There was, in the city of Rauda, a famous sheikh of the Yemen, Bunney Pasha, a sort of perpetual rebel who was for the time—he frequently escaped—a house prisoner of the Turks. We thought it would be interesting to visit him, and, after a mad gallop of ten miles, trying to keep up with our dashing Arab escort, we found him at prayers with the noted descendant of the Prophet, Said Ahmed ed Din, Imam of Sanaa, and the Sheikh Mohammed bin Ali of Neem. We had tiffin of curried goat, a great dish of scrambled eggs into which everyone dipped his fingers, *pillaf* of almonds and raisins mixed with rice, and coffee, black, hot, thick and bitter-sweet, in cups of a dark green glaze from Jeddah. And then servants placed before us on the carpet tall water pipes of silver and brass and ebony which they lighted with coals and we smoked. Conversation drowsed, and so did our host. I wandered around the apartment taking in the carved sandalwood doors the great, beaten copper stove with its glowing charcoal, the splendid brasses scattered about without any eye for arrangement. A tall old candlestick with the top broken off attracted me, and I studied the pictures engraved around its base. There was Shiva giving audience to a beseeching man on her right and to a weeping woman, doubtless his childless wife, on her left. There was a huntsman going at full gallop, a falcon on his wrist and his left arm drawn back to hurl a spear. The third was a warrior, in full armor, upon an armored elephant. They were wonderfully done, in black enamel and antimony, full of the spirit of medieval India.

"You like that?" croaked a voice. I looked around to find the fierce eye of Bunney Pasha burning like a coal in the sombre distance of the room. I said that I did, and the old sheikh continued the long-drawn, guttering pulls of acrid smoke from his waterpipe without another word. But when we were mounting for the homeward ride I found the candlestick in my saddlebags.

Caprotti pronounced it, "*une pièce superbe*," and at least 1,500 years old. But in the Louvre, once, I saw two similar pieces and, if my memory doesn't play me a foolish trick, they were designated as Persian candlesticks of the thirteenth century. What puzzles me is, if they are Persian and after the period of Persia's conquest by Islam, how to account for that picture of India's Shiva on the base! Or is mine a wily Mohammedan reproduction of an Indian original? *I* don't know. And in Sanaa I secured another fine piece, perhaps the most perfect of my collection, a wine, or water, jug of great weight and artistic merit which Caprotti pronounced also "*superbe*," and Persian. But its form is so unmistakably symbolic of the sacred bull of the Hindus that I can not regard it as anything else than one of the looted vessels from an Indian temple, probably Jeypore, as the workmanship seems to indicate. Or does it antedate Mohammedanism in Persia? How, then, did it get into Mohammedan hands and find its way across deserts, to be dropped in the crannies of the Yemen mountains? Immediately one begins to think of the conquests of Jenghis Khan and Tamerlane, of the sack of the temples of Ajmir by the Mogul emperors, of Shah Jehan and Akbar the Great, and of all the repeated waves of Mohammedan invasion which swept India and Persia from the seventh to the fourteenth centuries. Almost invariably these waves, receding, turned to the right into Turkestan or flowed back to the Prophet's own land of Arabia. And they carried with them the loot of temples and tombs, of princely Indian palaces, which, like the debris thrown up by the backwash from some passing vessel on obscure beaches, was left in the village taverns or the hands of dancing girls as the invaders went their homeward way.

Ceylon is as beautiful as one of its own moonstones set in a circle of sapphires. All the world has heard of the beauty of Kandy, and of its Temple of the Tooth, of Buddha, of course. It is in my mind that I have a lamp from that temple, though one can never be sure in the circumstances. A priest showed us through the temple, a learned man in yellow robe and with shaven head who said a prayer every time he unrolled one of the sacred books in Pali script. I admired, more, a lamp that dimly illuminated one of the galleries, its nine mouths sucking wicks laid in coconut oil.

"Could one obtain a lamp like that?" I inquired, with no ill designs. But the priest misunderstood me.

"No, my lord," he answered gently. "It would be a desecration."

The roof of the temple, its eaves and cornices, all the exposed surfaces, were covered with a very special kind of a tile, a lion on the one side and a swan upon the other, symbolic of its guardians. I wanted one of the tiles to set in my own hearthside, as a guardian symbol, but the answer was the same.



THE CANDLESTICK OF BUNNEY PASHA

"It is a pity," I said. "There are so many, and some have been broken already. If it were not a desecration I would give two rupees for one." We made our contribution to the temple, the priest himself gently declining any honorarium, and had gone our way perhaps a hundred yards when I heard a shout behind. A brown boy, naked except for his loin cloth, came running after us with something wrapped in soft paper. He put it in my hands and I gave him two rupees, feeling beneath the paper that it was the tile. A few days later two men came to my office, in Colombo, with the lamp I have now. It looked exactly like the temple lamp in Kandy, but you know now as much as I do about it.

What I wanted most of India in the way of brasses was a good specimen of the *chatty*, one of those inevitable brass jars which the women carry on their heads, or hips, filled with water, grain, rice, anything that can be carried in a jar. I had a *chatty*, filched from a riverman in Ceylon, while he was bathing his three boys, but it was squat in

form and not at all distinguished. It emanated no suggestion of the life of its users, which any old brass must do to have a meaning. I wanted a *chatty* with such riches of suggestion that every time I saw it I should *smell* India, and see the Indian family as it sat around its evening meal, or the sower in the field, dipping his hand in and distributing a part of each handful to the birds before he flung the seed. It was hard to find. There was none in the shops, though you would find many, flamboyant and handsome beyond all question, but as cold as mummies, indicating that they had long ago been withdrawn from circulation among humankind and all their associations wiped off with the polishing rag. One morning at Agra I went to view the Taj Mahal by sunrise, from across the Jumma, to get the effect of its white beauty among the clouds as reflected in the blue waters of the river. Entranced by its loveliness I dreamed away the whole morning there and walked back through the intense heat of Agra's bazaar. Nowhere do you get such a stream of colorful humanity, such variable and contrasting bits of a life that seems as if it must have flowed down to you from the pages of some medieval picture book. Robed priests and naked children, innocent of face as the flowers; gentle, dun cows milked before the doors, by women that might have been the mothers of St. John and of James and Jude; great, bronzed Sikhs with scimitars on their thighs and Afghans, their fierce, magnificent features, the handsomest men in the world, under enormous turbans.

At a little grain stall a woman stood, bargaining for lentils. In the brass pot on her hip I recognized the *chatty* of my dreams. Smooth and shaped as an onion, it had but three circlets of design cut in it, around the base, around the bowl, and around the neck, like a lace collar. Politely, almost with deference to the woman who possessed it, I took it in my hands. In reality it was but an ordinary brass, made in the bazaar, its design cut in with a cold chisel. But the artisan must have been in a very happy mood when he did it, there was something so intimate, yet reserved and tender, in the simple lines starred with tiny flowers. Perhaps he had made it for his young bride, who had just given him their firstborn son. And since then they had used it every day, for so many things—over a fire, boiling water and mixing gruel, steaming their curry and chicken in hot butter—until it spoke eloquently of their habits and happiness.



"I HAD A 'CHATTY' FILCHED FROM A RIVERMAN IN CEYLON"

"If the pot is thine, little brown bird, I will buy it of thee."

"Nay, Sahib, why should thy servant sell? It is a good pot, as the Sahib can see for himself."

"It is old, foolish one, and fire-scarred until there is little metal left. Soon there will be a hole, and thou wilt have to throw it away. But as it hath a pleasing beauty I will give thee a rupee for it."

"Nay, Sahib, what could thy servant do with a rupee? For we should be without a pot, and the money not enough for a new one."

"Thou hast spoken wisely, little wren, and I see that I must give thee the money for a new one."

The woman was pleased. She perked her head to one side, like the little bird I had called her, and put out her hand. And then she hesitated, as if a little frightened at her own daring, a look of anxiety in her brown eyes. "Wait, Sahib," she fluttered, "until I ask my husband." She sped down the street, and came back with a man. The moment I saw him I had a premonition that I had lost the pot. He took it from me and heard me out, not looking at me, then shook his head. I could see that he was both uncivil and avaricious. I tried again, in my lame Hindustani, painting the excellences of a new pot, but still he shook his head. "Why does not the Sahib buy a new one for himself?" A crowd began to gather and to enjoy this contest between a coolie lout and a Burra Sahib. It became embarrassing as the crowd laughed.

"Very well," I said. "All can see that thou art a fool, but since the pot pleases me I will let thee gouge me. Three rupees, eight annas, I will give thee, and if that is not enough thou canst go to Jehannum."

"Sahib," he spoke with immense dignity, while the crowd gaped. "If the pot is worth so much to thee, then so much must it be worth to me." And he walked off with it.

I never saw another like it. A small one, a gem, made in Sultanpur—where the houses cling like wasps' nests to the precipitous slopes of the Himalayas—was given me by a friend in the Kalu Valley, but it had a little of the arrogance of the mountain people in its conscious beauty and was not characteristic of the simple Indian folk life. At last I met a water carrier, in Bombay's streets, one evening, carrying home his supper in a big-bellied pot, as round and merry as a Tamil money-lender, and it stands on my tabouret.

Tibetan brasses are interesting and handsome, which removes them about as far as possible from the people who produce them. A characteristic, which they share with the brasses of Mongolia, is that the body is usually made of copper while the handles, spouts and trimmings generally are of elaborately graven brass. They are rarely come upon, except in museums, outside of Tibet itself or in countries immediately adjacent. An encounter with a camp of wandering Tibetans is always something of an ordeal for the European travelers, unless he be well armed or his party a large one. They are coarse and ribald, and their hatred of foreigners impels them to heap upon one every form of offense, even where no actual violence is threatened. In physical appearance, habits of life and equipment, they so resemble some of our Indian tribes as to be almost startling to an American. We ran into Tibetan camps all the way from Palumpur to the Rhotang Pass, which divides the northern Punjab from Lahoul, or British Tibet. They were coming down from their tremendous mountains to winter in the



"A BIG-BELLIED POT AS ROUND AND MERRY AS A TAMIL MONEYLENDER"

valleys of India, and a more disgusting lot would be hard to find. There would be nearly always a carefree young woman in the lead, surrounded by a knot of smirking men, her husbands, and strung out behind a long line of their maturer wives, carrying tepee poles, iron pots, babies, blankets, the whole camp equipment. But one learned not to be sorry for these old squaws. They would camp flat in the middle of the trail, guarded by immense, savage dogs, and the traveler was left with no choice but to go around them, to the accompaniment of their obscene laughter. Left to themselves ordinarily the men and dogs would give little trouble but encouraged by the women they become really dangerous. Near the famous old temple of Doongri, set in its grove of majestic deodars, I came upon a group of Tibetan women squatted around a fire, drinking their decoction of brick tea from a copper pot with a brass dome and handsomely carved spout. As I approached, a huge dog, in an almost unnatural frenzy, rushed at me and the women egged him on. I was obliged to threaten both him and them with my gun several times before they made him desist and I think it was the gun which helped more than

my rupees in eventually adding that pot to my trophies.

Beyond the Rhotang Pass, with peaks all around us standing above 20,000 feet, we stopped one night at a monastery lying upon the face of the mountain like a sculptured eyebrow. Nuns and monks from their separate cloisters poured out to meet us like a flock of curious children, their copper prayer wheels, each enclosing hundreds of written prayers, whirling in their hands. Not very clean, nor beautiful, but a gentle folk, they nearly overwhelmed us with the spirit of their hospitality. Their abbot, a benevolent looking old lama, helped spread our beds on the stone floors and showed us with pride the relics of the monastery. He was the most interesting relic himself. Suspended from a greasy cord around his neck he wore at the waist a copper box, not unlike a coffin in shape, engraved with a talismanic character and containing several round, fire-hardened and stamped lozenges, about the size of a dollar. They were the mortal remains of departed lamas, his friends, whose presence upon his person were expected to endow him with their virtues. We remained at the monastery several days, and such was the old abbot's sense of hospitality and friendship that when we parted he bestowed the box upon me together with its contents. I have no doubt that he could get more yet I prize the thing mightily.

One of the joys of the amateur collector, who is not purely a collector, is that he most frequently meets with his finest trophies when he is not looking for them. They peep at him, like wary game, from unexpected places, and it is the surprise that thrills. One bitter November a party of us went into Mongolia on a shooting trip. We left the railroad at Khailar and rode forty miles on ponies across the barrens looking for geese, antelope, swans, bustard, anything. At nightfall an icy, pitiless wind from the Gobi desert, driving sand and snowflakes like handfuls of small shot before it, compelled us to pitch camp beside a frozen pool. It must have been twenty degrees below zero, there was no water except what had been unspeakably fouled by herds of cattle, and we could not get a fire started. I was never so unhappy. Towards morning the tent flap was thrown back as if by a screaming blast of wind, but the aperture was filled with a dark shape smelling of sheepskins and smoke.



"WE FOLLOWED HIM INTO THE MIDST OF A MONGOL CAMP"

"*Min doo!*" shouted a voice above the wind, and Bo-Lan-Tu, chief of a wandering Mongol clan, squatted himself beside our blankets. We returned his welcome not so heartily, a full-grown Mongolian in his winter garments being somewhat less like a bed of violets than a herd of goats.

"Give me something to eat," he said next, taking his pipe from his mouth and hospitably passing it around. Stewart opened a can of strawberry jam and tossed it before him. He scooped out the contents with gusto, like a bear devouring a nest of ants. "Tea," he grunted, then pitched upon an empty bottle lying at the foot of a pile of blankets. "Vodka! Give plenty."

"No water, no tea," we told him, shivering in the candlelight. "Vodka, all finished." Outside began the sound of sheepbells and bawling calves,

as the Mongol's herds searched for water under the ice. The chief appeared to understand our needs. "Gurgh," he grunted cheerily, moving off, and waved his pipe in invitation. We followed him, to find ourselves shortly in the midst of a Mongol camp and objects of the greatest imaginable curiosity to the women. Bo-Lan-Tu seated us on ponyskins in a round, muffin-like house, or tent, made of horse hides stretched over a bamboo fretwork, and his women made us a hot stew of goatflesh, which we ate with pinched nostrils. And then they served us tea out of a pot that I saw could not have been the work of nomads. It was of beaten copper, superbly finished as to bands, handle, spout and neckruff with carved brass.

"Lord of the sheeplands," I spoke through Stewart, "from whence came to thee that beautiful teapot, which fills the eye with pleasure, and what wouldst thou ask of me in exchange for it?" The cattle baron was pleased with my praise of anything his, but in no mood to part with it.

"Fill it with vodka, lord of the English" (thanks, O chieftain, for the double-handed compliment!), he replied with a surprising elegance of manner, "and I will give thee one of my wives, or a wife of my young daughters, according to thy choice. Nay, thou shalt have two wives! But the teapot was from a holy man, far from here more than thirty marches, beyond Urga, who for some small service gave it with his blessing. We can not part with it."

There was more talk, the women doing their part in laughter and sly glances, but the host was obdurate. When the cold sun came up he led us through the marshes in search of game, and, as the cold grew, vodka being found in unsuspected quarters of our saddlebags, he waxed both generous and hilarious until he fell off his horse. Friendship was strong within him, until he was ready to give us anything he had. "And thou shalt have the pot, I swear it," were his last words.

He was sitting up when we came back again in the last sunrays sobered and doubtless repentant. We should not have reminded him, but he led us back to camp and told the women, as shamefacedly as any American husband after a night at the club. I think he might have backed out, then, but his wives and his daughters, the old women and the young men laughed at him until he placed the coveted piece in my hands. Nor would he take it back, though we urged it. So we left vodka and strawberry jam enough to give the whole camp one good stomachache, and rode away with shouts of "*Min doo!*" ringing in our ears. I hope the blessings of the holy man from beyond Urga still rest upon the clan.

Such are but a few of the scenes into which my brasses lead me, as I look at them now, in the quiet of my Virginia home. And I like to think that each one of them, apart from the interest of associations which it has for me, is possessed of a charm for other eyes than mine as a form of beauty, or as an expression of time and feeling.

"THE GLEAMS ARE FROM MY BRASSES"



MODERN GLASS—A REVIEW

Present-day artists and craftsmen are carrying on splendid traditions of the ancient art of stained glass

Charles J. CONNICK

THE WEALTH of early glass in France leads to conjectures and inquiries concerning her later developments of that craft, but a search for recent windows there seems to reveal modern painting as a more profound influence than the work of the early masters in glass. Imitations there are, thousands of them, many so cleverly devised in the twelfth or thirteenth century manner as to deceive casual admirers of early windows, and a waggish amateur has recently suggested that some of our younger designers are following these imitations in their eagerness to anticipate a medieval revival.

But modern windows of distinction, though they be designed in terms of earlier stained glass, should not be confused with perfunctory copies. In the Ambulatory of Notre Dame, Paris, in the Lady Chapel of Auxerre, in the nave of the Cathedral at Le Mans, and in that of Chalons-sur-Marne is to be found interesting work of artists like Didron, Weber and Lalande, Fauquet, Fritel, Viollet le Duc, the great architect, and that excellent painter and craftsman, Leprevost. These men were sincere in their efforts to bring the charm of early work to windows of the nineteenth century while famous French painters were equally sincere in their attempts to make transparent pictorial decorations. Ingres, Grasset, Merson Laurens, Besnard have all made experiments in glass, and the tendency there has long been away from the sturdy, honest design of the old masters towards the use of the medium as an intriguing supplement to the painter's craft.



CARTOONS IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY STYLE BY WEBER AND LALANDE. PAINTED BY LEPREVOST

The fifteenth *Salon des Artistes et Décorateurs*, recently held at the Grand Palais in Paris, contained several panels of stained glass. Auguste Matisse was represented by extremely modern compositions in the manner of latter-day painters, with bottles, vines, birds, ships and seas, treated in strange and forceful fashion. Jacques and Madame Gruber had some interesting compositions in quiet tones, color, and whites, with pleasing patterns in different sized leads. M. Chigot had a modern composition, and Jean Virolle had, in the main salon, a large study of St. Louis with the crown of thorns at Sainte Chapelle, excellently worked out in lead lines and paint lines, pronouncedly pictorial.

This tendency to imitate painting on canvas in the stained-glass craft of France is particularly interesting to those of us who observe an opposite inclination here and in England, although, for a time, America led the world in realistic picture-windows. Substantial proof of this distinction, as it touches England, is found in the basilica at Wembley which displays twelve windows made for the Empire Exhibition by a selected group of British artists. The charming window by Louis Davis and Thomas Cowell, delicate and radiant; the bolder "St. Branden" by Miss Geddes; "St. Christopher" sparkling in Whall's distinctive manner; windows by Karl



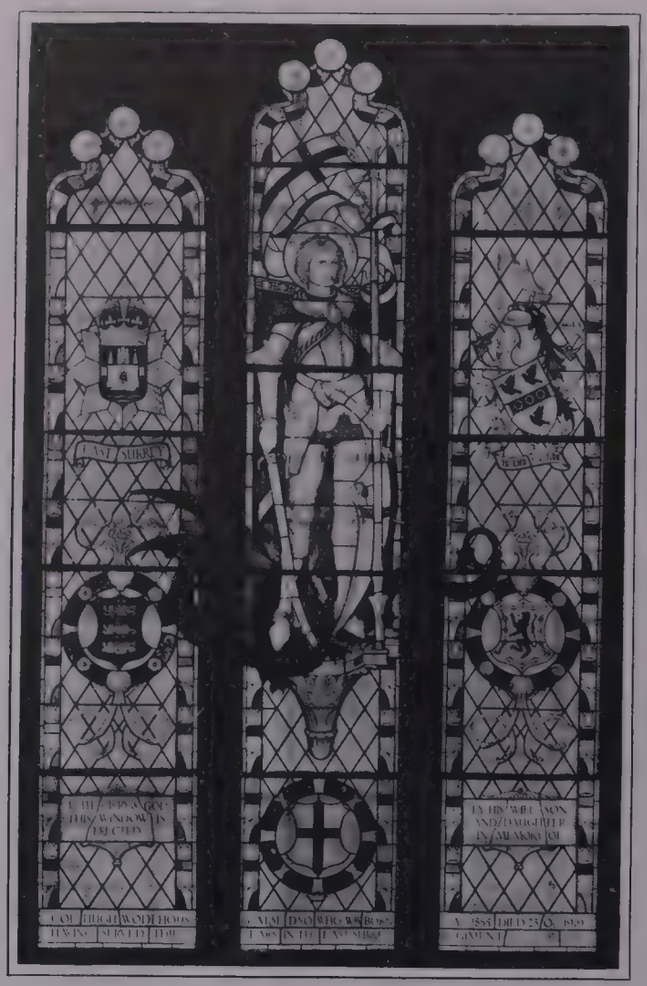
"ST. CHAD." DETAIL FROM THE LADY CHAPEL WINDOWS AT GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL, ENGLAND. BY CHRISTOPHER WHALL



"THE ANNUNCIATION." DESIGN BY WALTER CAMM. MADE BY FLORENCE AND WALTER CAMM, SMITHWICK, ENGLAND

Parsons, Fulleylove, Nicholson, Reginald Bell and Nultsem are all conceived and wrought in lead and glass at first hand.

The revival of stained glass in England is probably related to the pre-Raphaelite movement in painting. Several of the younger men in that movement experimented with stained glass. In the office of the Whitefriars' Glass Works, London, is treasured the first cartoon by the young Burne-Jones, "The Good Shepherd," a handsome, honest thing that might have been drawn on a stained-glass worker's bench. He scorned the softly pretty German type, popular then as now, and drew in sturdy lead lines the figure of a peasant farmer with a lamb over his shoulders. This effort was followed by the Saint Frideswide window, an adaptation of the medieval medallion style, made for the east window of the north



MEMORIAL WINDOW, EAST SURREY REGIMENTAL CHAPEL, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, ENGLAND. BY CHRISTOPHER WEBB

aisle, Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford. His greatest windows—among the most beautiful to be found anywhere—are in Saint Philip's Cathedral Church of Birmingham. Archeology is not suggested by their severity of design, or detail in drawing, nor by their massed splendors of color. Their thrilling beauty might well recall the jeweled windows of Chartres, but certainly would suggest no attempt to copy them.

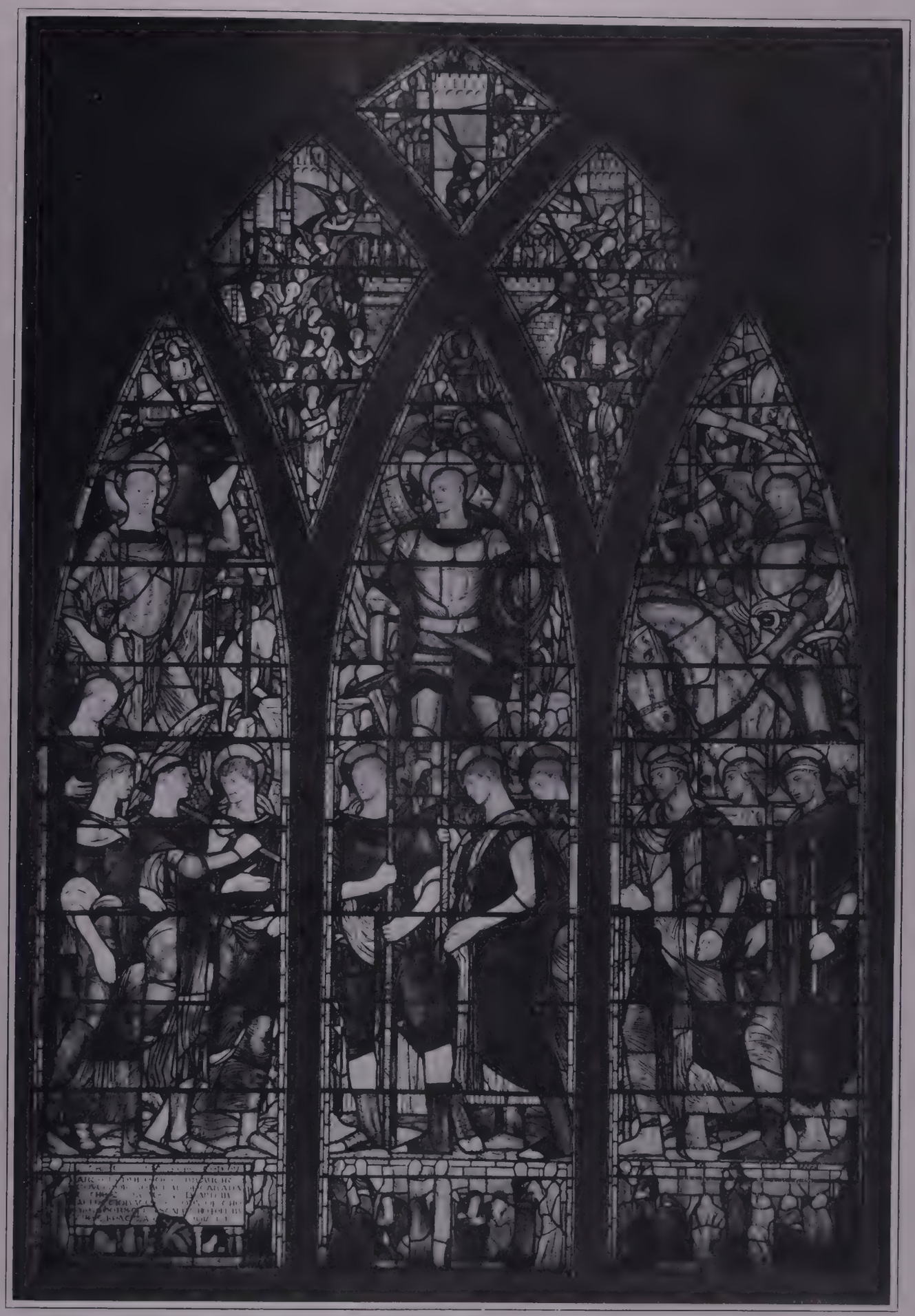
An artist in glass, unless he has a shop of his own, is at the mercy of those shopmen and craftsmen to whom he must look for the making of his windows. Many shopmen in London varied the monotony of commercial work by making windows for artists like Burne-Jones, Ford Maddox Browne, Holman Hunt, and Rossetti. Burne-Jones found a sympathetic group of people in the shops of William Morris, and two windows in Trinity Church, Boston, belong to the period of that association. A more intimate window in the Church of Our Saviour, Brookline, Massachusetts, probably belongs to that same period.

The list of distinguished English painters who have designed notable stained-glass windows since that time is a long one. T. Millie Dow, Gerald Moira, Reginald Frampton, R. Anning Bell and Henry Holiday have been particularly successful. Many of the younger men who began, as did Burne-Jones, by having large shops execute their windows, found this method unsatisfactory, and established shops of their own. A glass man must have helpers, and a studio-workshop, like that of Christopher Whall in a suburb of London, resembling a school rather than a commercial factory, is the sort that an artist in any medium would readily appreciate.

Mr. Whall has evidently profited by his experiences with commercial shops; and the genial, friendly, unhurried atmosphere that distinguishes his group of workers, reflects his own attitude. Equally significant there are the zest for experiment and the enthusiastic interest in the various processes. Mr. Whall's work in the Lady Chapel at Gloucester is a great achievement. His use of

AISLE WINDOW, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY MARGARET REDMOND





SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL WINDOW, ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH, OTTAWA, CANADA
DESIGNED AND MADE BY MISS W. M. GEDDES

white glass and brilliant color is particularly effective in the mild light of England, and his delineation of old-world legends and of friendly, thoughtful saints and eager young knights is imbued with poetry and with the loves and dreams of a poet. He has broken with some of the old traditions, but so gently that one hardly senses rebellion. His use of canopy designed from natural forms, instead of the more formal architectural canopies of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is a distinct mark of his inventiveness and of his adherence to architectural principles. He has recently been honored by the request for a permanent exhibition in the Victoria and Albert Museum. A group of his windows was installed some time ago in the clerestory of the Church of the Advent, Boston.

Selwyn Image has designed and made some very interesting windows that offer a naïve allegiance to the fundamentals in leaded glass work while they depart from the traditions of English work, preserved with an accuracy, sometimes painful, by the older Kemp, Clayton and Bell, Heaton Butler and Bayne and by Westlake and his followers.

Louis Davis has made some very personal contributions to the stained glass work of England. He is always a designer, but spontaneity is one of his attractive distinctions, and many of his cartoons, while excellently balanced in design, seem to have been drawn with breathless eagerness. The studied accuracy of the archeologist has no place in Mr. Davis' work although this reveals a genuine love for the old masters. His Bénédicité windows in the Cathedral of Dunblane, Scotland, have a power and a winsome grace all their own. He revels in pure color, in the varying textures of white or colored glasses, and while he has encouraged chemists and glass makers to produce colors of the twelfth-century type, he has eagerly accepted all worthy modern additions to that palette. He has been fortunate in his choice of an assistant. The artist-craftsman, Thomas Cowell, associated for many years with the Whitefriars' Glass Works, has interpreted Mr. Davis' designs and cartoons with rare understanding and unfailing enthusiasm. This association has been, in spirit, a partnership, and no mention of Mr. Davis' work would be complete without Mr. Cowell's name. To him also is due much of the credit for the great choir windows in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, made by the Powells of Whitefriars' some years ago. More recently he has contributed largely to the windows, designed by Sir G. Gilbert Scott, for the Cathedral Church of Christ, Liverpool.



DESIGN FOR A MAUSOLEUM WINDOW BY F. S. J. HOLLISTER

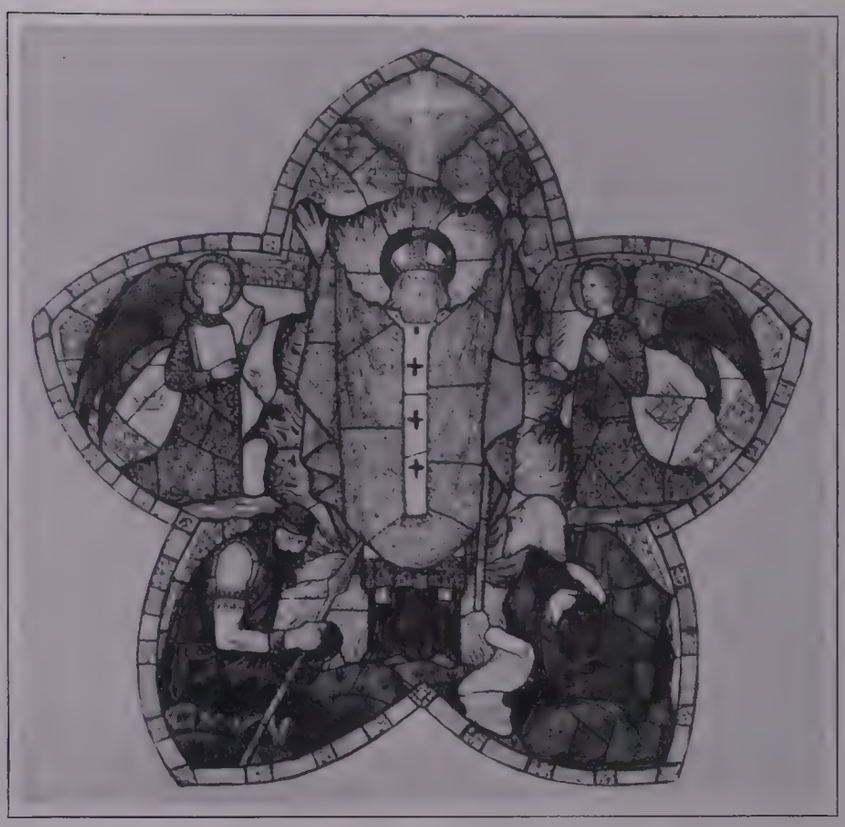
Windows of distinction have been made within recent years by Walter Camm, Florence Camm and Thomas William Camm of Smethwick, near Birmingham. They are brilliant in gracious ways, and while they never leave the region of design, they often suggest wood-carving, tapestry and jewelry in their technical characteristics. The Annunciation window in Smethwick has interesting points of originality, distinguished also by a radiance of white glasses and brilliant color. The Camms are represented in America by a piece of glass in the Art Museum of Cleveland, Ohio, a study of Sir Galahad in silver and color with exhaustive refinement in detail. Near Birmingham also is the Bromsgrove Guild of which H. A. Davies is the moving spirit. He has a fresh but reverent manner of approaching old scriptural subjects that reveals his own joy in their inherent beauty. With him are associated Henry Payne, Bernard Sleigh and several others who are doing excellent work.

WINDOW IN SPIDDAL CHURCH, GALWAY. MADE BY MISS K. O'BRIEN



Since the days of the pioneer, Stephen Adams, many Scotch artists have been interested in glass. Douglas Strachan has a vigorous style somewhat influenced by pictorial ideas, but splendid in color. Many excellent examples are to be found in the churches and cathedrals of Scotland, especially in St. Giles, Edinburgh.

Sir William Comper has frankly determined upon a style obviously taken from the fourteenth and fifteenth century work in England. Ernest Heasman, Christopher Webb and his brother, Geoffrey Webb, are working along similar lines; their work has a pleasing, personal note that suggests a vivid pleasure in the medium, with a related spontaneity that quite disarms the critic in search for archeological influences.



DESIGN FOR WINDOW, ST. PATRICK AT SLANE. BY W. M. HEALY

The group of Irish workers in Dublin, called by a Gaelic name meaning "Tower of Glass," was founded in 1903 by Miss Purser, H.R.H.A. Here are artists and craftsmen to rouse the enthusiasm of every lover of stained glass. It is surprising that their work is so little known in America. Miss W. M. Geddes, of this group, introduced to America by Miss Patricia Irwin of Montreal, has recently designed and made a window for Saint Bartholomew's Church, Ottawa, which gives her an enviable position among modern artists. It is a Soldiers' Memorial given by the Duke of Connaught and suggests the arrival of a soldier at the Gates of Heaven, met by Archangels and saintly old heroes whose acts and martyrdoms are quaintly designed on their banners. In the background are the beloved knights of King Arthur with similar banners and their own distinctive symbols. It shows an amazing realization of the peculiar powers ready to the hand of the sensitive artist who approaches glass with an inspired intelligence and a "flock of dreams." The technical skill of Miss Geddes is as gratifying as is the fresh, vivid manner in which she has used it. Nowhere in modern glass is there a more striking example of a courageous adventure in the medium. It relates an episode in the naïve manner of an early master, but in a great composition set with smaller ones, rather than

ASCENSION WINDOW, ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, FLUSHING, L. I.
BY HOWARD WYND YOUNG AND J. GORDON GUTHRIE



in a series of medallions. It is so cleverly woven together in design that it has a pronounced architectural character, notwithstanding freedom from old forms. The almost burly masculine vigor in its commanding features is gracefully offset by its feminine charm of detail and its color harmonies. This devotee of the craft stood before it recently with a feeling of personal gratitude for the spiritual beauty, the poetry and the youthful audacity that are wrought into that goodly fabric of glass, lead and iron.

Miss Beatrice Elvery, Miss K. O'Brien, Miss S. H. Purser and Miss E. Rhind, M. Healy, A. E. Child and W. McGoldirick have all done distinguished work in this group, untouched by the commercial blight. Mr. Healy's sketch for a star-shaped window shows a designer's resourcefulness in filling an unusual opening, and an artist's delight in the utilization of all expedients known to the craft. He uses flashed glass, etches it, and stains it in minute detail without departing from the flat patterning of glass with lead lines, and he has evidently learned that light can be trusted to play gaily around and through this patterning when the glass is left comparatively transparent.



JOAN OF ARC MEDALLION BY MARY H. FRYE

The traditions of England have persisted in Canada and, to a great extent, in the United States. Many well-known English artists are represented in both places, and recently some important windows have been designed and made for Canadian churches by F. S. J. Hollister of Toronto. A clear and firm sense of design in lead line and paint line and a purity of color are distinguishing features of his work.

The history of stained glass in America, when it is written, will record many incidents, grave and gay, from the time when glass stainers from England first established their small shops here to the time when John La Farge introduced a new type of glass. There are ample evidences of good craftsmanship in church buildings of the post-colonial period, but very few marks of real distinction. Those craftsmen confined themselves principally to reproductions of *grisaille* with an occasional figure somewhat raw in color under a canopy, the whole made with an inferior type of glass, often backed with a coating of white to modify its transparency. Later came a flood of importations from England, Germany, Belgium and France. Obviously the foreign designers and makers of glass did not know the intense light of America, and John La Farge may have been greatly influenced in his experiments by the study of foreign windows in this brilliant light.

He knew the old glass of France also, and perhaps his appreciation of the curious opacity of old glass, with his knowledge of the thin and insipid foreign glass in America, led to his use of the semi-opaque opalescent glass made under his direction. Some of his earlier work, notably the three west windows in Trinity Church, Boston, and the north window in the Church of North Easton, Massachusetts, bear evidences of La Farge's love for the great windows of Chartres and Bourges; but as he was trained as a painter, his discovery of pronounced tonal qualities, easily obtained where the glass was doubled or even trebled in plating, led him into frank duplications of the effects he obtained on canvas, and resulted in transparent pictures rather than windows as architectural units.

The conception of a window as a pictorial decoration has had tremendous effect throughout America. It resulted in the feeling among glass men that architecture need not be greatly respected, and very often where windows in Gothic style were divided into narrow lancets by wide stone mullions, those mullions have been entirely ignored as in the famous memorial chapel at Far Rockaway, New York, or they have been ruthlessly torn out to allow as much scope as possible for a pictorial composition. Naturally, thoughtful architects resented this attitude and the most distinguished and talented among them denounced the pictorial window in violent terms. At the same time, they encouraged many of the more prominent American artists and some of the younger men to work in harmony with the archi-



TWO WINDOWS DEPICTING SCENES FROM THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Designed and Made by

The D'Ascenzo Studios



SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL WINDOW, GRADUATE COLLEGE
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

Designed and Made by

Charles J. Connick



THREE OF A SERIES OF MEDALLION WINDOWS FOR ST. AGATHA'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA
BY CHARLES J. CONNICK

tectural schemes in transparent stained glass of the older type.

During what might be called the pictorial period in stained glass, there stood forth one sturdy artist-craftsman, whose work never suffered from indifference to architectural design. Otto Heinigke of New York left behind him an influence for straightforward, honest design and craftsmanship that has been invaluable to all of us who are working in the medium. Architects and glass men might well unite in a memorial to him, for he was not only a great friend of architecture and all the crafts, but he was also a great-hearted human, lavish in his encouragement of all sincere students and workers. Since his death, his son, Otto W. Heinigke with Oliver P. Smith has occupied the shop he made famous. A good example of their work is the north window in the Chapel of All Saints, Trinity Church, New York. It would not be mistaken for a modern English window, although it is designed severely with figures under canopies, somewhat like the fifteenth-century period in England. It combines an interesting use of lead lines with a studied reserve in paint lines and the use of matts. It has a simplicity of design and a pleasing sense of scale that suggests its having been built in the chapel, and fitted into these openings for just the light it receives. Such windows are more effective replies to the claims of the pictorialists than any number of words could be.

American architects and craftsmen have recently lost a rare genius whose life was devoted to a very personal interpretation of old forms in the stained glass craft. Henry Wynd Young, born in Scotland, worked for some time in the shop of the late Harry Eldridge Goodhue in Cambridge, but had his own shop in New York for several years. He revived and revitalized old forms in a delightful manner all his own. His small window, "Our Lady of Sorrow," reminiscent of a certain well-known window in Oxford, England, is evidence of his sensitive skill in design, and his mastery of all expedients known to the glass painter. His use of line, color, and especially of whites, his appreciation of surfaces and textures, and of the varying, subtle qualities of transparency and opacity revealed by light playing through paint and glass together, give him a unique and very high place among modern glass men. This small lancet, so representative of great qualities in modern work related to the best old traditions, should be purchased by one of our American art museums so that its inherent beauty may receive a wide audience. The windows in Saint Bartholomew's Church, New York City, the Nativity window in the Newark Cathedral, the Te Deum window in Emanuel Church, Newport, Rhode Island, and the Apocalypse windows in the House of Hope Presbyterian Church, St. Paul, are among his best known windows.

Mr. Young was also successful in finding competent and sympathetic assistants. J. Gordon Guthrie, who succeeds him, has contributed to the character and distinction of many windows. He drew the cartoons for that justly praised Ascension window in Saint George's Church, Flushing, Long Island. The quaint and almost whimsical treatment of this subject make its appeal intimately warm and human, a welcome contrast to the more usual monumental treatment.

Herman J. Butler of New York has supplemented a splendid service as teacher of the craft by designing many distinguished windows that are made in the Pike Studios of Rochester—Norman Lidner assisting. Clement Heaton, an English artist who has spent many years in this country, has an exhaustive knowledge of old glass which extends even to the chemical formulas for glass colors of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. He has placed several clerestory windows and a brilliant rose window in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, New York, and a series of excellent ornamental windows in the Church of Saint Thomas Apostle, Woodhaven, Long Island.

A recent medallion window by Miss Mary H. Wesselhoeft of New York suggests in another way the strong urge towards the simpler methods of the primitives. An exuberant use of lead lines in her light-hearted fashion is surely a great relief from studied archeological types. Much of Miss Wesselhoeft's work is evidently designed for the smaller opening, and this recalls a type of work somewhat neglected of late by American artists although men like Owen Bonawit of New York, R. Toland Wright of Cleveland, and A. Kay Herbert of Detroit have added to their larger commissions attractive work for residences, public buildings and business houses. The idea of utilizing stained glass for the enrichment of a business office has received more encouragement in other countries than in America. A quaint window for an export house in Hamburg, designed by John Nickelsen, now of New York, gives a glass man's reaction to thoughts of foreign shores and strange adventures in a way to enliven any "dull mart of trade."

Philadelphia has long been favored in having talented artists who cared very deeply for glass. First among these men, if not first among the glass men of the country today, is Nicola D'Ascenzo, an artist distinguished by work in all

mediums, but famous for his group of windows in the chapel at Valley Forge. The architects of that chapel are to be commended for their judgment in assigning this commission to Mr. D'Ascenzo alone, for it has given him an opportunity to control the entire color scheme of the interior with results that are remarkably beautiful and satisfying. Mr. D'Ascenzo has brought to his work in glass a poet's fancy, a thorough artistic training, an exuberant love for color and a sturdy sense of form that give distinction to his work, either in great groups of church windows or in small personal expressions for the homes of his friends.



MEDALLION BY FRANCES AND ORIN SKINNER

The late William Willet, with Anne Lee Willet, has also added to the wealth of stained glass in America. Well-known windows from the Willet studios are in Calvary Church, Pittsburgh, in the West Point Memorial Chapel, and in the Graduate College of Princeton University. Mr. Willet's designs in water colors were masterpieces in that medium, and he did very much to encourage the younger men in their revolt against opalescent glass. Many of these younger men received their first training from J. Horace Rudy of York and Pittsburgh. His skill as a teacher, his vivid color sense, and his generous good will have endeared him to students and workers in both schools regardless of all contentions.

A few miles from Philadelphia in the pleasant town of Bryn Athyn, Mr. Raymond Pitcairn is conducting a series of experiments that are bound to be important in relation to architecture and to many crafts, especially to stained glass. In the yard of the distinguished Gothic Church, designed by Mr. Cram, is a group of shops where craftsmen fashion stained glass windows and other furnishings for the interior, somewhat as the workers in the medieval guilds must have done centuries ago. Rowley Murphy, Lawrence B. Saint, Winfred Hyatt and Oliver B. Smith are talented artists in glass whose work is being slowly placed, studied, and replaced in this great edifice. As the glass itself, or at least very much of it, is made by Mr. Larson who belongs to the same group, the opportunity afforded these men should be a most gratifying one. The results are interesting and praiseworthy, and will go far towards giving the architectural dependence of the craft a wider recognition in this country. Several windows now in place are certainly superior to all other modern windows so frankly medieval in type to be found in America. In another small Pennsylvania town, Holicong, George W. Sotter and L. A. Pitassi are doing spirited work that reveals a devotion to thirteenth-century ideals and a marked originality in the use of ancient forms and color-schemes.

The growing popularity of twelfth and thirteenth-century types, even where they are frankly copied, marks a victory for those who have contended for years against the pictorial influence. The late Harry Eldridge Goodhue was a pioneer in New England. From his Cambridge shop have radiated many influences that should be directly related to his unusual talent. Walter G. Ball, long associated with him, has many important windows to his credit and Wright Goodhue, his son, is giving evidences of a real flare for stained glass of the old-world variety.

Wilbur Herbert Burnham, and Reynolds, Francis & Rohnstock are making interesting windows strongly marked by old forms. Miss Mary H. Frye is among the most clever and original of the younger artists in Boston, but through her indifference to modern advertising methods, her work is not so well known as it really should be. Her medallion "Joan of Arc" is a fascinating example of small stained glass work. Margaret Redmond has also made some effective windows entirely without academic flavor. Frances and Orin Skinner have developed through several years, a proficiency in the craft comparable to their love for it, expressed in many charming examples but little known.

This review, brief and incomplete as it is, should at least point anew to the truism that an artist has no royal road and that as his own spirit develops in grace and sincerity the beauty of his work increases, regardless of rules and styles.

HER METALGRAFT SPIRITUAL

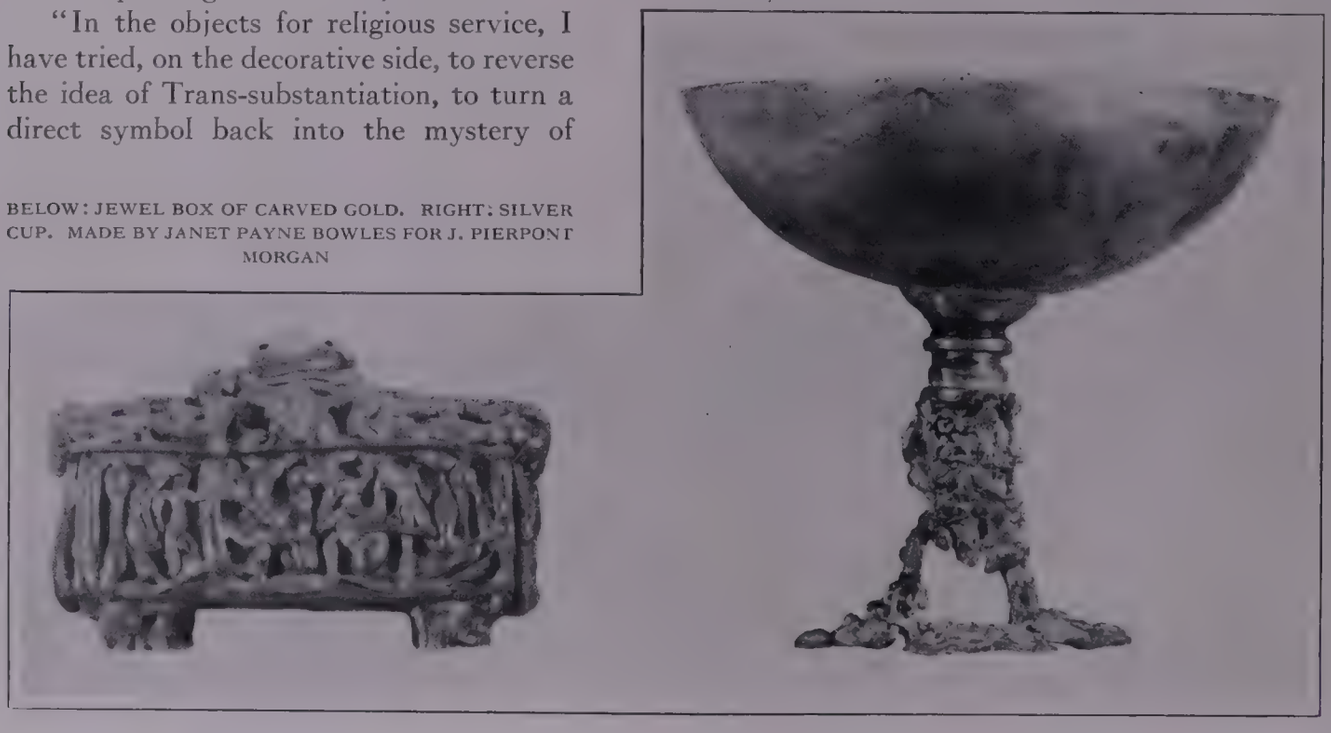
Janet Payne Bowles seeks to express the universal and eternal in rhythmic modeling of gold and silver

Rena Tucker Kohlman

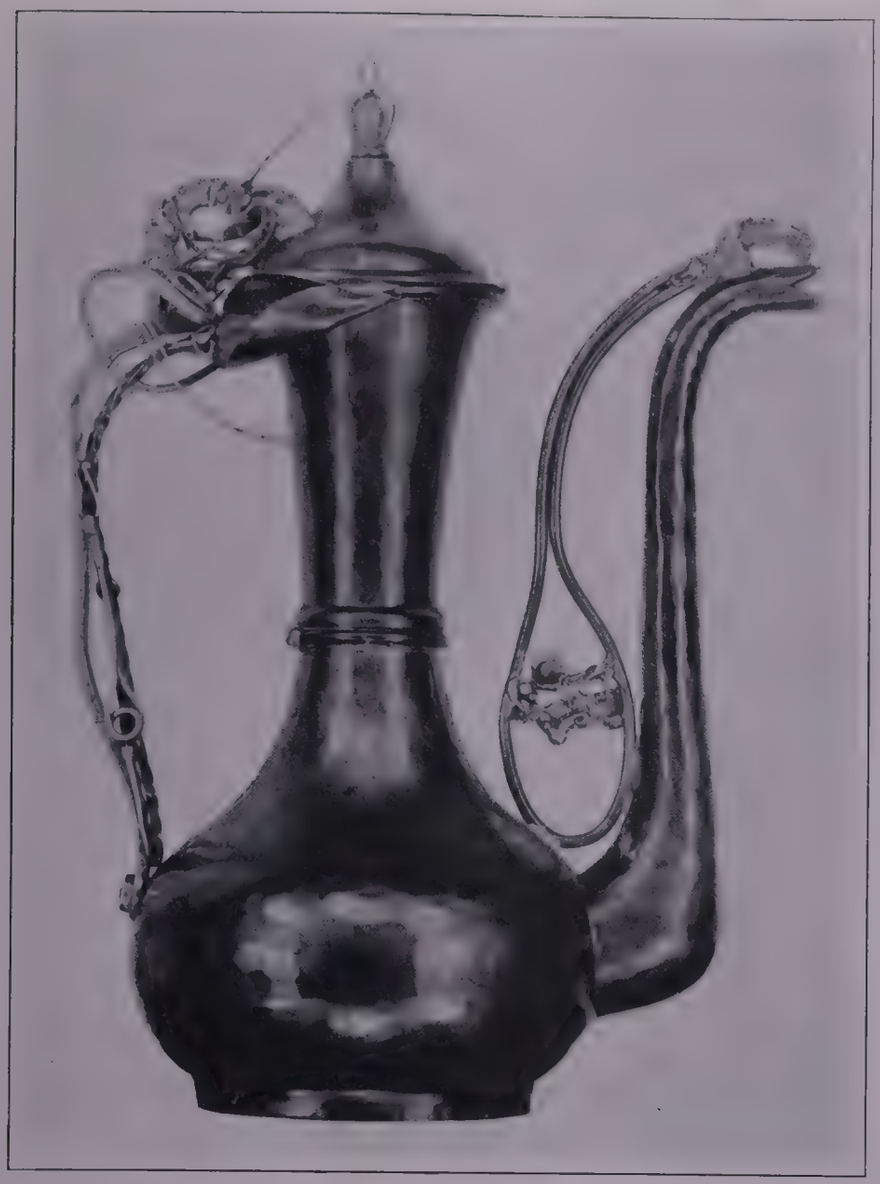
"THE VITAL ART of goldsmithing of the ancients has come up like a lost river in America in Janet Payne Bowles," the late Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, then director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, once said to that institution's then president, John Pierpont Morgan, now also deceased. He was introducing Mr. Morgan to Mrs. Bowles. Sir Purdon's high opinion of her art subsequently was accepted by Mr. Morgan, who gave her commissions until his death. Others also have held her work in the same esteem, among them being the late Spencer Trask, of New York, and I. Bossilini, of Florence, Italy. She won prizes given by each of these men for competitions, and both of them gave her their patronage, as did Sir Purdon and Mr. Morgan. She has been the recipient also of awards in Paris and at American expositions, and her strongly individual work with gold and silver and, at times, with gems has placed her among the elect of artists so that she is acclaimed as a genius come out of the Middle West. Her work is for ecclesiastical purposes, for the stage and for connoisseurs and includes reliquaries, chalices, crosses, pectorals, boxes, spoons, rings, necklaces and other articles. Quiet but intense in manner, she talks of her work with a passion that glows in her gray-blue eyes. Her efforts to express the universal and the eternal take form in strange, rhythmic patterns. Speaking of her work, she said:

"In the objects for religious service, I have tried, on the decorative side, to reverse the idea of Trans-substantiation, to turn a direct symbol back into the mystery of spiritual underflow and express, not history's symbol, but the emotion that produced the symbol. So if you have been told the hidden, symbolistic emotion, you may see it at once, and if not, I would still like to convey to other senses the power of imagination that should be inveterate, intense and spiritual as the religious emotion itself. I do not want to express the set conviction of the Catholic-church heart but the urge of a reverent art-muse who perhaps knows nothing of set religion except that certain stories are dear because of their sacred associations in history, and upon this human testimony to build an individual, vibrant worshipping art.

"The universal and the eternal are my favorite and abiding subjects and I am most conscious of a desire to express them in metal—still, like the church symbol, not so concretely that he who runs may read but in the subjective persistence toward reproductive expression of an organized, enthralled, vision of the universe. Motives of the animal, vegetable, mineral kingdoms with something static or rhythmic to suggest man's work, and the atmospheric elements, and perhaps even the psychic world in all this, I have tried to incorporate in such unity that a sense of a universe will be subconsciously conveyed to the imagination. The design laws of rhythm, balance and harmony I must feel into the work, not as rules of composi-



BELOW: JEWEL BOX OF CARVED GOLD. RIGHT: SILVER CUP. MADE BY JANET PAYNE BOWLES FOR J. PIERPONT MORGAN



SILVER WINE VESSEL IN THE BOSSILINI COLLECTION BY JANET BOWLES

Mrs. Bowles is fond of using strange animal forms in her designs and confesses that she would like to have been "an assistant creator" to the animal world. In producing her designs she does not use pencil and paper but evolves the forms that the metals themselves suggest as she works, and she teaches her pupils in the same way to induce "the creative flow." She belongs to no school or cult in art. She does not pose as a modernist. Her chief inspiration has come from early Greek repoussé and from Celtic and Norse designs.

Reference to the diversity of crosses that she has evolved led Mrs. Bowles to tell of the beginning of her acquaintance with Sir Purdon Clarke. She was in the Metropolitan Museum and leaning over a case of old Greek gold ornaments. Engrossed, she did not at first notice that the director of the museum also was studying them. They fell into conversation over the objects, and in a discussion of them Mrs. Bowles disagreed with Sir Purdon. He looked at her with an expression of wonder as to her authority on the subject. She was wearing one of her crosses and, as she was on her way to a prospective customer, had several other pieces with her. Sir Purdon's glance dropped from her face to the object hanging from her neck and he spoke of it. He bought not only the cross but other objects in the course of their friendship. His introduction of her and Mr. Morgan was most helpful and inspiring to her. Mr. Morgan gave her full access to his collection for study and to his books on the art of jewelry, enamel, gold and sil-

tion, but as the inevitable force of gravity, and the movement of spheres in the natural universe. The orbit is one of these motives, curves of wire expressing the plane of a path. The law of evolution I have tried to incorporate in my design through a system which I worked out and whereby I develop creative ability in pupils of imitating or using not the forms of nature alone, but the method of nature's infinite production of form. Allying myself with this creative flow, I know I must be endlessly fertile."

GOLD CHALICE BY JANET BOWLES



versmithing, of which he had a wide knowledge and which he discussed with her. His commissions to her included spoons, rings, pendants, a jewel box, cups and plates, all of gold.

Asked how she became interested in metals, Mrs. Bowles said: "I was in Boston on a holiday afternoon and was walking through the deserted wholesale district. The quiet was broken by a ringing sound as of metal being struck with a hammer. The sound enthralled me. I turned into a narrow street and stopped at an open doorway, fascinated with the sight of a young man working feverishly on a chandelier. Without looking up he said to me, 'Hurry! Give me that hammer. Bring me that pail of water. Don't you see I need it?'" Thus she entered a voluntary apprenticeship which lasted many weeks. Being greatly interested in sociology she found also subjects for study in the conversations of the men who gathered there. Her next step was to go into a foundry to handle and to learn about metals. Then she arranged a little studio in her own home and her objects of utility and art began to appear. From the first strong individuality characterized her work.



SILVER AND ENAMEL HOLY WATER FONT IN THE BOSSILINI COLLECTION
BY JANET PAYNE BOWLES

When in 1909 Mrs. Bowles came to New York to live, her jewelry was invited for exhibition with the work of a group of craftsmen and won the Spencer Trask prize. Mr. Trask then became her first patron. Previously she had received first prize at an important exhibition of jewelry in Paris, and again she won at the International Goldsmiths' Exhibition in 1912. At the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915 she took second prize for jewelry and first for goldsmithing, and Lalique, French designer, purchased examples of her carved gold work, a type unique at that time. When living in Boston, she had heard of Signor Bossilini, the Florentine patron of art, but she never dreamed that a few years later she would receive his thousand-dollar prize for a chalice; that the winning of it would be followed by orders for other vessels, his gifts to various churches, and that the proceeds from these would put her daughter through college. The motive of the Bossilini chalice is "Blood flowing among the activities of man," and of the wine vessel

CARVED GOLD BUCKLE BY JANET PAYNE BOWLES





GOLD SPOONS MADE FOR J. PIERPONT MORGAN — BY JANET PAYNE BOWLES

accompanying it, "Spiritual brooding and the orbits sacrifice takes." Mrs. Bowles has made altar pieces of silver for a chapel in Saint Patrick's Cathedral and for other churches in New York. For Maude Adams' production of *As You Like It* at Berkeley, California, staged and costumed by Mr. and Mrs. John Alexander, she made a silver kirtle axe and a set of silver jewelry.

GOLD SPOONS MADE FOR J. PIERPONT MORGAN — BY JANET PAYNE BOWLES





"SELF-PORTRAIT" BY REMBRANDT PEALE (AGE 13)

Rembrandt Peale's First Portrait

Rembrandt Peale, in writing an account of his life, says of this picture: "My first attempt to paint in oil was, as usual, a portrait of myself in which I could blunder unseen, and not fatigue the sitter sooner than the painter. This I thought a good beginning, as everybody knew the likeness of the little boy only thirteen years old. I have often shown this portrait to young beginners, to encourage them to go on from *bad* to better." This passage is to be found in a book by C. Edwards Lester, "The Artists of America," published in 1846, for which Peale wrote an account of his life at the author's request. In spite of its occasional bad drawing and air of harshness the painting has, what is even more to be valued than impeccable draughtsmanship, animation and vitality. If there had been the attention paid to "child artists" in young Rembrandt's day perhaps he would have taken more pride in his achievement and not spoken of it in so deprecating a fashion. The picture still remains in the possession of the artist's family and was lent by its present owner, Mrs. Eleanor Peale Davis of Philadelphia, to the exhibition held last spring by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in which more than three hundred pictures were shown by the three famous Peales, Charles Willson, his brother James, and his son Rembrandt.

FURNITURE *of Historic* TYPES

IX. Chippendale and the Georgian Period

After the Queen Anne period English furniture degenerated until the dawn of the age of Chippendale

Major Arthur De BLES

IT IS ONE of those curious anomalies which abound in the history of art, particularly of the applied arts, that the most highly-ornamented furniture that was ever produced in England, with the possible exception of a short period in the reign of Charles II, should be stamped with the name of the simplest of England's queens, one who avoided all display and ceremony as far as it lay in her power to do so. The placing of the "credit" for the first of the four Early Georgian styles to the Queen Anne period is all the less just since this style only came into fashion after the death of the daughter of James II. And although its real name is "Decorated Queen Anne," a very important qualification, the descriptive adjective is only too often omitted and a wrong impression produced in the minds of those who would learn to make the finer distinctions in the styles of English furniture. Such distinctions are important if one is to place accurately the pieces of furniture made between the decline of the true Queen Anne style and the rise to prominence of the younger Chippendale. The Early Georgian period in furniture may be placed as between 1714, the year of the accession of the Hanoverian, George I, to the throne of England, and 1749, when the younger Chippendale withdrew from his father's workshop and set up in business for himself in Conduit street. It has been divided into four sub-styles, all bearing upon them the impress of a general mode, but differing in the details of the ornamentation which provides the names under which they are known. First we have the Decorated Queen Anne style, which lasted from 1714 till about 1725; second, the Lion period, which remained in vogue for fifteen years from 1720; third, the Satyr-Mask period, fashionable from 1730 to 1740, and finally the Cabochon-and-Leaf style (1735-1749) which gradually merged into a transition style from which was evolved that of Chippendale. These four sub-sections of the Early Georgian



ARM AND LEG OF DECORATED QUEEN ANNE CHAIR SHOWING THE EAGLE HEAD AND THE GEORGIAN DEVELOPMENT OF THE GRACEFUL FRENCH "PIED DE BICHE"

Courtesy of Gill & Reigate



SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF A DECORATED QUEEN ANNE RED LACQUER AND GILT CHAIR WITH BALL AND CLAW FOOT. THE SINGLE SPLAT IS DECORATED WITH A CHINESE MOTIVE

MIRROR BACK CHAIR OF THE SATYR MASK PERIOD

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

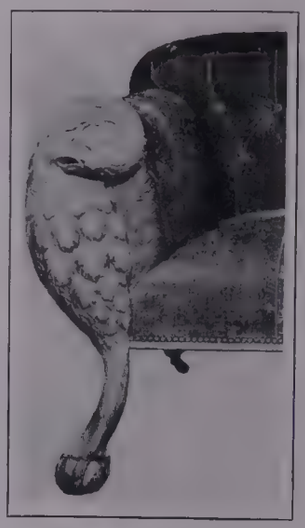




GILT CONSOLE, CIRCA 1730. NOTE THE STRONGLY CARVED EAGLE HEAD SUPPORTS

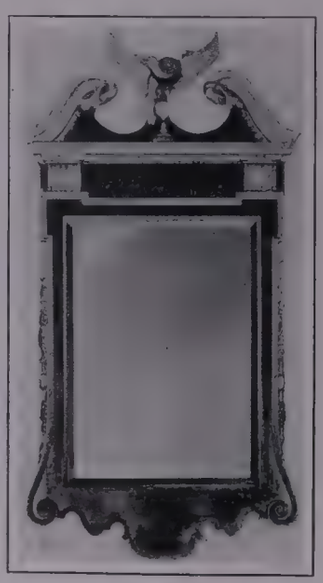
mode are very easily distinguishable, once the main characteristics are known, and in order to facilitate the retention of the typical features we have illustrated here the most important ones, those from which their respective names are taken.

Decorated Queen Anne furniture retains many of the features of the pure style, particularly its high fiddle backs and, up to about 1720, its feeling of graceful solidity. But the top-rails of the fiddle backs of this period are crested instead of plain as in the true Queen Anne chairs, and the whole piece is decorated with gilding, lacquer and ornaments in a manner which distinguishes it at once from the simple Dutch pattern of the first decade of the eighteenth century. And by the end of the second decade the tide of bad taste was at the flow and even the "horrors" of the worst of the rococo style were surpassed by the Georgian craftsmen. French artists always manage in some instinctive manner to save their products from absolute degradation, but partly because English cabinet designing is, as we have seen, entirely dependent upon foreign inspiration—though cleverly adapted to British taste and requirements—and so falls necessarily into the class of "copies," the bad points as well as the good of the original are exaggerated and generally debased, because the original impulse of the creator must remain a mystery to the imitator. No better example of such misunderstanding can be found than the Early Georgian manner of treating the delicate *pied-de-biche* leg invented during the reign of Louis XIV. The English edition, illustrated here, may be sturdier in accordance with that constant call of English customers for utilitarian strength even in things where the requirements of daintiness seem to clash with it — and, in the nature of things, strength always bears away the palm of victory—but there is no gainsaying the fact that the *pied-de-biche* of the Decorated Queen Anne style is heavy and clumsy, overladen with ornament, and defaced by gilding, a parody upon the delicately-modeled French type. It is the hoof of a calf with its rounded edges rather than the representation of a dainty deer's foot.



END OF EAGLE SETTEE
Courtesy of Elsie de Wolfe

The rococo feeling that pervaded the whole of Europe after its initiation in France, due as we have seen previously to the bad taste of foreign-born artists employed in that country, was rampant in Germany, and just as William III had imported into his new kingdom the simple, robust lines of the Dutch styles, and the best of the French, and by his patronage had gradually evolved an Anglicized form of them, so the Teuton monarch who now guided the destinies of England brought over with him that very worst form of the rococo which is so perfectly exemplified by the old theatre in Bayreuth and the palace of Herrenhausen in King George I's native state. And under that vitiating influence English sobriety of taste was submerged for a period of forty years, before the inherent sanity of the British artisan once again took control and killed the canker that was eating into it. As Horace Walpole wrote of his time: "We have now arrived at a period in which the arts have sunk to their lowest ebb in Britain. The new monarch is devoid of taste. . . ."



The principal motives of the Decorated Queen Anne style were the naturalistic eagle-head and the ball-and-claw foot. This last feature alone will determine whether a chair or table or cabinet belongs to the pure Queen Anne style or to its Germanized successor, for it did not

DECORATED QUEEN ANNE MIRROR. NOTE THE EAGLE AND ELABORATE GILDING
Courtesy of Arthur S. Vernay



GILT SIDE TABLE OF THE "ARCHITECTS' FURNITURE" TYPE WITH SWAGS IN THE STYLE OF GRINLING GIBBONS

come into use in England until about 1715. It is an adaptation of the Buddhist motif so common in Chinese art. The eagle head and claw, the latter, however, frequently absent, was seen first in the reign of Queen Anne herself, and derives from the arms of the Italian princely house of Modena-Este of which the second wife of James II was a scion. In the earlier period the eagle motive was conventionalized and used almost exclusively for lock and handle plates, while its silhouette appeared even in the cut-out between the back splat and the outer uprights. But in the Decorated Queen Anne style we have the naturalistic bird either in the form of a well-carved head at the end of chair-arms or forming part of the scheme of the back as in the mirror-back chair in the Metropolitan Museum or again as in the eagle settee in the possession of Miss Elsie de Wolfe; sometimes even the complete bird as in the mirror frame illustrated here. The eagle motif was frequently employed as decoration on the supports for heavy tables, either in the form made familiar to us by church lecterns, or in low relief panels, finished in a naturalistic manner on both sides with the bird's head and body turned in profile. In addition to these two features we find an orgy of gilding and elaborate carving in tables, consoles and stands for lacquered cabinets.



END AND LEG OF LION PERIOD MAHOGANY TABLE

Grinling Gibbons (1648-1721), generally considered as belonging to the seventeenth rather than the eighteenth century, was appointed Master-Carver in Wood in 1714 at the munificent salary of eighteen pence (about 36 cents) a day and his remarkable, if overladen, carvings in pear wood undoubtedly laid their influence upon the already vitiated taste of the second decade of the eighteenth century.

Chairs fortunately never suffered badly from the carved wood mania of the day and remained throughout, at least as far as the general contour was concerned, more or less of the pure Queen Anne shape though toward the dawn of the Chippendale era they began to take on the squarer lines which became characteristic of the most famous of English cabinet-makers. The second phase of the Early Georgian mode, commonly known as the Lion period, overlaps the first by some five years. It is easily distinguishable by the lions' heads and paws which adorn the knees and serve as feet, respectively, for both table and chair legs. There is nothing quite like it in furniture elsewhere. The third period is equally distinctive and again overlaps its predecessor. Its typical motives are the carved satyr-mask, and the ball-and-claw foot. The mask, like the lion, is essentially a feature of German rococo from Herrenhausen. The mirror-back chair, already mentioned, of the Metropolitan Museum, belongs to this period in spite of the eagle head and claw motifs in the back. In furniture styles, as in architecture, a piece is dated from its latest motif.

The fourth period, which we call the "Cabo-



LEG OF SATYR MASK TABLE. A TRANSITION PIECE WITH LION'S PAW FEET INSTEAD OF BALL AND CLAW



DECORATED QUEEN ANNE CORNER CUPBOARD



CABOCHON-AND-LEAF ORNAMENT ON A STOOL LEG

chon-and-Leaf," marks the end of the predominance of German taste and the dawn of a new day for that of France. It set in about 1735 and by 1740 was well established for the remainder of the eighteenth century. Chippendale constantly refers in his *Director* and his letters to "the French taste," and his designs after 1754 are clearly inspired by Louis XV furniture.

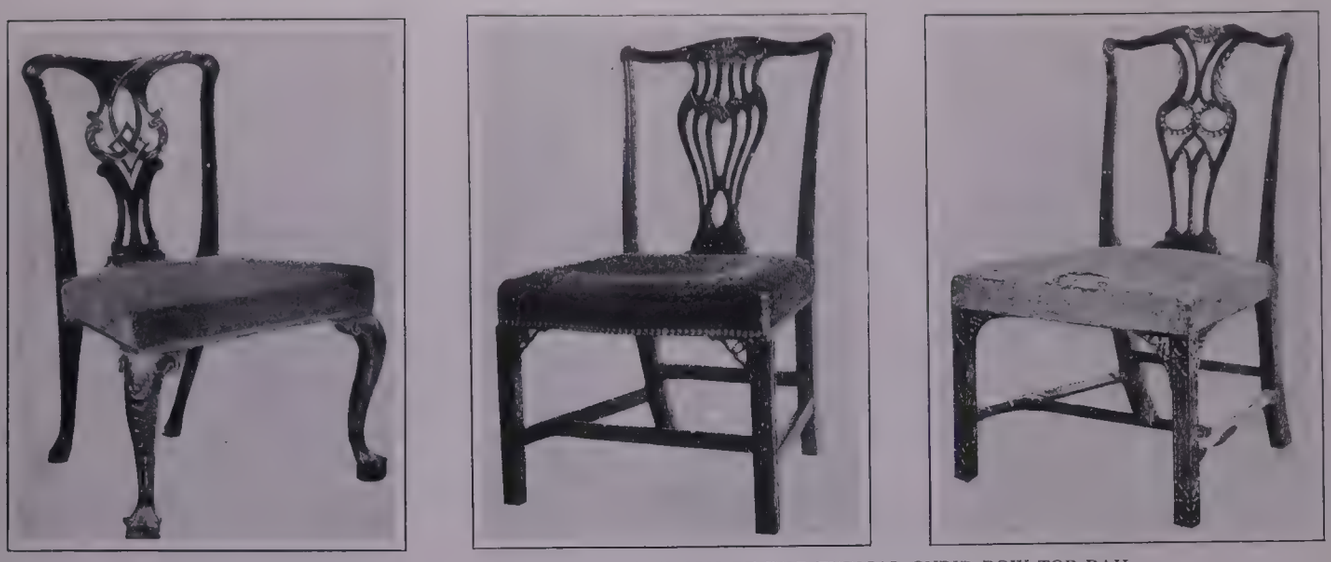
Now although the vast majority of Early Georgian furniture was conceived in the worst of taste, it is by no means to be inferred that nothing of artistic value was produced during the forty years which preceded Chippendale's definite establishment as the *arbiter elegantiorum* in furniture styles. Some of the lighter cabinets, such as the corner-cupboard illustrated here, are quite charming and are worthy to fit into a scheme of decoration built in general upon severer lines. Lacquer-work both black and red with gold was immensely popular, corresponding to the "Chinese taste" so prevalent in France, always the first to recognize the beauty of the art products of the Far East.

One of the most favored decorations of tables during the Early Georgian period was that curious mottled marble which is so puzzling to tyros. It is known as *scagliola* and is generally a mixture of black and gold and red and white with a high polish, and is used as tops for tables and bureaus. *Scagliola* is a composition of powdered gypsum, isinglass, alum and coloring matter mixed into a thick paste with pieces of marble and gold leaf. It is laid onto a rough surface of lime and horse-hair.

Independently of the four famous substyles of the Georgian period, there was a fifth, which surpassed in grotesque exaggeration and love of gilt even the worst of the other styles. It was known as "Architects' Furniture" for it was sponsored by Sir Christopher Wren and his friend, Grinling Gibbons. A table in this category is illustrated here. The famous Gibbons swags of flowers will be recognized immediately. "Architects' Furniture" was always gilded. It was in favor between 1714 and 1730, where the whole house was planned with its furnishings by Wren or one of his immediate disciples.

Now in 1709 a son was born in Worcester to a cabinet-maker of considerable skill and local renown for his work in the styles we have just described. Thomas Chippendale, Sr., was, no more than his great son, the slave of a style and it is not difficult in a comprehensive collection of Georgian furniture to recognize the pieces which may be attributed to his workshop. There is a

MATERIAL
STUDIO



CHIPPENDALE CHAIRS SHOWING THE EVOLUTION OF THE TYPICAL CUPID BOW TOP RAIL

distinctive elegance about the quality of his curves, his half-hoop and fan-backs, which stamps them immediately as his, and helps one to understand the swift rise to fame of his son, once that most celebrated of furniture designers had spread his wings and flown the paternal nest. Many of the pieces attributed by museum authorities all over the world to the greater Thomas Chippendale, are in reality the work of his father's *botega*, though it is more than likely that from 1727 onward when the two Chippendales opened up a shop in London the younger man had a good deal to do with the designing of their joint products. Certainly he was responsible for much of the fine carving dating from the 1740's, for under his father's instruction he had become the equal in manual dexterity of those great carvers of the French Renaissance of whom we have spoken in a previous article. It was around the middle of the century that another important change came about in the public taste concerning timber, and mahogany took the place of walnut as the material for fine furniture. But although it was not until 1747, when the prohibitive duty of forty dollars a ton was taken off imported mahogany, that that wood came into general use—walnut remained the favorite of the less prosperous country craftsmen until 1760—yet it was used frequently for the richer customers of the metropolis from 1720 on, for the elaborate carving that was so important a feature of Early Georgian styles was difficult to execute in walnut, with the finish required by all art connoisseurs of the eighteenth century. But while Chippendale executed many important pieces from the time he and his father left Worcester for London, he did not evolve his typical style until after the publication in 1754 of his famous book *The Gentleman and Cabinet-Maker's Director*, which was in reality nothing more than a great catalogue prepared for the purpose of obtaining orders from country people who could not visit his new premises in St. Martin's Lane. Chippendale's example was followed by all the famous cabinet-makers of the latter half of the eighteenth century, from Ince and Mayhew to Sheraton. The *Director* plates were engraved by Matthias Darly who arrogated to himself the high-sounding title of Professor of Ornament of the Academy of Great Britain (P. O. A. G. B.). He also engraved those of Ince and Mayhew's *Universal System of Household Furnishing*.



CHIPPENDALE CHAIR, GOTHIC PERIOD
CIRCA 1765

Now in 1747, just about the time of Chippendale's establishment in Conduit street, an architect named Batty Langley published his extraordinary book, *Gothick Architecture Improved by Rules and Proportions*, and by 1754 this absurd work had caught the public fancy and neo-Gothic became the rage. Chippendale inevitably fell under its sway, but with more true artistic sentiment than he showed in some of his other designs he tried to simplify his adaptation of Gothic in his chairs as much as possible. One of his earliest in this

manner has a back imitating a "four-light" window with a single pointed arch window on each side of a double one containing two smaller single lights. It is characteristic of the lack of understanding of real Gothic by these eighteenth-century improvers that Chippendale placed no arch over the four lights to enclose them as there would be in the windows he was imitating. This particular type of Gothic Chippendale soon was abandoned, for in spite of its imperfections it was too pure for a society fascinated by Batty Langley's improved Gothic. But both his Gothic and his Chinese styles were rather caterings to the wishes of his wealthy patrons than expressions of his own taste, and his *Director* shows a preponderance of designs in interlaced strapwork, ladder backs, both simple and ornamental, and vertically-pierced splat-backs. In his pre-*Director* years he was still influenced by the Decorated Queen Anne style with its half-hood-and-splat back, the splat pierced, but after the publication of his first edition, the "Cupid Bow" top rail and other square patterns became the characteristic features of his chairs. In his Chinese manner his best chairs are those designed in rectilinear fret patterns, following the true Chinese model illustrated here; he used the same fret design for bookcase doors and similar pieces. Most of his mirror frames are in this Chinese taste, composed of the well-known pagoda, cascade and rocaille motifs, with the *Feng-Huang* or Chinese phoenix always in evidence.



CHIPPENDALE PIE CRUST TABLE

Chippendale invented all manner of new articles of furniture, such as wine-coolers, fire-screens and sideboards, and brought back again the four-poster and tester beds of the sixteenth century. But strange as it may appear his genius seems to have inspired no true school—it was too personal—and with his disappearance, new styles set in, along lines completely opposed to those which enjoyed so tremendous a vogue in the hands of the giant of all master-craftsmen, Thomas Chippendale.

CHIPPENDALE FOUND INSPIRATION FOR HIS CHINESE MANNER IN SUCH KANG HSI PIECES AS THIS CHAIR



Decorated Queen Anne pieces were almost always made of walnut, but those of the Lion period rarely, of the Satyr-Mask still more so. The Cabochon-and-leaf was exclusively a mahogany product, while Chippendale seldom worked in any other wood.

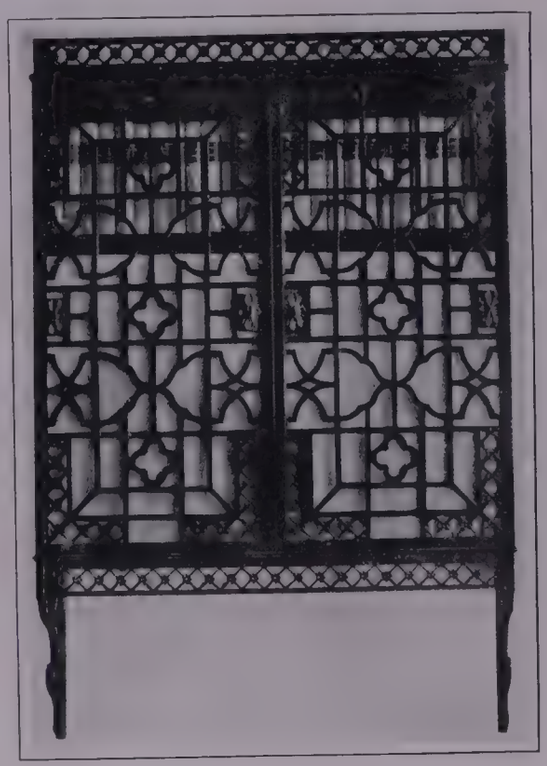
In 1753 Chippendale opened his workshops at 60 St. Martin's Lane where, after he became the fashion, all London society visited him, in a manner recalling the adulation bestowed by sovereigns and nobles upon the great artists of the Renaissance but rarely seen in England where even a genius of the applied arts who sold his own products was simply a "Tradesman" with all the disqualifications that word implied in the eighteenth century. Chippen-

dale was the inevitable exception that proves the rule. Moreover even in his lifetime his wares fetched enormous prices for those times. A mirror



CARVED MIRROR FRAME (48 x 48 INCHES) IN THE CHARACTERISTIC CHINESE CHIPPENDALE MANNER

of the type illustrated here was wont to fetch from a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars so that present day purchasers of genuine Chippendale products —they are extremely rare —should not be surprised at the prices asked for them by those dealers who are able to give proof of the authenticity of the pieces attributed to the master. Chippendale was first and foremost a great carver, and it is in the quality of the carving that one should look for the authenticity of any work supposed to be by him. But, naturally, when his vogue became great and much time had to be given up to his patrons, the great cabinet-maker did less work himself, and left most of it in the hands of his subordinates. But he carefully supervised the execution of the pieces that left his workshop and so we find in the genuine products a finish and a *maestria* that is absent from those "Chippendale" pieces which have nothing of the true products save their name and their general outline. They are like copies of any other true work of art, like a first-rate copy of a Rembrandt! Everything is there but the touch of the master.



SMALL HANGING CABINET IN THE CHINESE CHIPPENDALE MANNER OF MAHOGANY. THE SIDES ARE CARVED WITH THE FRET



"THOMAS BIRCH" BY JOHN NEAGLE

PORTRAIT of THOMAS BIRCH

THROUGH a chance visit to the Delaware capes in the first years of the nineteenth century, Thomas Birch became interested in the sea and after 1806 practically abandoned portraiture to devote himself to marines. And it was for the reason that this Englishman, who came to the United States in 1793, became so much better known as a painter of naval battles of the War of 1812 that John Neagle represented Birch in this portrait with one of his warship pictures on his easel. The portrait, a fine example of early American painting, was presented recently to the Pennsylvania Academy's "Gallery of Artists" by John Frederick Lewis.



SIGN PAINTED BY WATTEAU FOR THE ART DEALER, GERSAINT

PAINTERS *and* SIGN PAINTERS

Correggio, Watteau, Chardin are three of the many famous artists who may once have been called "sign painters"

PERRIN JOYCE

In St. James' Chronicle for Tuesday, March 23, 1762, there was printed an announcement of an exhibition of the Society of Manufactures, Art and Commerce. Immediately underneath this notice was a punning, irresponsible and facetious imitation of it, inviting the public to the Grand Exhibition of the Society of Sign Painters. London was thereupon divided into two camps: those who took the Sign-Painters' exhibition seriously and inveighed bitterly against it, as a burlesque of the show given by the more dignified society, and those who willingly paid their shilling to roar at and with the clever wags who had perpetrated it. This Sign-Painters' exhibition was the work of Bonnell Thornton, aided and abetted by Hogarth, credited on the program with the chairmanship of the *hanging* committee. When some serious-minded defender of the sacred Society of Art printed a bitter attack upon the burlesque exhibition, the Sign Painters would print underneath it a very gracious expression of thanks for the advertisement. It was as impossible for one of the Society of Art's champions to score against the Sign Painters as it is for the big man in the vaudeville act to do any serious injury to his diminutive but agile partner. The little man dodges and the big man falls.

The attitude of the eighteenth-century public in England towards the sign painter is clear enough from the drawing in which Hogarth himself, arch defender of the burlesque exhibition, shows him as a ragged wretch standing on a ladder with his bottle of spirits swinging from the sign-board frame. Diderot, we remember, when he wished to insult a painter called him a "peintre d'enseigne." And yet, were some energetic collector to attempt a sign-painters' exhibition today, he might summon a dazzling array of names to confound the skeptical. Were he to arrange his show according to the nationality of the artists, he might present in the British section the names of Millais, Hogarth, Leslie, the sculptor Grinling Gibbons, David Cox and old Crome. Among the Frenchmen would be Watteau, Greuze, Chardin, Gavarni and Carolus-Duran. Paul Potter and Holbein would stand for Dutch and German art and America would be represented by West.

Hogarth painted many signs. His "Man Loaded with Mischief" was hung before an ale-house in Oxford street, London, and copies of it were used on many rural inns in England. It was copied by at least one American tavern, and by a French hostelry where it bore the title, "Le Trio de Malice." This famous sign bears no signature save the satirical one: "Painted by Experience; Engraved by Sorrow;" but drawing, subject and

signature point without question to Hogarth. The picture shows a man "loaded with mischief or matrimony," a padlock marked "wedlock" about his neck; a monkey, a magpie and a wife upon his shoulders. The wife holds a glass marked "gin" and the background shows a pothouse on one side and a pawnbroker's on the other.

Sometimes an artist painted a sign after his reputation was well established; and then we may assume he did it for the sake of the huge fee paid him. Benjamin West is said to have been offered five hundred dollars for a sign painted in his youth, and the fee paid for painting "The Three Crowns" sign for the *Waterloo Inn* on Kings Highway, Salisbury Township, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, must have been substantial.

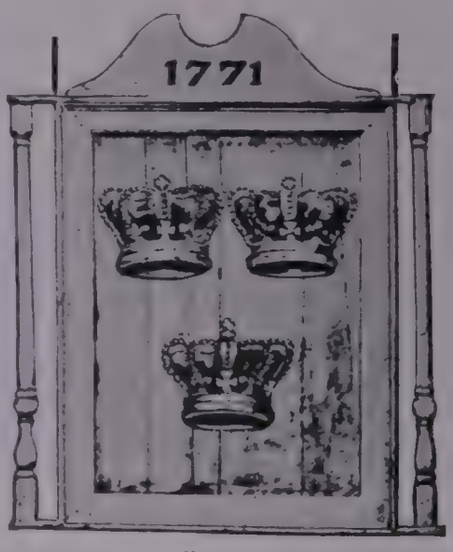
Frequently an artist painted a sign early in his career which, when he became famous, took on the value of a legitimate painting. Prud'hon's sign for a hatter, painted when he was fourteen years of age, was later hung in the *École des Beaux Arts*. Chardin at about the same age was commissioned by a barber-surgeon, his father's friend, to paint a sign twelve feet by three. He executed the task with enthusiasm but with little regard for the dual professions of his employer and when it was finished took it by night to the gentleman's house and hung it before the door to escape his censure. We may be pardoned a degree of skepticism when we read that the tonsorial surgeon was awakened next morning by the crowd which had collected to admire the sign. Holbein's sign for a pedagogue whose school he attended in his youth now hangs in a place of honor in the art museum at Basle, Switzerland.



"THE SIGN PAINTER" BY HOGARTH

There were many ne'er-do-wells who were glad to "use their brushes to paint out tavern bills." Morland and Ibbetson were among the vagabond English artists who wiped out inn scores with brush and paint. The four thousand pictures bearing the signature of George Morland can have brought him little profit since he took to sign painting; and certainly they were neither the cause nor the effect of sobriety since he wrote as his own epitaph: "Here lies a drunken dog." His "Goat in Boots" sign was much copied throughout England.

Occasionally an artist of established reputation would honor his favorite inn by painting a sign gratis. David Cox did this for a Welsh tavern which he frequently visited, *The Royal Oak*. Watteau painted a sign for the picture dealer, Gersaint, out of friendship and "to limber up his stiff old fingers" in 1720, shortly before his death. French critics have doubted the authenticity of the sign, claiming that it was executed by Watteau's pupils from sketches which he made but Frederic the Great's agent in Paris purchased it as a genuine Watteau for his master and it was still in the possession of the German royal family before the late war. Watteau is also said to have painted a sign for a milliner on the Pont Notre Dame but this has not been preserved. Carolus-Duran, himself an enthusiastic fencer, painted a sign for his *maître d'armes* which was exhibited at the *Beaux Arts* in 1901 before it took up its humbler duties as an advertisement.



SIGNBOARD OF "THE THREE CROWNS" BY BENJAMIN WEST

Even sculptors would be represented in our suppositious

exhibition of sign making. A fine stone bas-relief which once decorated the front of a Paris cabaret in the Rue aux Feves, called "La Chaste Susanne," was said to be the work of Jean Goujon. The British sculptor, Grinling Gibbons, who carved the choir stalls in St. Paul's Cathedral, could send at least one piece to our show. It would be the famous sign of *Ye Olde Cock Tavern* in Fleet street, London.

Holland's contribution would be the "Jonge Stier," said to have been painted for a butcher by Paul Potter. From Italy we would secure at least one Correggio, whose "Mule and Muleteer," now in the Sutherland collection, was painted as an inn sign. The sign of the *White Horse Inn* in a village near Paris, the work of Guèricault, Greuze's "Enseigne du Huron" executed for a tobacco merchant and various signs by Gavarni would give us three illustrious French names. Among the lesser lights in England we would find many with an R.A. or an R.S. after their names and even a few knightly artists would find places in our international exhibition of sign painters. At Wargrave there is a sign painted on one side by G. D. Leslie, R.A., showing the combat between St. George and the Dragon, and on the other by J. D. Hodgson, R.S., showing the saintly knight, when the combat was at an end, slaking his thirst with a cooling draught. The elder Crome, who began his career as errand boy to a doctor, became apprenticed to a house and sign painter and one of his signs, "The Sawyers," is in the possession of the Anchor Brewery, Pockthorpe, Norwich. Millais painted another "St. George" for *Vidler's Inn*, Hayes, Kent; Sir Charles Ross a sign for the *Magpie* at Sudbury and Herring a "Flying Dutchman" and a "White Lion," the latter still bearing his signature.



"MAN LOADED WITH MISCHIEF" BY HOGARTH



"COCK" BY GRINLING GIBBONS

An amusing story is told of Harlow, pupil of Sir Thomas Lawrence. To pay a bill he painted a sign at New Inn Lane, Epsom, using the figure of Queen Charlotte and signed it: "T. L., Greek Street, Soho." When Sir Thomas heard of this, he flew into a rage, saying that if Barlow were not a scoundrel, he would kick him from one end of the street to the other. Passing over the obscurity of Sir Thomas' logic (for who should be kicked, if not a scoundrel?) we must laugh at the impudence of Harlow's reply. He merely remarked that if Sir Thomas should make up his mind to it, he hoped he would choose a short street.



SIGN OF THE "GOAT IN BOOTS" BY MORLAND





ABOVE: SIGN OF THE "BULL AND MOUTH"

LEFT: SIGN OF "THE RUNNING FOOTMAN"

Most of the signs now obtainable for our exhibition would be those of inns and the reason for this can only be given in a little summary of signboard history. Before houses were numbered, every shop and many houses had signs. With the keenness of competition, these signs grew to enormous size, usually extending across the street. By day they shut out the light of the sun and by night they dimmed the rays from such street lamps as there were. On stormy nights it was as much as a man's life was worth to pass down a dark, ill-paved street with these huge signs, blown by the wind, threatening to knock him down. We complain of a signboard evil as a menace to the esthetic sense of our countrymen and because billboards cut off the beauties of nature, but the signboards of our ancestors offered a tangible menace. "It must have been humiliating," writes the author of an article on signboards, "for a knight, back from the war, to be knocked over by a blue lion or a green monkey dropping on his noble head, just as he was entering his native city flushed with the pride of conquest." So government decreed that signs must be fastened parallel to the street, on the balconies or sides of houses; they were not to extend into the road more than a few inches, if at all. And when the numbering of houses became general, they were forbidden altogether except on inns. Inn signs therefore survived long after the signs of tradesmen and professional men were things of the past; and where they do not survive, on country inns, they are often revived by present day landlords.



SIGN FOR HIS MAÎTRE D'ARMES BY CAROLUS-DURAN

The strange names on these old signs puzzle and amuse us. Sometimes these combinations are accounted for by the fact that the landlord, leaving one inn and moving to another, combined the names of both the old and the new hostelry; thus we have the *Angel and Still*, the *Bible and Peacock*, the *Blue Peruke and Star*.

If our scenery today must be shut off by advertisements, even as the light of day was shut out by the trade emblems of a bygone day, wouldn't it be some consolation to know that a meadow or a brook was obscured by a contemporary Watteau, Holbein or Chardin? It all depends upon whether or not you like to take your Nature straight or with oil paint on the side.

ART *and* OTHER THINGS

By GUY EGLINGTON

A MONTH or so ago, Stefan Hirsch drove me up through New England, and, as we passed through Worcester and had never seen the Museum, though we had heard a great deal about it, we broke our journey. (Hirsch, I may say, had a further reason for visiting Worcester in that the Museum had recently bought one of his paintings.)

I confess that I was a little dubious about the whole business. Of course I knew from photographs that Worcester possessed fine things, but that can be said of many museums. Of Boston, for instance, where the Indian and Chinese departments are alone worth the journey, even if one leave out of account the superb Romanesque fresco installed a couple of years ago, the El Greco, the Velasquez, the Delacroix, the Blake illustrations to Milton. . . . But no one would have the temerity to claim that Boston as a museum leaves on the sensitive visitor a single clear impression, or indeed any strong sensation whatever beyond that of fatigue. No, Boston may be a storehouse for works of art, but as a museum, if by a museum we mean a thing so planned as to contain within itself the principles of its own growth, a living representation of the history of art, it is simply non-existent.

Now this was precisely the excellence which we had heard claimed for Worcester, that it was, out and beyond the quality of individual pieces, a museum in the word's finest sense. There we might expect to find, if not a profusion of treasures, at least a collection of picked pieces, well shown. Against expectation, we were not disappointed. On the contrary, not only were all the virtues for which we had hoped present, but the compensating vices, the rooms on rooms of trash which no one wants, but which has to be left on view for fear of offending some trustee or rich benefactor, were happily missing. In contrast with the majority of museums, where the results of purchase by committee, caution and compromise, are everywhere evident, at Worcester one might easily imagine oneself in the private gallery of a distinguished amateur, to whom his pictures stand in the place of children.

The first things which we asked to see were of course the two large thirteenth-century frescoes which were reproduced in INTERNATIONAL STUDIO for July. If you overlooked them at the time, which you may easily have done, you should look them up. They are well worth studying, even in reproduction. At Worcester they are hung at either side of a wide bay off the stairway, where they have ample light and space. With admirable tact the director has declined to place any other works in competition with them, so that they can be studied undisturbed. And certainly they make a profound impression. To some extent I was prepared, through having seen the details in the office of *Art in America*, but if the compositions were already familiar, I had not dared to hope to find the surface in so fine a condition, the color so clear and singing.

The fresco of the "Crucifixion" appears to me in conception what one might term humanized Byzantine. That is, its positive values are still Byzantine, values of spacing, symbols ordered through centuries into a coherent, hieratic, amazingly majestic design. Onto this formal scheme, as impersonal as the Catholic Mass and itself liturgical in essence, the Roman artist imposed what one may call the symbols of emotion, the fainting Madonna, the sad downcast eyes of the St. John, introduced the figure of the Magdalene to right, the Marys and others to left. The composition can not be said to gain by the additions. Something of majesty has gone and the added emotions are rather described than expressed. Progress was hardly possible along those lines, though Duccio, himself a consummate master of space, evolved new compositions that were full of humanity yet sacrificed little of majesty. That he was enabled to do so is due to that group of artists which centred around Cimabue, who, adhering more closely to the scheme of Byzantine composition, seized the human figure at its centre and wrought it into a more powerfully dynamic whole. But of this movement the master of the Worcester "Crucifixion" shows little knowledge.

The fresco of the "Last Supper," on the other hand, is at once more conservative and more truly revolutionary. In place of attacking tradition from the outside, changing here and there a gesture, introducing new figures into a perfectly balanced composition—a process which in the case of an art erected on a symbolical, liturgical basis can only end in confusion and so finally in reaction—the master of the "Last Supper" has retained the old design, reinforcing if anything its significance as symbol. But whereas the Byzantine scheme was based on the elaborate convention of a flat surface, split up into a number of areas of flat color, meticulously spaced and interrelated to evoke the ideas of height and depth, the figures of the Apostles in this fresco, though still, by contrast with the later creations of a Giotto, two-

dimensional, are seen to be no longer animated solely by their outline, by their spacial relation, that is, to the other portions of the composition, but are conceived and take life from their centre.

This has the air of being a hard saying, but its truth and, better, its implications can easily be grasped by allowing the eye to travel slowly from the base of the composition, up and down the folds in the cloth, among the array of early Christian symbols on the table, which the artist has woven, almost playfully, into a delightful still-life (surely an exquisite draughtsman) to arrive—with what a shock—at the group of apostles. It is like the sudden advent of a storm on a calm sea. The figures have the air of being clamped down into a frame, which their own dynamic force threatens every moment to break. Above them the figure of the Christ—how different from the drooping Christ of the "Crucifixion," herald of our latter-day sentimentality—rises majestic.

New wine has been poured into the old bottles; and I have often thought how splendid a spectacle it were, could one but see the struggles of the old bottle as it fought to contain the young and still fermenting wine. The outcome is certain, the bottle is doomed. But the interval while it still holds—the old perfected form, the new spirit—perfectly balanced, that is the thirteenth century, a balance of great forces, which Giotto, and I can never quite forgive him for it, broke.

The collection of Primitives, which we were next shown, is a most stimulating group. A mere recital of names will hardly reveal its qualities, for it is evident that every picture was chosen on its merits, quite apart from the possibility of attributing it to a great master. And this is no small virtue.

There is then a thirteenth-century "Last Judgment" (catalogued as Italo-Byzantine from Umbria or Tuscany), an early thirteenth-century crucifix of the school of Lucca, which is given to Bonaventura Berlinghieri, a Guido da Siena "Madonna," a Giottesque "Crucifixion" given to Spinello Aretino, an exquisite little fourteenth-century "Madonna and Child with Saints," given to that *terra incognita*, the School of the Marches, a "Saint Agnes" by Lippo Memmi, a Stefano da Zevio "Madonna of the Rose Garden," a "Madonna" attributed variously to Masolino and Antonio Vivarini, a Montagna, and an Antonio da Viterbo "Adoration," a French fifteenth-century "Madonna and Child with Saint and Donor," and a small group of early Flemish, Spanish and Catalan pictures.

I find it difficult to write about the "Last Judgment," as, in spite of obvious qualities, it fails to move me. A panel two feet square, it has the air of being a fresco composition rendered in miniature. In the centre is Christ in a mandorla, flanked by four angels, the two upper holding the symbols of the Passion, the two lower the trumpet of the Resurrection and an open scroll, on which are pictured the sun and moon. At the foot of the composition, to left and right, are grouped the blessed and the damned. Above the mandorla are the heads of the Virgin and Saint John. In detail it convinces, but I find it almost impossible to relate the various parts. It strikes me rather as an essay in the Byzantine manner than as truly Byzantine in spirit.

The Lucca "Crucifixion," reproduced here, is quite another matter, can stand with the greatest. Worcester could well afford to be represented by such a masterpiece. Look, I beg you, only at the form of the Christ, follow the outline, if you will, along the outstretched arm, let the eye dwell a moment on the face, then travel slowly down the length of the body. . . . Set the page at a distance. Half close the eyes. Do not *look*, but let the image burn itself slowly into the brain. Within his iron cage of laws, laws of design and laws of religion, how free he is, how direct, how intense. The expression of the arms, as though Christ were using his last strength to stretch them out still further, in an universal embrace. The tenderness of the head, how simply expressed in the shadows beneath the eyelids, the line of the mouth, the lock of hair that falls on the left shoulder. The grace and nobility of the body's lines. When we turn to the minor figures, the Virgin and Saint John at either side, the Magdalene at the cross' foot, catching the blood as it drips from the sacred wounds, the kneeling donors, the contrast is so great that one is almost shocked. The provincial painter who raised himself onto his toes to do honor to Christ is a provincial painter once more, charming, naïve, competent, but where did he get his wings? But therein is contained the whole history of Luccan art in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Architects, sculptors, painters, you can hardly find a great master among them, but they all stood on their toes when they had to.

After such a work one fears anti-climax, but happily there is the Guido da Siena "Madonna" hanging nearby, magnificent in design. Indeed in the whole room there is hardly a weak spot. One pauses before the "Saint Agnes" of Lippo Memmi, admiring its suavity, the calm flow of its lines, the exquisite lamb which she holds in her arms. Passes on to the "Madonna of the Rose Garden" of the Veronese Stefano da Zevio, to be reminded

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how deeply indebted were the northerners to the art of the French miniaturists and tapestry weavers. If one saw this panel first in reproduction, one would say surely a tapestry. It is almost too rich in texture, too gracious in line. Two and twenty angels kneeling, standing, flying over a ground of roses. The interplay of their lines suggests a dance, a courtly minuet. It is very lovely, almost perfect, but one is glad that the Vivarini "Madonna" is at hand to remind one that there are other things in art of which the French miniaturists knew nothing.

But one French picture there is in the room which must arrest attention, if only by its prevailing tone of brilliant red on a black ground, and masterly spacing. This is a "Madonna and Child with Saint and Donor." A most interesting article contributed by Mr. V. de Put of the Victoria and Albert Museum to the *Worcester Museum Bultin* (April, 1923) identifies the saint as Pierre de Luxembourg, the boy cardinal, who died, it will be remembered, at Villeneuve-lès-Avignon at the age of eighteen. Mr. de Put thinks it probable that the donor was one of the house of Luxembourg, possibly Pierre first count of St. Pol de Luxembourg, who died in 1433. In this case it should not be impossible to trace the author of the picture, a matter of considerable interest in view of the mingled Sienese and Flemish influences. As usual in such cases the heads are far superior to the bodies. What is not so common is to find a hybrid artist with so fine a sense of spacial values.



CRUCIFIX ATTRIBUTED TO BONAVENTURA BERLINGHIERI, SCHOOL OF LUCCA, THIRTEENTH CENTURY. *In the Worcester Museum of Art*

In the large gallery everything looks pale beside a magnificent Goya portrait, brilliant in blue and scarlet. And "everything" includes a Reynolds, two Gainsboroughs, two Hogarths, a Moroni, a Jan de Bray and a Nicolaus Maes. It is a picture which defies analysis, nor can one easily put one's finger on its greatness. It is a portrait—perfectly honest portrait. The ecclesiastic—Don Fray Miguel Fernandez—sits in his chair, hands in lap, with just that degree of discomfort which is proper for sitters. The minimum of arrangement—the minimum probably of sittings. His Grace is transferred bodily to canvas. And yet it is as unmistakably a work of art as was ever fashioned. It fairly sings. How is it done? The secret lies not in the composition. There is nothing strange in that. Nor yet in the color, despite its brilliance. But there is not a square inch of that canvas which, if one found it on a scrap heap, one would not willingly treasure. Pigment in Goya's hands becomes something more than pigment, becomes translucent, combines in itself the qualities of water, of air, of precious stones, takes on the properties of life. The surface of his canvas fairly trembles with life.

For full five minutes the Goya blinded me to everything else in the room, and then I became aware of the Hogarths. Two portraits, the well-to-do Squire William James and his wife. A little more artifice than the Goya—how he must have pondered the left arm of the Mrs. James before daring that exquisite gesture, the bare arm rising out of the full sleeve to curve at her wrist and droop in a shower of graceful fingers. Yet the impression is not one of affectation, but affectation is made to heighten the impression of life.

Nearby there is a Reynolds "Mother and

Child," an unfinished oil sketch, more free in drawing than he allowed himself to be in his finished works. In revenge the extent of his debt to the Italians is only emphasized thereby. He was haunted—too haunted I can't help feeling. I don't believe in his "Mother and Child." Nor, to speak the truth, do I believe in Gainsborough's daughters, another fine canvas which hangs in the same room. Only twenty-six years later than the Hogarths (1770 against 1744) and already artifice —marvelous artifice it's true—has turned life out of doors. The eighteenth was a spacious century in England and I can't help feeling that its artists, if one excepts Hogarth, gave a very distorted picture of it.

The gallery of early American portraits would make an article in itself. Blackburn, Copley, Dunlap, Durant, both Earls, Fulton, Inman, Charles Willson Peale, Sharples, Smibert, Stuart, Sully, Trumbull and West are all represented. I was particularly glad to see that Ralph Earl, for whom I have always had a great respect, is appreciated in his own country. There are no less than three portraits and a landscape in the big gallery and the museum has recently acquired a fourth portrait. This last, of Henry Pendleton, is a splendid piece of work and proves that naïveté, as exemplified by the early portrait of William Carpenter, was not Earl's only trump card.

And so we come to the Americans of the last century, to Fuller (represented by the famous "Winifred Dysart"), to Wyant, to Inness ("A Pool in the Woods," 1892), to Ryder ("Pegasus Arriving"), to Homer (represented best by the group of water colors), to Whistler ("the Fur Jacket"), to Twachtman (one of the finest of his waterfalls), to Thayer (the bowl of roses that was in the Memorial Exhibition). These are all too well known to need comment. They form a goodly group, all the easier to enjoy, since there is but one of each, and that one in most cases a good example.

Finally a small but select group of the nineteenth-century French school. Monet ("Waterloo Bridge"), Redon ("Spring"), Gauguin ("La Femme Accroupie"), Dufresne. . . . The collection grows slowly, admitting only first-rate examples. With the moderns little more than a beginning has been made.*

I must not forget to mention the sculpture, although here I have no documents to jog my memory. In the room of the Primitives I remember most clearly a group of Gothic wood figures, which are not only in themselves of great beauty, but serve to break up the walls and so prevent the pictures from quarreling amongst themselves. Wholly admirable too is the small gallery of Far-Eastern sculpture, Chinese, Khmer, Indian, Meroitic. . . . And in case you are as ignorant of Meroë and Meroitic art as myself, I advise buying a copy of the *Bulletin* for October, 1922, in which is a most interesting article by Ella I. Simons on a bas-relief of "Prince Arikharer Slaying His Enemies." You will probably be as surprised as I was that anything so vigorous, challenging comparison almost with the bas-reliefs of ancient Assyria, came out of the Sudan, and in the first century, B.C.

Worcester owes its success to two things: first to the principle which it has always followed of accepting none but unconditional gifts; secondly, its courage in eliminating everything which has played its part, all that is redundant. By the first it has lost, perhaps, a few fine things but it has saved itself from the fate of almost every other museum in the country, that of having to crowd its walls with mediocrity, hung there not for the sake of art, but to perpetuate a rich man's name. By the second it has been enabled to rectify its own mistakes, to buy courageously, knowing that if time prove the purchase ill-advised, it can sell.

But courage lands people in difficulty, and so one is not surprised to hear an outcry among artists and in the press that Worcester is selling off its Americans to buy Primitives. Worcester argues thus: We are a small museum. We can either own, say one thousand pictures, of which eight hundred mediocrities kill the remaining two hundred, or we can have two hundred picked pieces, which be both seen and enjoyed. If the latter, we can not afford the luxury of duplicates, even from motives of patriotism. In cases therefore where we have two pictures by one artist, we will sell the lesser of the two in the interests of the greater. Thus we will sell Fuller's "Girl Driving Turkeys" and hang his "Winifred Dysart" in the place of honor.

To me the argument appears unanswerable, even when it results in the sacrifice of a great work of art, such as El Greco's "Christ in the House of Mary and Martha." There remains still the Greco's "Magdalene."

But then, I compute wealth somewhat differently from the general. To me wealth which can not be enjoyed, which figures only on balance sheets, has an uncomfortable air of abstraction. Worcester's virtue is that her assets are real assets, her pictures are excellently lighted and excellently hung.

**We found Hirsch's "New England Town" in the Recent Accessions Room, looking very austere beside a Magnasco. We were both rather relieved to find that it looked so well.*



"THINE ETERNAL HILLS"

by

Benjamin C. Brown

MODERN FRENCH CHURCHES

Three reinforced concrete structures which combine old styles in ecclesiastic architecture with new traditions

Jean-Gabriel LEMOINE

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, although so uncompromising in the matter of dogma, is a great deal more tolerant than many would give her credit for in regulating the practice of her cult. Far from being hostile to the spirit of evolution the Roman Catholic liturgy, on the contrary, has always lent itself to the modifications necessitated by circumstances, and has always found a way of adapting itself to the material exigencies of the life of the day. During the whole of the nineteenth century, religious architecture, and for that matter civil architecture as well, gave no proof of any sort of originality, church building remained under an influence vaguely reminiscent of the classic period, and this debased classic style finally reached such a point that to apply to it no harsher a term than "inartistic" would be to treat it more indulgently than it deserved.

About thirty years ago, however, a reaction began to set in against what was called "the style of the Place St. Sulpice," the St. Sulpice quarter of Paris being the centre of the dealers in religious objects. One of the most vehement instigators of this reaction was the well-known Catholic writer J. K. Huysmans, who wrote that the ugliness of objects or instruments used in the service of religion was "the revenge of the Devil." This reform has, today, increased in such proportions that associations have been created to put into action the ideas of its supporters. Among these associations are the "Society of St. John" and that of the "Friends of Liturgic Art," whose work it is to help in the reconciliation of art and religion, and recently two Catholic painters of no mean value, Maurice Denis and Desvallières, have founded the "Studio of Sacred Art" where interesting pieces of work have been executed. We have not the space to describe at length these institutions whose role is destined to become still more important since in the regions ravaged by the war there are so many churches to be rebuilt and redecorated. What we wish to do here is to demonstrate the fact that importance lies not so much in the detached effort of a few Christian artists in France as in the latest church buildings designed by certain architects who have attempted to solve this problem of the construction of churches destined to house the old faith in a modern dwelling-place, and who seem to have succeeded in their endeavor.

CHURCH AT LE RAINCY — PERRET BROTHERS, ARCHITECTS



The most striking and original of these attempts is the church recently built at Le Raincy, near Paris, by the Perret brothers, architects of the Champs-Elysées Theatre. As in the case of the theatre, the church at Le Raincy has been built of reinforced concrete, and if the severity of the style is a little surprising, it possesses at any rate one quality that demonstrates its relationship with the great works of the past, its lines are simple and perfectly proportioned. The decision of the architects with regard

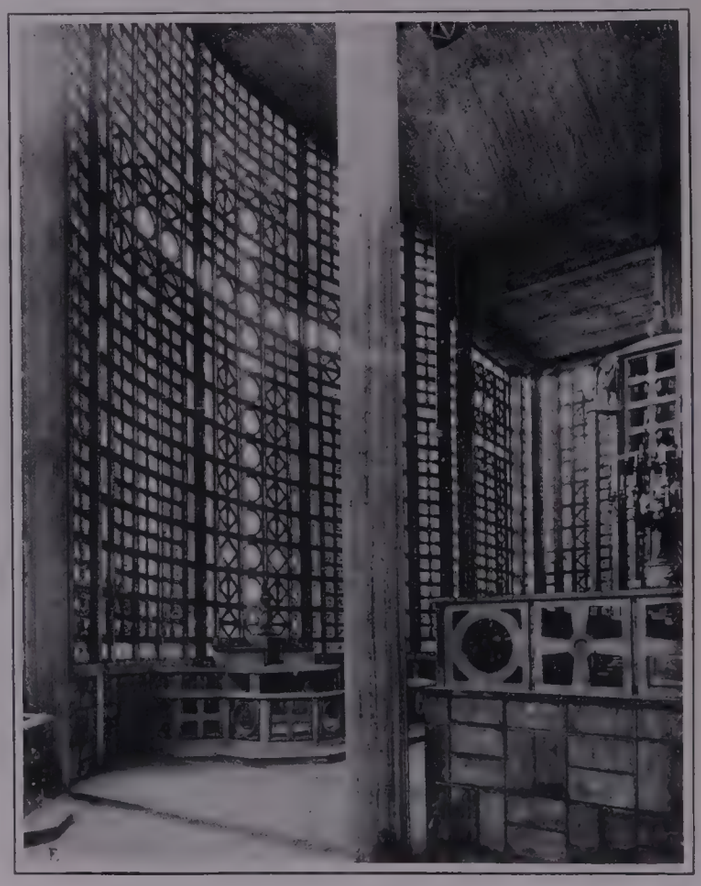


to the profile this church should present has resulted in something of quite a novel aspect. Columns are arranged all the way up the spire like the pipes in an organ, the louver boards and the apertures which admit the light are decorated with picturesque designs which serve to break the monotonous line of the spire, and all these are characteristic points in the scheme of the exterior. But it is in the interior of the building that the originality of the architects reaches its climax. The inside of the church of Le Raincy resembles nothing so much as a huge lantern with its windows set in the reinforced concrete. The only thing with which one might reproach this construction is that in it one quality has perhaps been exaggerated, the quality of simplicity, and this has given it a rather bare effect. The architects have set a problem and have solved it, but the construction of an edifice is something more than a problem, particularly when this edifice happens to be a church, and science might sometimes descend from its pedestal and become a little more human.

The aspect of this church, which is somewhat crude, angular and Cubist, certainly appeals more to the intellect than to the heart, and the faithful who go there to worship would have some reason in feeling slightly ill at ease if the light which is distributed with a subtle harmony through the windows did not constitute a compensation —it is as well to recognize the fact—for what one might be tempted to call the work of the engineer by making a strong appeal to the artistic instincts. The stained glass windows, for whose conception we are indebted to Maurice Denis, depict events of contemporary history (one of the subjects, for instance, deals with the taxicab incident of the Battle of the Ourcq in 1914) and the symbolism contained in them is easily comprehensible. The tone of the windows proceeds by a graduation of colors from yellow to orange, orange to violet, violet to blue, the color of the Virgin Mary, and thus is suggested an ambiance through which one passes from a spirit of lively joyousness to one of mystic meditation.

If there is any foundation for the fear that public opinion may accuse the Perret brothers for having designed a church illuminated by the clear daylight, and thus destroyed the tradition of dim religious light always associated with devotional edifices, the same reproach could not be brought against Messrs. Marrast & Droz. The church for whose construction they are responsible is being erected

ABOVE AND BELOW: INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE CHURCH AT LE RAINCY, PERRET BROTHERS, ARCHITECTS



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at Vincennes, a district situated just outside the gates of Paris. This church, which is not yet completed, will be dedicated to the memory of St. Louis, the good king, of whom the legend runs that it was his pleasure to dispense justice in a familiar unceremonious fashion seated under an oak in the Bois de Vincennes. The monument that will be thus raised is an impressive pile of masonry whose exterior form has been strongly influenced by the Romanesque churches to be found in the old province of Poitou, and by the Byzantine churches. The use of reinforced concrete as a medium has permitted the setting up of four huge interpenetrating arches in which is set an octagonal lantern, through which falls the light. The surroundings here are more mysterious and lend themselves better to meditation than in the church first described. Nevertheless, the modern character of the building is very evident not only in the materials used, but in the details of the decoration which include, in particular, some frescoes by Henry Marrat and some ceramics by Daum, ornamenting the pulpit and the altar. The tones of the blue and white ceramics, in both cases drowned in a background of gold, recall the terra-cottas of Della Robbia, the modern ceramist having nothing to fear from such a comparison. A fresco executed by the Studio of Christian Art is to decorate the apse of the church. Heavy curtains, embroidered in the same way as a dalmatic, will cut off the altar from the walls. These vari-colored hangings, such as the liturgy prescribes in the case of sacerdotal vestments for the different feasts and fasts of the ecclesiastical calendar, will bear in their ornamentation a sad or joyous note, which will give to the church a periodical change of physiognomy.



CHURCH OF ST. DOMINIQUE, RUE DE LA TOMBE-ISSOIRE, PARIS
LEON GAUDIBERT, ARCHITECT

INTERIOR, CHURCH OF ST. DOMINIQUE



It is perhaps in its decoration that we touch the weak point in the Church of Saint Dominique in the rue de la Tombe-Issoire, Paris, built by M. Gaudibert, which was completed early in 1924. This decoration, lack of resources being doubtless responsible, will be composed of a band having no special religious significance but simply designed to emphasize the general lines of the architecture. The style is here again a clever adaptation of the Byzantine and Romanesque styles. The most successful part of the building, and that into which the architect seems to have put the best of himself, would appear to be the cupola of which the arch and corbel treatment give an impression of solidity and strength rather rare



in reinforced concrete by giving to the mass an impression of balance which satisfies both the eye and the mind. There are still other details worthy of comment, and among them is the altar to the Virgin, above which rises a statue very Romanesque in treatment, though at the same time very modern. M. Gaudibert has exercised a gift of selection in his use of modern materials which does him credit, his desire being to prove that it was possible without in any way changing the spirit of religion to weave it a vestment in the tissue of modern times. And he has succeeded quite well in his demonstration, even if not, perhaps, in such a striking way as the brothers Perret. The only thing with which he can be reproached is that the purpose of the edifice is not sufficiently imprinted on each element of its construction, and that this church does not give an unmistakable impression of its mission but might, without much alteration, be used as a lecture-hall, a cinema or a school. Time and use will doubtless rectify this and give the building the effect of being well adapted to its purpose. The old churches seem to be impregnated with a kind of spirituality which comes from their long use in the same service.

These three examples chosen from among the most characteristic of the most recent religious constructions in France, prove that the master builders of today lack neither science nor talent to adapt the most modern solutions to the old problem "of the dwelling place of light" as the Scriptures have it, a problem which seeks ever more beautiful solutions in the eyes of men to the end that the house which is built for God shall be nearer perfection than the houses they provide for themselves.



ABOVE AND RIGHT: THE CHURCH OF ST. LOUIS, VINCENNES
MARRAST AND DRUZ, ARCHITECTS



"NOAH'S ARK" HOOKED RUG TAPESTRY BY MARY PERKINS

HOOKED RUGS *for* TAPESTRIES

Mary Perkins has made the old-time craft of hooking rugs a modern form of artistic expression

F. ARLINE de HAAS

IN A QUIET garden where ancient boxwood trees bank their green against moss-grown stones of a tall, spare house; where perennials flaunt their myriad colors in scapegrace fashion, a conjurer sits and broods, like the magicians of old. Over the hilltop and into the valley where the Delaware flashes its blue and gray the conjurer gazes. And then translates in a peculiar fashion such scenes as pass. All the greens and the yellows, the reds and the purples are set to work. The thousand and one tints of the earth and sky are unfolded. Imagination runs rife. The little dramas of the life thereabouts are put down in this history. And the history, taking concrete form, tells of all that is old and all that is new; all that in nature lies. Such are the rugs that Mary Perkins weaves.

Hooked rugs they are and an indefinable charm of old colonial days is wrought into them. Yet Mary Perkins' rugs are nothing if not modern. Retaining all the quaint simplicity of the old, they are present-day decorations of high order, colorful, brilliant, even dramatic. Just as in the modern "colonial" house every detail of Georgian architecture is employed, so these modern rugs are built on the foundation of the old. And as the architect utilizes all new devices, Mary Perkins supplies modern color and design to the rugs she weaves.

These rugs are purely decorative. Their name belies their usage, for they are really tapestries, well suited to modern decoration. They are so rare and distinctive that they are fit for museum pieces building American tradition through American art. And Mary Perkins is first and last an artist. A painter of note who turned for expression to a unique field where she finds opportunity for delicate harmonies of color. She never uses the conventional, standardized designs of the early specimens but creates pictures with long strings of colored cloth and a hook.

Sometimes the pictures are imaginative, some-



"THE CIRCUS" HOOKED RUG TAPESTRY BY MARY PERKINS

times real. As, for instance, the "Noah's Ark" rug and one not yet finished, the "Auction Sale." The "Noah's Ark" rug is purely imaginative, with a scintillating touch of humor characteristic of the artist. Here Mary Perkins has depicted the ark resting on a dull brown mountain top. The animals parade two by two down the hill. Elephants, tigers, giraffes and lions stalk gravely from their seafaring home. A little red fox, who can no longer stand the strain of balked curiosity, has left the group and peers about the turn of the hill to see what is happening on the other side. And the crowning touch is the pair of brown bears mincing sedately on their hind legs, their forepaws apathetically crossed over their rounded bellies. There is a splendid spotting of color, a harmony of design and a vividness of action. This tapestry is one of the first productions of the artist and is now owned by Mrs. Stanley Perkins of Germantown.

"THE LITTLE GIRLS' PARTY"
HOOKED RUG TAPESTRY BY MARY PERKINS



The "Auction Sale" is a picture of life in the Pennsylvania hills. Here Mary Perkins has shown with vivid reality what might be termed a tragic-comedy. There is the old farmhouse, the furniture going under the auctioneer's hammer. The blue-shirted farmers, complete with lumbering black boots and the inevitable hayseed, are there. And the children, all unwitting, play about, enjoying tremendously the entire procedure. Here is a spontaneous composition, active, full of human emotion. And always the gorgeous colorings, so brilliant yet so soft that it seems as though a silver web were woven over all.

Two fascinating tapestries are those of "The Garden Party," exhibited at the Art Institute of Chicago, and "The Little Girls' Party," owned by Mrs. Robert H. Montgomery of New York. They are bright, sparkling rugs, free from any methodical lines, pure in color, decorative in design.



"THE GARDEN PARTY" HOOKED RUG TAPESTRY BY MARY PERKINS

The "Circus" rug is a fantastic picture, with animals, flying acrobats, trained horses, ringmaster and clowns. The figures swaying in the air make rhythmic curved lines, sweeping with a downward motion, paralleling the tent top, linking the various groups. In this tapestry, too, is that same delightful quality of light, bright color, with the silver haze. The multitude of figures is so balanced, the colors so spaced, that details are subordinated to the whole. Miss Perkins has produced only one landscape and that is a Delaware River valley conception. Quite as fine as any painted landscape it is and indeed with more vibration of color than is to be found in many oils.

The vibration of color is one great note in all these tapestries, and Mary Perkins finds her inspiration for color in her garden. The cloth she dyes herself with special dyes, drying it in the sun. Strips an inch wide are cut from the dyed material and heaped in baskets. The frame, generally two and a half by three feet, is set up and a canvas stretched thereon and Mary Perkins sets to work. She weaves in a spot of color here and there as a painter "spots" his painting. Then gradually the picture begins to take form. Many times the spots are taken out as the painting grows and a new color substituted. Working slowly as she does, the artist completes a rug in from six to eight months.

An interesting note is the manner in which the faces of some of the characters are made. In many instances a piece of pink and white striped material has been used, so that the eye, blending the two colors, sees a natural flesh tint. By a variety of such methods this artist achieves her distinctive quality of color vibration and tone harmony. These tapestries are rare indeed—so rare that there has been only one really complete exhibition of them, that shown in the Arden Galleries in New York a year ago. They are indicative of the time, a very worthwhile indication, for not only are they representative of the tendencies in art, but they have absorbed into themselves rich memories that make for tradition. They follow the trend of the day, for we are not bound and limited by the past although we treasure the wealth of tradition and inspiration which is our inheritance. Now we begin to build, firm and confident. Choosing the best of all that has gone before and adding our own contribution to art.

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

INDIAN PAINTING UNDER THE MUGHALS: A. D. 1550 TO 1750. *By Percy Brown, Oxford University Press, American Branch, New York. Price, $35.*

THE ART of painting in India in its two forms is generally known to Western students through reproductions of the cave pictures of Ajanta and Bagh and from actual examples in our museums of the so-called miniatures. These combinations of caligraphic and pictorial art have been familiar to European artists since extraordinary revival of interest in them as an art-inspiration in the work of Leon Bakst both as a figure painter and a designer of ballet costumes, Dulac likewise having sought in them the imagery and grace for his Oriental illustrations. But of these illustrated pages from books which the miniatures are in fact, there is little exact knowledge among art lovers and the esteem in which the writing on these pages was originally held is too little understood since to Orientals the caligraphy was held as of first importance with the illustrations secondary, a viewpoint reversed with us.

Thus it is for the reason that Percy Brown's admirable work on Indian painting throws so much light on this subject that his volume must be of first importance to those interested in these illustrated book-pages which we usually see in glass cases in museums with the occasional greater privilege, in some private collection, of handling them for more intimate study. Mr. Brown nowhere assumes in his text that the reader knows this art familiarly nor its history well. He begins at the beginning, when the Mogul emperors invaded India from Central Asia in the middle of the sixteenth century, and follows the tale of the development into the two schools (Mughal, or Mohammedan form of art, and Rajput, or Hindu), through to its decline with the power of the Mughal empire in the middle of the eighteenth century. He tells of the enormous number of miniatures that were made, why so many of them were destroyed, and notes the growth of the appreciation of them in Europe from the days of Dürer and Rembrandt to the beginnings of the famous British collections in the eighteenth century which have been developed so extensively there, in France and in our own country today.

It is with something more than ordinary fitness in the application of generic art terms that these pictures are called "Persian miniatures" for the school of Mughal art had its origin in two Persian painters who were brought to northern India by the Emperor Humayun. The actual founding of the school, however, was in the reign of Humayun's son, Akbar the Great, who reigned from 1556 to 1605 and who may be said to have Persianized the country, its art and its language. Native Indian artists soon adapted themselves to the style of the Persians, some taking service with the court and others working for their own Hindu people, this resulting in the two schools we have referred to. The court painters devoted themselves to the life of that world, its ceremonies, pageants and hunting expeditions and formed the Mughal school while the native artists outside this pale pictured the life of the people and the Hindu classics and became classified as the Rajput school.

Of the contrast we have pointed out between Eastern and Western viewpoints as to the place of writing in these miniatures Mr. Brown says: "In most Asiatic countries caligraphy has always been considered as a higher art than that of painting. In India under the Mughals painters were regarded merely as hereditary craftsmen, who, under a long course of training, gradually become adept in painting pictures. On the other hand the *khusbnavis*, or beautiful writer, was a heaven-sent genius, one whose art could not be acquired by practice, however long-continued, nor by working according to rules; it was a natural gift."

With this for a foundation the author tells the history of the Mughal school through its historical and descriptive aspects; describes the methods and materials of the school; and in his extensive appendixes gives lists of painters and their principal works, lists of collections of Indian miniatures and a bibliography. American collections enumerated include those in the museums of Boston, Chicago, New York and Washington and the J. P. Morgan private collection in New York. To illustrate his text Mr. Brown has reproduced ninety of these Indio-Persian pictures, several in color, that cover the known range of the school. Many of these are very rare and come from private collections and with few exceptions are of the normal size of these miniatures which is that of a sheet of foolscap paper. That these Indian pictures were occasionally painted on material other than paper and in much larger size is shown by the reproduction of a portion of a painting on cotton cloth of "Princes of the House of Timur," the original of which is in the British Museum, the size of the entire picture being forty-five inches by forty-two inches.

SAILING-SHIP MODELS. *By R. Morton Nance. Halton and Truscott Smith, Ltd., London. Price, £3 13s 6d.*

THE BRITISH ship model book has now become a thing of convention. Writers of these appeals to the wealthy amateur collector of models begin by developing some particular ship fad of their own to gain an effect of novelty and then draw upon the maritime museums of western Europe and America for models to describe and picture in terms of the old-time ships themselves rather than precisely of the models. It is also distinctly noticeable in such works that owing to the wilful provincialism of most British writers on this subject there appears to be a deliberate omission of proper consideration of the collection of such models in the Louvre and of the important place the great French minister Colbert occupies in the history of model making and the consequent development of the form and rig of ships.

It is Mr. Nance's particular fad to select the votive model as his contribution to this subject, a dozen illustrations of rigged hulls being shown from seaboard European churches although for the most part these church models, as he calls them, are more picturesque than accurate from the viewpoint of correct representation of original vessels. Mr. Nance has a second fad in an extraordinary enthusiasm for a print of a Flemish carrack of the fifteenth century made by an artist only known through the initials "W. A." He has made a model after the print, which serves as the frontispiece to his book, and refers to the old engraver and his print in unstinted praise which he gives to no other marine painter.

The range of the models reproduced in this volume, in

point of time, begins with this fifteenth century carrack and ends with several clippers of the mid-nineteenth century, there being included in the last White Star sailing clipper of 1890. All of these reproductions are excellent and among them is the now inevitable Cuckfield collection, owned by Colonel H. H. Rogers, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Henry B. Culver's "Soveraigne of the Seas" is reproduced as is also an American merchantman of 1796 owned by Clarkson A. Collins, Jr., the inclusion of these two American built and owned models showing British appreciation of our model-making skill. Mr. Nance quite properly questions the date of 1779 "two-decker" model in the Peabody Museum at Salem, the rig as he points out scarcely allowing an eighteenth century classification.

The defects of this type of ship-model book lie in that they treat of the ships of which these models are illustrative rather than with the models themselves, that no plans of the model or ship are included so that a student of such things could tell what the hulls actually looked like, that no dimensions of the hulls or spars or rigging are stated, that details of the decorations are scamped, nor is any indication given of the value and importance of block models. When someone arises who will treat the involved, learned and laborious craft of ship model building with a view to telling what Nance and Chatterton have not told in their two recent books then we will have a work that will be of real use and consequence to the growing company of amateur model collectors and builders.

JOSEF ISRAELS. *By Max Eisler. The Studio, Ltd., London.*

THE CLEAREST story of the life of Josef Israels, the artist, is to be found not in Dr. Eisler's very sympathetic and rather over-elaborated text but in the seventy-eight reproductions of his subject's work which form the bulk of this paper-bound monograph. "The two poles of his student days in Paris," writes Eisler, "were Ary Scheffer and François Edward Picot, that is to say: the romantic and the classic." And in Scheffer's "almost a German sentimentality" as represented by his "Gretchen at the Window" the young Israels "saw the full realization of his greatest wish, namely, to portray poetic sentiment by the brush." Classicism, as represented by his "Meditation" of 1850 and the "Oldenbarneveld's Last Letter" of 1852, held him in its thrall for only a few years. The sentimental romanticism of Scheffer actually began to work its full force on Israels in 1858 with his cottage interior and three figures called "After the Storm," a vein in which he found his true *metier*, his greatest commercial success, all the fame that came to him in his lifetime and on which that fame must rest.

Few are the painters who are remembered in the world by so limited a range of subjects and media as is Josef Israels. A few portraits, fewer genre paintings such as the admirable "Jewish Wedding," some little known etchings —these all remain in the background while his sentimental representations of Dutch peasant life stand as his real *oeuvre* to the world. Although Israels' early life was one of a certain amount of privation his was always a cheerful spirit and his biographer gives the reader no explanation, beyond the spell of Ary Scheffer, for the melancholy pervading Israel's work beginning with that of the three waiting figures in "After the Storm" and the fisherman and his two children "Passing Mother's Grave." In the thirty years between the 1860's and the 1890's Israels painted many such compositions, illness and death being the more numerous themes. A smile appears on the face of his peasant folk only three times in the works reproduced in this monograph, even his "Children of the Sea" playing with their boat with grave faces. Narrow as the scope of his work was it realized to the full his ideal of portraying poetic sentiment by the brush; and in spite of the fact that there are signs aplenty indicating that the vogue of his poetic sentiment is passing there are few painters who have left behind them a record of their ideal meeting with so much public acclaim and financial success in their lifetime as did Josef Israels. It will probably surprise most American readers to learn that Israels once wrote a book on Spain, published in 1899, as a result of a journey he made to that land and to Morocco.

PRE-ROMANESQUE CHURCHES OF SPAIN. *By Georgiana Goddard King. Bryn Mawr Notes and Monographs, VII. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price, $2.*

BETWEEN the fifth and twelfth centuries there were built in Spain three groups of churches, in order of time and difference of style, that are subjects of this learned monograph by the professor of the history of art in Bryn Mawr College under whose imprimatur this series of *Notes and Monographs* is published. Earliest of these are the Visigothic structures; the second those built at the beginning of the Reconquest by the Asturian kings; and the third group is comprised of the Mozarabic churches of the ninth to eleventh centuries. To be interested in such a work the reader must primarily be intensely concerned with the history of church architecture or with things Spanish while to enjoy this text he must have a good working knowledge of architectural terms and a familiarity with works on Spanish and Oriental architecture. Within the comparatively limited scope of such appeals this little volume must have the keenest appreciation owing to the scholarship that has gone into the making of it and the arduous personal searching out of some of these very ancient structures by the author. Its pictures and plans are excellent, its notes and bibliography staggering in their profundity and amplitude; and it has two maps that actually show, which all maps in books on travel or art do not, all the place names mentioned in the text.

THE PROCESS AND PRACTICE OF PHOTO-ENGRAVING. *By Harry A. Groesbeck, Jr. Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.*

EVERYONE who has ever had to deal with the "mysteries" of engraving, whether for book and magazine illustration or for the reproduction of works of art, will appreciate this book. It is intended primarily for the man whose work it is to buy engraving, its aim being to help him to a greater understanding of the possibilities of the process and the means by which the best results may be obtained. Mr. Groesbeck's problem was a difficult one for he had to translate a highly technical process into terms which the layman could readily grasp. That he has done this and at the same time written a most readable book is a high compliment to his own mastery of the subject. The book performs a real service both to the engraver and the man who so often misunderstands him.

A GUIDE *for* ART LOVERS

LEONORA R. BAXTER

IN ANSWER to the demand created by America's rapidly growing wealth and cultural development, New York has of recent years gradually become the world's clearing house for objects of art, both ancient and modern. Along with the best output of present-day schools of creative



"EVE" BY RODIN

work, one finds many masterpieces of past centuries, both privately owned and exhibited for sale. For instance, it is rather surprising that the original of Rodin's "Eve" is here, awaiting a purchaser. This statue, which represents Rodin's best period, was purchased from his studio by Monsieur Montainac, proprietor of the Galerie George Petit, who sold it in 1889 to James Sutton for the American Art Association. It was later acquired by a private collector. Recently it has been on exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum and there is a bronze replica of this marble in the Metropolitan Museum. It is easy to read the symbolic message Rodin meant to give in his conception of "Eve." It is a dependent and very appealing figure. With feet firmly on earth, and head bowed to meet the sorrows of her sex, she seems to implore the emancipation that modern thought and feeling have given her sisters.

Exhibited by Cargoes Studios.

STRONGLY contrasted to the intellectual appeal of the Rodin "Eve" comes a bit of beauty from another land. In Italy, previous to the fifteenth century, it was the custom for young women to put symbolic designs around the coats of arms upon the shields of departing warriors.



ABATJOUR OF GAUZE AND BRONZE

On the eve of the lover's departure for battle his shield was inverted and in it incense was burned. This ritual took place in front of his palazzo, with great ceremony, and was supposed to invoke the protection of the gods. Fortuny, with the skill and imagination of an artist, gives us the same design, symbolism and beauty in a modern abatjour, or lighting fixture. It is fashioned of steel colored silk gauze in a framework of bronze, the symbolic motif faithfully carried out on the gauze in a delicate tracery of thin metal. Holding the beauty, and suggesting the mysterious charm of the medieval, the abatjour seeks an abiding place in the wide hall of some country house, or amid surroundings of old world dignity.

Fortuny Shop.

BY NO MEANS the least interesting of the treasures offered by the art shops are those of the American modernists, especially in the crafts. Illustrated here is a group of silver pieces, sponsored by the Boston Society of Arts and Crafts. This society, organized twenty-five years ago, has as its object the promotion of artistic work in all kinds of handicraft, thereby

creating new standards of beauty for articles in common use. With this in view, the society has formed a jury, composed of artists of note. Before this jury is assembled the work of artist-craftsmen and the stamp of its approval is a guarantee, not only of excellent workmanship, but of the highest artistic merit. The pitcher spoon illustrated is of early Colonial design. The pitcher and sandwich plate are conceptions of different artists and all



SANDWICH PLATE, PITCHER AND PITCHER SPOON OF SILVER

are hand-wrought. The process of making has produced a soft quality and color seldom found in modern silver. Each piece suggests the joys of informal hospitality.

Boston Arts & Crafts Shop.

THROUGH much of the Italian Renaissance the ironworker was held in lower esteem than the craftsman in bronze, but with the late fifteenth century we find a return to decorative designs in iron of great beauty and versatility and the worker in this metal again taking his place among the distinguished artisans of the time. The disturbed condition of Italy necessitated strong defensive measures in architecture, and in supplying this demand, the art of the iron-worker found expression. Projecting window gratings were introduced by Michelangelo and the designing of gates engaged the interest of some of the greatest masters. At this period Venice was famous as the centre for iron-work and there were developed the best examples of the craft. One of these, a very beautiful gate now in the Museo di Palermo in Rome, has served as inspiration to an American decorator for a modern fire screen which is a replica of the top section of the gate and preserves all the airy grace of the original. Following the same idea, this decorator, with imagination and rare ingenuity, has transformed and converted to modern use several old motifs of Italian iron. These are to be seen in her studio, and one looks from one to another with growing fascination.

Ruth Collins, Decorator.



WROUGHT IRON FIRE SCREEN FROM AN ITALIAN MODEL

AND HERE again is iron used as a medium for artistic interpretation. In a collection of wrought iron pieces is a mirror which makes up in charm and design what it lacks in antiquity. Done entirely by hand, the silhouette motif reflects Spanish influence of the seventeenth century. The finish, perfectly simulating age, speaks forcibly of the true artistic conception and execution of the artist-craftsman whose work it is. Used against rough plaster walls, and placed where its candles will throw alluring shadows, this mirror, thirty-five by eighteen inches, insures a touch of genuine beauty.



WROUGHT IRON MIRROR FRAME BY JAMES R. MARSH

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO announces an information service for art patrons. Address STUDIO SERVICE, 49 West 45th Street, New York City.

THE EDITOR'S FOREGAST

Books are collected because of their rarity or their beauty. Some collectors incline to the first, some to the second, and still others (and these the greatest) assemble their precious tomes both for beauty and for rarity. The true connoisseur of books is just as much entitled to be considered an art connoisseur as the lover of paintings. The November number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO will be a striking demonstration of this, because it will contain three superbly illustrated articles on different phases of the art of the book. The leading article in the number will be a comprehensive essay by Dr. Gustavus A. Eisen on book covers of the Orient, including Classic, Early Christian and Moslem examples. This will be illustrated with three plates in colors showing masterpieces that have survived the ages. The changes will be traced from the earliest times, knowledge of which survives only through representations in sculpture. The illustrations will reveal the skill of the Early Christians in using figures and the incomparable design of the Arabs, whose decoration was confined to geometric designs by Mohammed's precepts.

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BOOK IN THE WORLD" will be the theme of Jerome E. Brooks, and his article will deal with a later date, because it will be devoted exclusively to printed books and books in which illustrations or ornaments are integral. The printer and the designer of a book can be a great master among artists. A book in its type, its spacing, its format, can be as consummate an expression of the spirit of art as a painting or a work of sculpture. There has been much discussion among connoisseurs as to which book is the world's most beautiful. Without trying to answer it, Mr. Brooks will present the question in a most engaging way. Just which of the volumes that have been honored with superlative praise is the most worthy of it is a matter hardly to be decided because it is a question of taste and not of fact. At least one new contender for the distinction will be considered, a *Missale Romanum*, printed on vellum by Vostre and Kerver in Paris in 1517.

THESE TWO ARTICLES by Dr. Eisen and Mr. Brooks, of course, have to do with book making of the past. A new note will be provided by Dr. Phyllis Ackerman, who will write of the manner in which the modernist decorators have introduced their ideas into bookbinding. The real Modernists, says the author, "seek to convey the character of the text, not through any real object, but by the abstract expression of the form and color of the design. These bookbinders are first cousins to the modernist painters, in fact are, some of them, modernist painters themselves, and they have learned from Cubism and the Expressionist schools the arrangement of geometrical forms in asymmetrical patterns to symbolize a mood or attitude." So that Dr. Ackerman's article provides literally the "last word" on bookbinding.

UP TO THE YEAR 1904 French Primitives were practically unknown even in France, the great exhibition then assembled in the Louvre attracting for the first time the interest of students of art who had generally looked upon French paintings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries as almost exclusively the work of Flemish artists brought into France by the kings of that age. But modern scholarship demonstrated that there was an important group of native French painters in those two centuries and that Paris was a real art center in the fourteenth century. Men like Jean Fouquet and Jean D'Orleans emerged as true French painters among a company of men who left distinguished works behind them, truly French in spirit and type. The Louvre gradually assembled the most numerous group of these pictures in one collection; but while its director was engaged in this task an American connoisseur was doing the same thing, and now Colonel Michael Friedsam, of New York, has thirty-six of them, the largest collection outside the Louvre. His French Primitives are unique in this country and an article on them and the school by William B. M'Cormick will appear in the November issue, with illustrations of some of the most beautiful.

"IF ONE were to establish ranks and precedence in the little world of French pottery and faïence the first place would unquestionably belong to those precious pieces of the Renaissance, long known under the name of *Faïence d'Oiron* and now more justly called the *Faïences de Saint-Porchaire*." The quotation is from the article on these pieces of faïence by Henri Clouzot, curator of the Musée Galliera in Paris, which will be published in the November number. The identification of these pieces, the tracing of the origin has been one of the most interesting and difficult of modern archeological researches in ceramics. The tale, as M. Clouzot tells it, is simple enough, and yet it is the story of more than sixty years of delving among old wills and sixteenth-century poetry; of study of the lives of the art patrons of that day and of the pieces themselves. As a result the potter who made these beautiful pieces and the circumstances which influenced his work are known. The pieces are beautiful and among the most valuable French ceramics for, in addition to their artistic merit, there are only about sixty examples known to be in existence.

THE CONNOISSEUR of prints can get as much pleasure out of one masterly line as a lover of painting can get out of a large canvas: there is something poignant and precious in his regard, he develops a keenness of feeling that is akin to the sensitiveness in the marvelously trained finger tips of the blind, his satisfaction in the thing he loves is transcendent. Yet, in the wide world of art, comparatively little is said about prints, especially new prints. Revolutionary happenings in painting and sculpture set critics and partisans to rolling thunder, but notable achievements in prints cause but a rustle. For this reason INTERNATIONAL STUDIO asked Elisabeth Luther Cary, the eminent critic, to contribute a series of articles on "Some Modern Prints in Public Collections." The first, dealing with French prints, and comprehending the work of such creative geniuses as Matisse and Picasso, will appear in November. In December Miss Cary will write of new American prints and in January will complete the series with a consideration of other countries.

THE PAINTING, "Boy in a Red Sweater," by Robert Henri is reproduced on the cover by courtesy of The Milch Galleries.

Peyton Boswell



BROCADED MOTIFS

with the beauty of antique hand embroideries





THE idea of using brocaded motits for chair coverings, fire screens, and pillows is a very old one in the history of interior decoration.

From the first plain coverings and panels themselves it was a short step to the fashion of embroidering spots of color which gave them great decorative value. It is this aspect which makes them so interesting today.

Like the beautiful antique pieces which they faithfully reflect, these brocaded



A motif of this type, with metal threads, is adaptable for fire-screens and a variety of other uses

Schumacher motifs are expertly woven on hand looms. Their effects are obtained by floating wefts of colors on the surface of the plain silk fabric by means of the same type of broché, or loom-embroidery, used for the brocades of the Renaissance.

THE enthusiasm in many lands for brocaded effects can be clearly traced in the various Schumacher designs. One may lead back to Italy where the idea of using gorgeous silken fabrics on furniture first originated.

Another may tell of the days when French people of wealth, following the example of Italian cabinet makers, began using chairs and seats with fixed upholstery instead of the movable cushions of an earlier period.

Other floral motifs especially rich in their colorings recall the designs used by a group of skilled craftsmen, assembled by Henry VIII, who made some of the earliest English pieces in the new fashion. The varying shades of rose and green, of rich metallic threads, the naturalistic shapes of these motifs, all suggest them for a variety of interesting adaptations.

Later, and equally abundant sources of inspiration are found in the large vases and ogival forms of the Renaissance, the delicate, balanced motifs of the Adam period, and the dainty classic designs of the Louis XVI era. Because of the detached character of brocade, a design of sharply separated motifs is best suited for its execution.

And, because of this wealth of design



This motif in predominating tones of buff recalls the naturalistic designs of the Middle Ages

sources, each piece of furniture may have its brocaded covering in character. When specially chosen for a modern interior, they are as appropriate as were the delicate petit-point coverings of the Louis XV bergères or the handsomely brocaded velvets on the "love seats" of the Queen Anne period.

A RESULTING advantage is that their outlines conform with perfect appropriateness to the lines of the pieces where they are used—motifs of the most widely varying size and shape being available. Few other textiles, aside from tapestry and hand-embroidered fabrics, lend themselves so flexibly to the shapes of furniture and various decorative objects.



Decidedly reminiscent of Jacobean embroidery is this hand-woven brocaded motif on a black ground

These brocaded motifs, as well as a comprehensive selection of other fabrics, suitable for every type of interior, may be seen by arrangement with your decorator or upholsterer. He will also gladly attend to the purchase for you.

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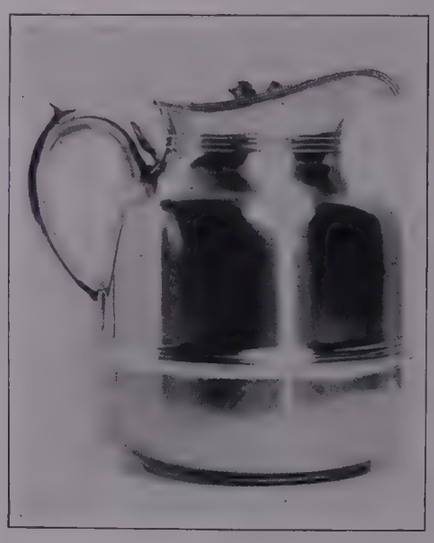
CARTIER *and the Breakfast Table*

The simple beauty of fine silver adds a delightful and tempting flavor to the well-served morning meal

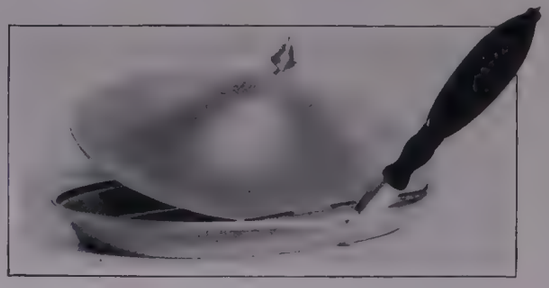
THERE are nine and forty ways of singing tribal lays" and almost as many of arranging the breakfast tray. But just as among the minstrels there must always have been one whose songs were most pleasing so nothing can surpass the charm of a beautiful silver service. The delicacy and fineness of line, the soft gleam of its polished surfaces create a delightful atmosphere which enhances the appeal of the coffee's aroma and inspires that sense of well-being which is the best introduction to the day.

Particularly is this true when the service, in addition to the usual charm of silver, has all of the niceties of design which is apparent in the pieces made by Cartier. Everything which could add to the convenience or delicacy of the breakfast service has been embodied in pieces of superlative attractiveness. There is, for example, the combined coffee, cream and sugar pot, an unusual and handsome bit of silver which is perfectly adapted to the guest-room tray and would gladden the heart of any visitor. Then, for the one who likes to lift, simultaneously, one eyelid and a coffee cup, there is the silver thermos ready for instant and beautiful service.

Breakfast is a most important meal, for on it depends our attitude toward the day. Everything, therefore, which forms a part of it, service as well as food, should be given the most careful consideration; the finest coffee tastes better from a silver pot from Cartier.







ABOVE: SILVER THERMOS FOR THE MORNING COFFEE. LEFT: SILVER SUGAR, CREAM AND COFFEE POT. RIGHT: SILVER BREAKFAST PAN

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"Schubert Playing for His Friends"
Painted by Carl Röhling. © *P. G.*

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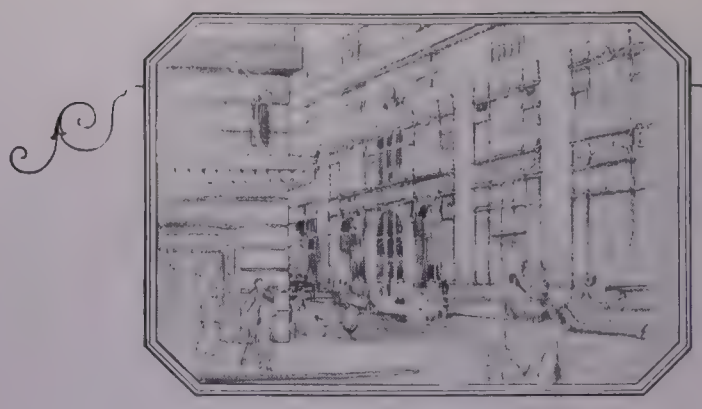
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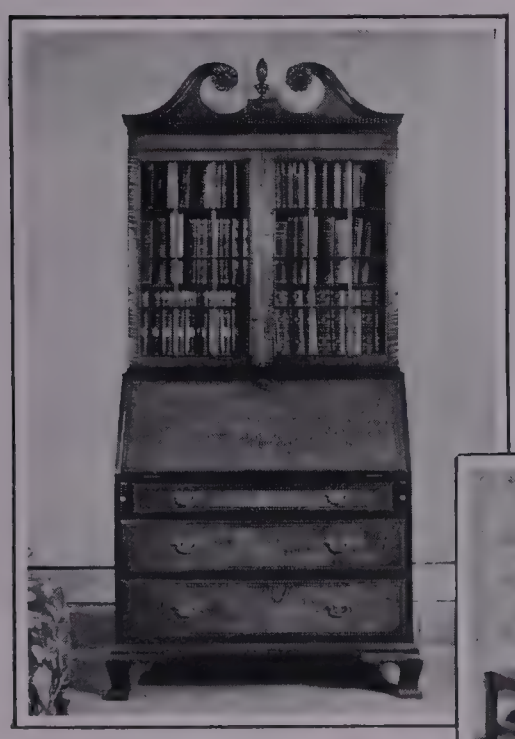
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A rare desk in the Essex Institute of Salem, Massachusetts, was the inspiration for this Secretary of walnut and fiddle-back maple.

The delicacy of the Colonial American interpretation of the Empire style is seen in the Charleston Bedroom group of flame mahogany.





A six-leg Highboy of walnut with trumpet turnings and herring-bone inlays is the chief treasure in the eyes of a true collector.

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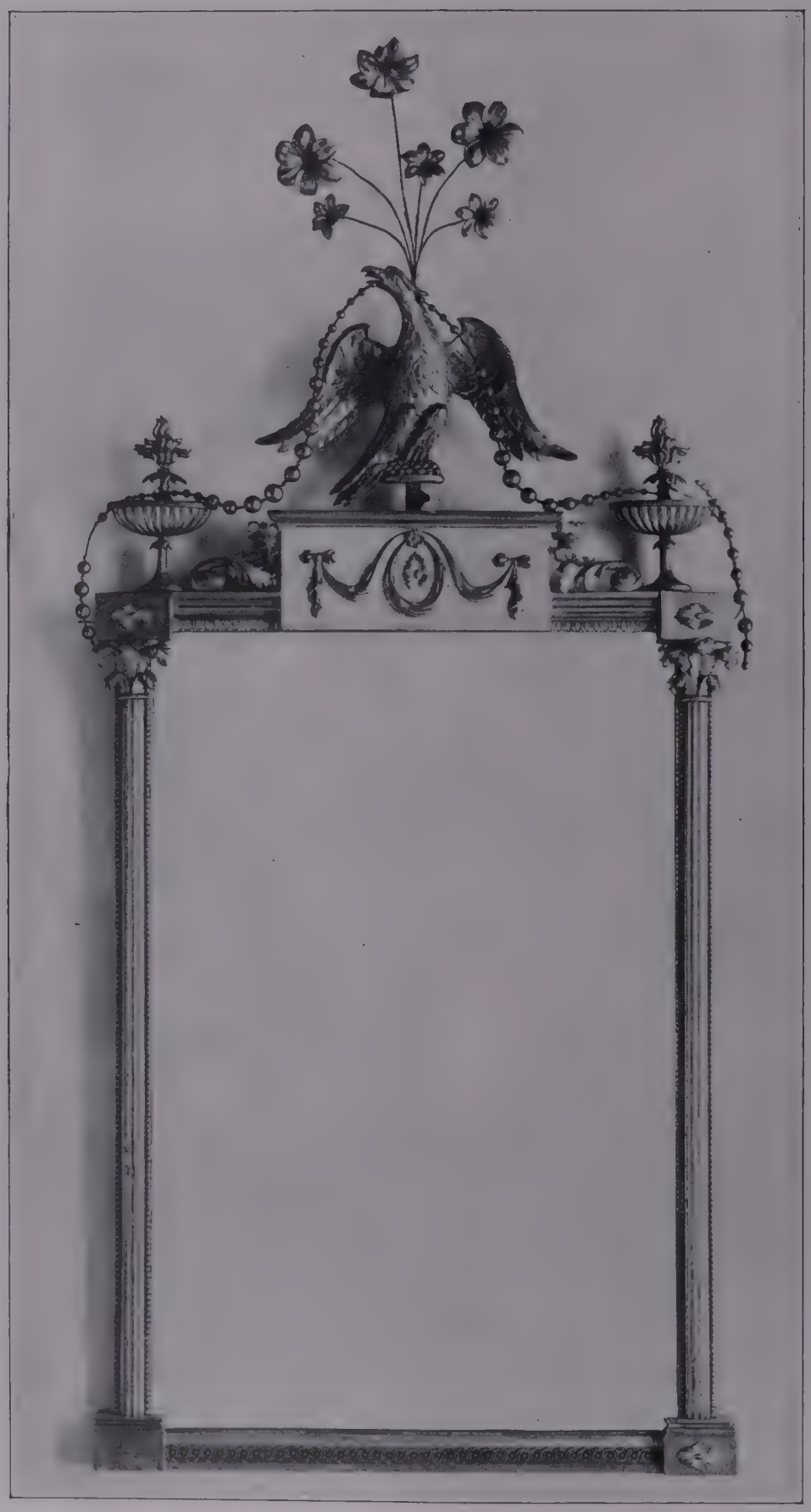
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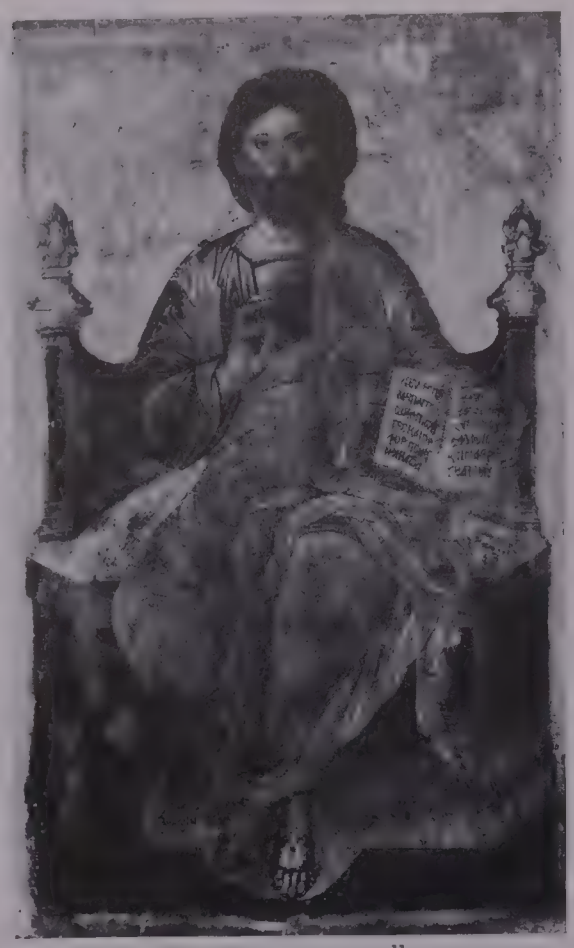
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Nov. 1	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Lacona
Nov. 1	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Cameronia
Nov. 1	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-America	Volendam
Nov. 1	New York	Bordeaux	Vigo	French	Rousillion
Nov. 4	New York	Havre	Direct	French	De Grasse
Nov. 5	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria
Nov. 5	Quebec	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of France
Nov. 6	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	White Star	Pittsburgh
Nov. 6	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	North German Lloyd	Stuttgart
Nov. 6	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marburn
Nov. 7	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montclare
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Nov. 27	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	North German Lloyd	Muenchen
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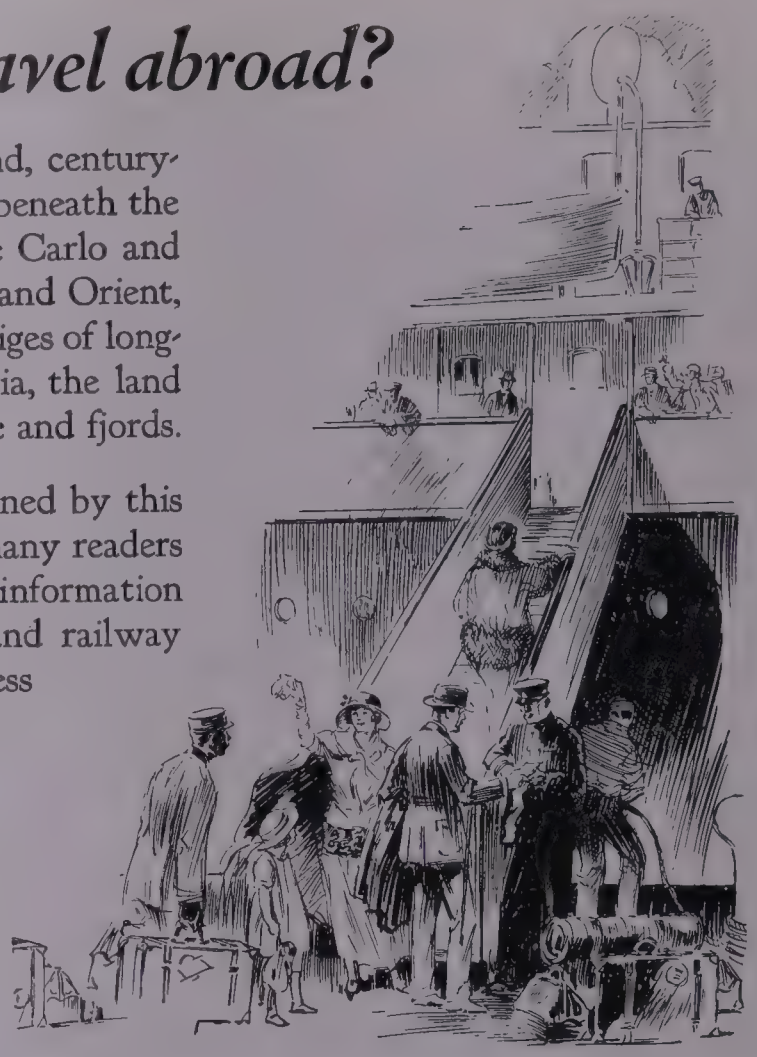
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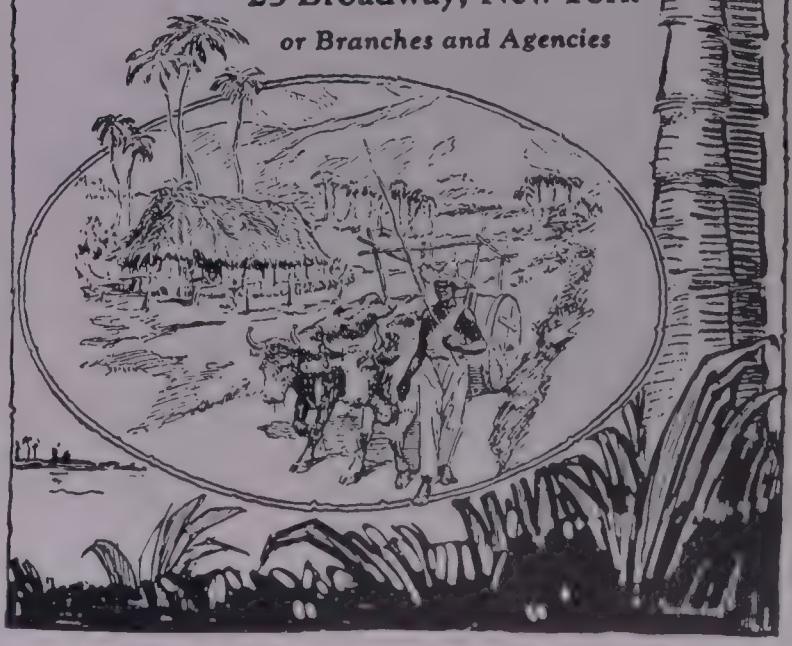
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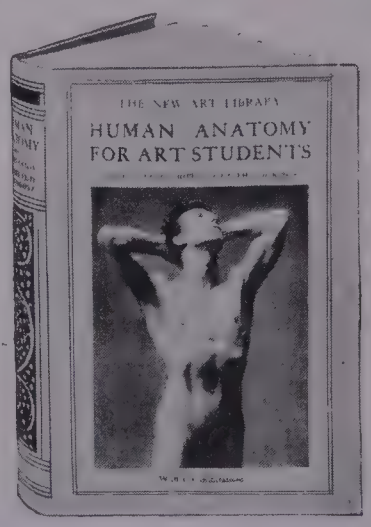
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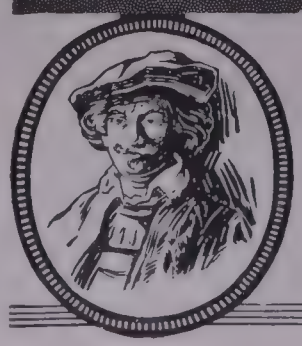
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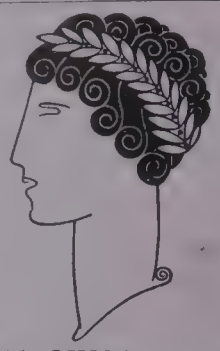
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BY
Raymond Neilson

November 1924

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Peyton Boswell
EDITOR

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TO CONTRIBUTORS

Articles are solicited by the editor on subjects that are interesting and significant in all branches of the fine and applied arts. No responsibility is assumed for the safe custody or return of manuscripts, but due care will be exercised

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FRONT COVER of an EGYPTIAN MOSAIC BINDING. IVORY. BONE and WOOD on CEDAR. NINTH to TENTH CENTURIES

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Volume LXXX

Number 330

November 1924

THE ART OF BOOK COVERS

Dating from the early years of the Christian era, craftsmen have lavished design on wood, metal, ivory and leather

GUSTAVUS A. EISEN*

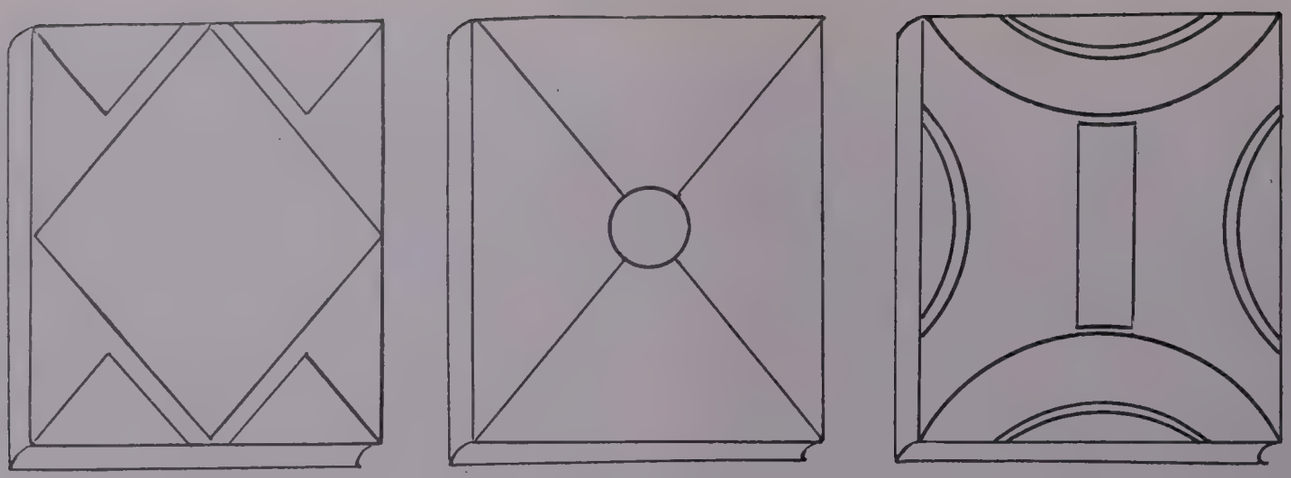
THE ART of binding and covering writing is as old as writing itself. Even the Assyrian writings on clay tablets, baked in ovens to the hardness of stone, required covers for protection, and the scribes and librarians had recourse to small wooden or leaden cases, some of which have been preserved. Book covers in the modern sense date, however, from the early years of the Christian era, when writings on paper and parchment were folded into a compact size or the special leaves were gathered into a book, always of square or rectangular form.

The oldest books of which history has record were the ones mentioned by Varro who lived shortly before Augustus. According to him a lady by the name of Iaia of Cyzicus collected, copied and published by distribution a volume or volumes of seven hundred portraits of prominent men and women which were derived from contemporary portraits. In order to make such a collection available and practical it is assumed that the portraits were on separate sheets, or on a papyrus or parchment roll folded zigzag-wise, as in the old Chinese style.

Books of slightly different type have been found in Pompei, consisting of wooden frames or leaves, concave on one side and covered on that side with wax on which the writing was done with a metal pen called a stylus. Those who know the wonderful qualities of wax have no difficulty in realizing the cause of their preservation. Together with the wax tablets connected by leather hinges, rolls of papyrus were also discovered, but their similarity to carbonized wood caused more than one-third of them to be burnt as firewood before their real nature was understood.

In order to understand the modern book covers and binding we should recall the fact that the old Egyptian scrolls, made fifteen hundred years before Christianity, often reached a length of fifteen to twenty feet. The writing both on paper and parchment was effected in three different ways. By the first method, the lines followed the paper lengthwise from beginning to end, in which case the reader had to unroll and roll up the paper as many times as there were lines. By the second, to avoid this inconvenience, always combined with wear and tear, the writing was made crosswise. But in this case inconvenience arose, also, as in reading one arm had to be held higher up than the other, thus tiring the reader. The third manner was to write in narrow columns more or less of the same size as our printed pages. A roll written in columns could be folded in a zigzag manner like the Chinese script. When parchment was used that way it was found that the leaves would curl, hence they had to be kept in place and protected by stiff covers. Later the parchment as well as the paper was cut into sheets, folded or doubled. For convenience and for protection two or more folded sheets were placed inside another in the form now called a signature. To hold the signatures in place, their backs were stitched together from the middle, and in order that the threads should not work through, either a band or a heavy cord was used as support. The cord or band had also to be protected, and for this purpose flexible leather came to be used for a back. The covers were made of wood, cardboard, ivory or metal. When the leather back

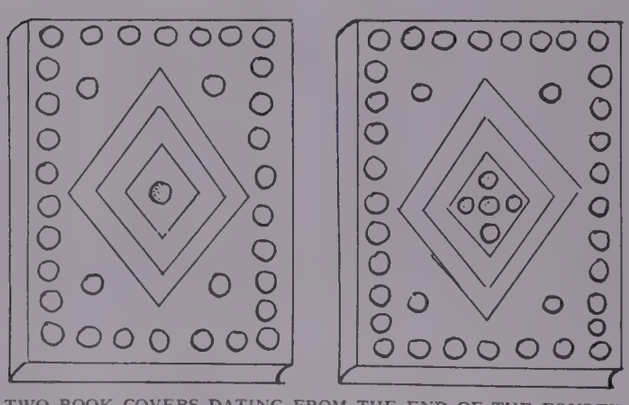
**The first of two articles by Dr. Eisen on Oriental Book Covers. The second will appear in the December issue.*



THE THREE EARLIEST BOOK COVERS KNOWN. FROM A REPRESENTATION OF A BOOK CASE WITH VOLUMES. ABOUT FOURTH CENTURY, A. D.

projected a little way over the cover it was called "half binding." When it stretched over the whole cover it was "full binding." The wood, ivory and metal was generally carved, stamped and painted, so as to present a handsome appearance.

It is generally supposed that the earliest book covers we possess date from the fifth century, and that the art was invented at that time. It must, however, have been begun long before, and it is now possible to date some with certainty to the time of Constantine. Of the earliest covers we do not possess the actual objects but merely their representations. A series of such representations is found stamped on symbolic glass vessels. Others are found on tombstones and epitaphs. Still others are represented in mosaics of Christ, the saints and the apostles who often hold in their hands sacred books, bound and decorated with some design. Some few of these designs are mere geometrical patterns of which until now we have not been able to discover the meaning. Possibly they have none. Others, however, are with certainty of a symbolic nature, representing some amulet of supposed powerful influence, for amulets, as we know, were used by the early Christians as well as by the pagans of the same period, as



TWO BOOK COVERS DATING FROM THE END OF THE FOURTH CENTURY, A. D. FROM REPRESENTATIONS ON GLASS FLASKS. AT LEFT: THE OLD TESTAMENT. RIGHT: THE NEW.

protection against evil influences in this life and in the tomb. Destruction by accident, robbery, earthquakes, fires, etc., were accidents that could be prevented by amulets. However, the most powerful evil of the time of Constantine came, the people considered, from evil spirits. Such evil spirits were symbolized by pagan images, by Christian devils, by Oriental genii or jinns, and by the host of mythological deities which were struggling against the power of the newly introduced religion.

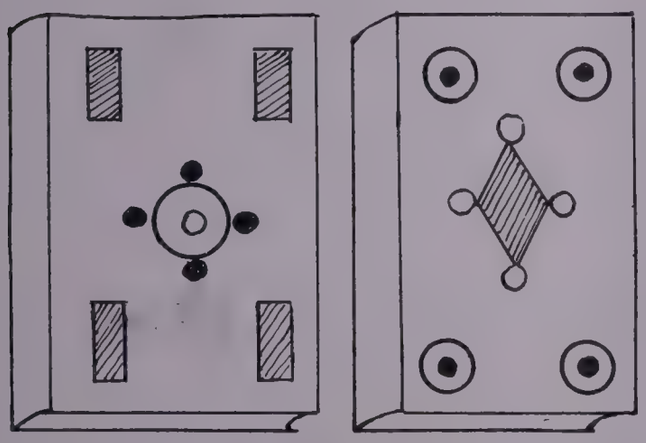
The simple sign of a shield seems to have been the first conception of an amulet suitable for a book cover, placed there for protection of the script. In fact such are the earliest representations found by the writer, and there is good reason why we should see in those emblems the shields of the archangels and the Cherubim. That which could protect against the devil could also protect against all other evil influences in this world, almost all of which were ascribed to him.

The favorite symbolic objects in use in the Near East, the place where such book covers as we have described seem to have originated, consisted of objects in some manner connected by Holy Script or legend with Christ, the apostles and the saints. Foremost of these was the cross in all its various types—the square cross of Constantine with four equal arms at right angles to each other; the leaning Greek or St. Andrew cross related to the Greek letter *chi*, the first letter in the Christogram; the so-called Latin cross with a long upright standard—and the single circular navel or boss, symbolic of Jehovah.

Another series consisted of the figures of saints, generally the apostles and evangelists, who were represented on the cover holding in their hands their own gospel. Thus we could expect that St. Mark was placed on his gospel to ward off evil, and similarly other saints on their writings

bound in book form. Sumptuous book covers of this type have been preserved to us from the fifth century, either in silver repoussé or in carved ivory. Others were of carved metal filled in with enamel and set with precious stones. Many were of wood covered with leather, stamped and otherwise designed.

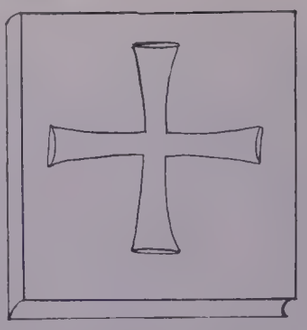
The richest and most precious of these old bindings is the one preserved in Monza in Italy. It represents the cross which Helena and Constantine erected on Golgatha on the place where the original was assumed to have stood. This substituted cross was decorated with precious stones and cased in silver and gold. The Monza book cover, which belonged once to Theodolinda, is carved and set with stones and also with classic gems of great value, while around the margin runs a frame of carvings in true oriental style.



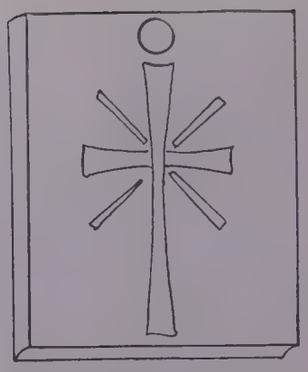
TWO COVERS OF BOOKS OF ST. CORNELIUS IN LUCINA IN ROME. 560-573 A. D.

Another source of information about these early book covers is found in the minute designs on represented books held by the saints in images. So far this source has not been tapped by investigators, but undoubtedly offers a splendid field for investigation. Such research would offer no difficulties because the early Christian carvings and mosaics are numerous and accessible, and hardly one of them is without some representation of this nature.

If we now turn to the most exquisite book covers known, those of carved ivory, we find that they are of two distinct kinds, religious and profane. The earliest of the profane date from the fifth century and are known as consular diptychs, because they are made for the consuls and the two covers were hinged together. These covers enclosed and protected written announcements—visiting cards as it were—from the Roman consuls announcing their election or appointment to office to their friends and principal protectors. They were always richly carved and, although their



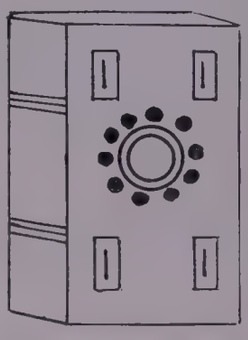
CARVED REPRESENTATION OF A BOOK COVER OF A FOURTH-CENTURY GOSPEL DECORATED WITH CONSTANTINE CROSS



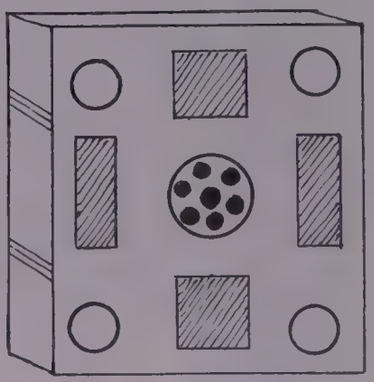
FIFTH-CENTURY BOOK COVER WITH GREEK AND CEREMONIAL CROSSES AND ORB OF THE SUN

number is very limited, we learn from them more about the great Byzantine Syrian art than we do from any other series of contemporary carvings. The consul is always represented in his most important occupation, which was then that of directing the circus games, quite equivalent to speech-making at banquets in our own day. Here is indeed a super-wealth of pattern in the robes and other paraphernalia quite unequaled by any other designs. Through them we are at once introduced to the oriental luxury, with its gold, silver, silk and other technics, far eclipsing anything attempted by wealth, royalty and power since that time. Some diptychs represented the emperor on horseback conquering the enemies of the church or of the realm, each cover composed of carved representations of events.

The religious diptychs of ivory are of equal importance, speaking of the wealth and good taste of the pious of that time. The most elaborate of these religious book covers is now preserved in Murano, near Venice. It, too, dates from the fifth century and is carved in ivory with artistic and elaborate representations of Scripture themes. In the center we behold Christ seated, surrounded by four apostles, all enclosed in a rectangular field. Around the margin are other rectangular fields with minor Scriptural themes, among which are



NINTH-CENTURY BOOK COVER FROM CATACOMB OF ST. CALIXTUS, ROME



SIXTH-CENTURY BOOK COVER. CATACOMB OF ST. PONZIAMUS, ROME



SILVER BOOK COVER, FOUND IN ANTIOCH. FIFTH-CENTURY GOSPEL. DESIGN IN REPOUSSÉ REPRESENTS A SAINT OR APOSTLE WITH A CROSS

Christ healing the blind man, the resurrection of Lazarus, the healing of the bedridden man, the healing of a demoniac and the three men in the furnace. Along the base runs a longer panel with the theme of the miracles of Jonah. The most spirited, however, of the religious book covers is the one preserved in London. It represents a short stair in a palace or in Heaven, down which descends an archangel holding in his left hand a staff, in his right the cross resting on the orb. The style is eclectic and the technic Byzantine. The treatment is naturalistic and admirable to the extent of placing it at the head of early fourth-century art, perhaps contemporary with Constan-



SILVER REPOUSSÉ BOOK COVER FROM SYRIA. FIFTH CENTURY, A. D.
Kouchakji Frères Collection

tine. Even in thus advancing its date from the generally accepted one of a century later, we must assume that it was based upon yet earlier models.

All through the early Christian era such themes were used both for covers and for interior pages in illuminated manuscripts, with such variations as the contents of the book suggested. As late as the ninth-century Sinai Codex of St. Mark, the central rhombic shield was in evidence, while at the corners are rectangles.

In the seventh century the art of covering books with wooden boards faced with leather had been perfected and reached a high artistic development. The main feature of the art was its sim-



SILVER REPOUSSE BOOK COVER. FIFTH CENTURY, A. D. TWO SAINTS HOLDING A CROSS AND BOUND GOSPELS
Koucbakj Fréres Collection

plicity of design, which was in bold outline and with panels in geometrical shapes. The earliest technic was in intaglio by means of steel points and stamps, in which intaglio lines alternated with raised bosses and lines, in a way often confusing to the eye though of pleasing form. The art had undoubtedly been derived from the technic on glass as already mentioned in connection with the represented covers. This style soon attained great magnificence and richness without loss of any simplicity and charm. The most famous specimen of seventh-century tooled leather covers is seen in the St. Cuthbert's Gospel now in Stonyhurst in England, which is perhaps an English work. In this cover depressed and raised lines alternate, the depressed ones being filled with blue and yellow paints with fine effect and with a certain gorgeousness which leaves the Theodolinda



EARLY KORAN BINDING WITH BORDER OF QUOTATIONS FROM THE KORAN
In the Islamic Museum, Berlin

Gospel far in the shade. In this design certain ancient themes were employed, among them the lotus bud in the center, and the four circular bosses in the sigmoid curves, recalling the more ancient conception of the Tree of Life. The panels with arabesques are also found in Sassanian pottery of the eighth and ninth centuries.

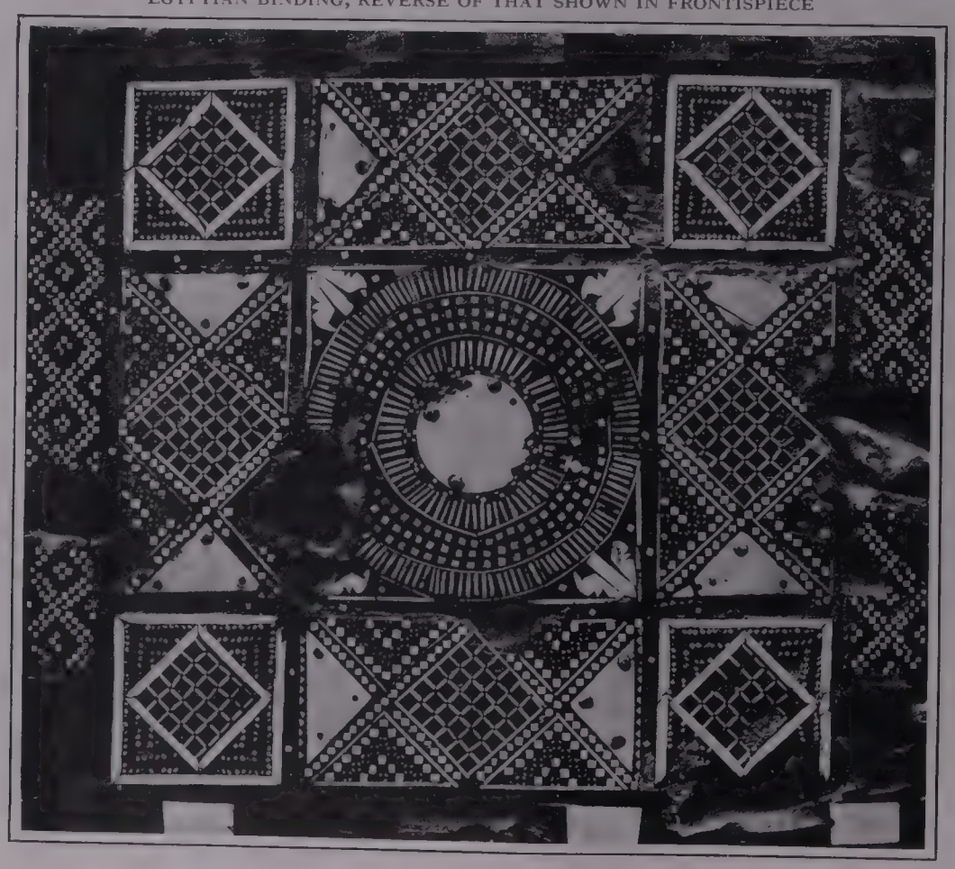
About the time bookbinding with highly decorated covers began to appear in England, brought there perhaps from the south of Europe, a new style of binding and cover decoration was originated by the Arabs. The Arabs we know had perfected their language and their literature at least two centuries before the Hegira. Their art is reflected in the Nabathean art which now is the subject of considerable study by orientalists.

The Arabic artists of the Hegira and the period following (A. D. 622) specialized in geometrical patterns, the Koran having discountenanced though not actually forbidden the use of animal and human figures in art. This aversion to representing animal life was no doubt derived from the Hebrews, to which race the Arabs were closely related but who had advanced further in outward culture. The interlacing of lines and geometrical areas was certainly of oriental origin, few such designs having been favored by the Greeks, Etruscans and Romans. In a general way the earliest Arabic book covers resemble those of Egypt, whether Coptic or pagan, the most striking pattern being the checkerboard design which since time immemorial had been in use both in Egyptian and Roman art, and to some extent even in the Mycenæan designs. Mosaic cups of this style were illustrated in the January, 1923, number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, the principal colors being red, white, blue and black, alternating light and dark, and often with the squares arranged in more elaborate patterns.

From the Arabs the taste for geometrical patterns reached Ireland, Hungary and the three Scandinavian countries, who developed the style as represented in the latter part of the first millennium A.D. The earliest known leather binding came from Turkestan in the sixth century, and the use of leather among the Arabs continued as a permanent art. The design of this technic consisted of squares and interlacing lines cut into the leather with a knife and filled in with colors. Larger areas were colored and overlaid with cut and tooled design in the geometric style. Blind tooling, without gold, was as often used as gold tooling and the two together produced effective results.

The study of Arabic book binding and cover design has lately been greatly advanced by the admirable publication of F. Sarre, who has devoted a lifetime to oriental art. Some of the best illustrations in his *Islamic Bookbinding* are reproduced in this essay.

EGYPTIAN BINDING, REVERSE OF THAT SHOWN IN FRONTISPIECE





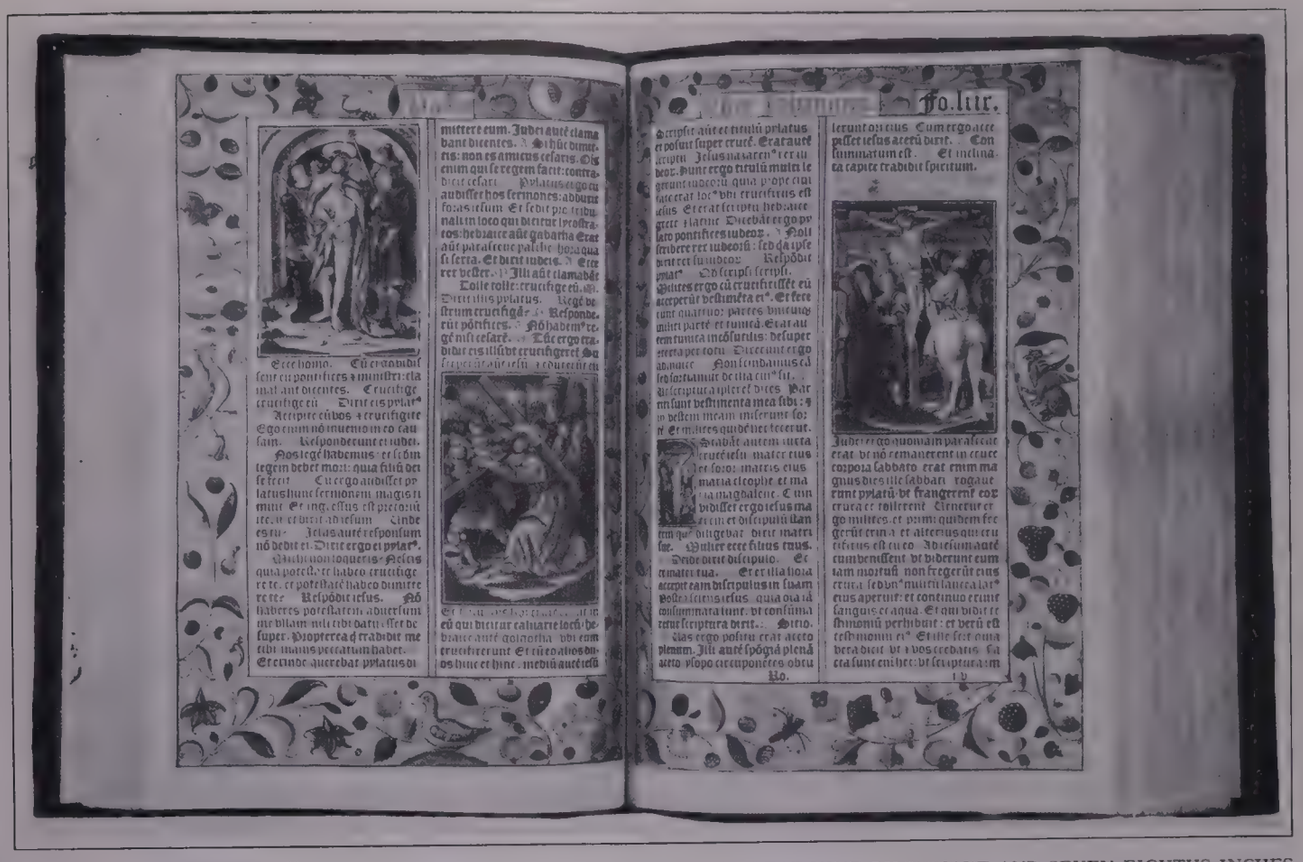
BROWN LEATHER EGYPTIAN BOOK COVER. FOURTEENTH-FIFTEENTH CENTURIES

In the Islamic Museum, Berlin



BROWN LEATHER EGYPTIAN BOOK COVER. FOURTEENTH-FIFTEENTH CENTURIES

In the Islamic Museum, Berlin



THE "MISSALE ROMANUM." PARIS, KERVER AND VOSTRE, 1517. EACH LEAF NINE BY TWELVE AND SEVEN-EIGHTHS INCHES

BEAUTIFUL PRINTED BOOKS

Five examples, two of them incunabla, of books which connoisseurs have chosen as best examples of printing

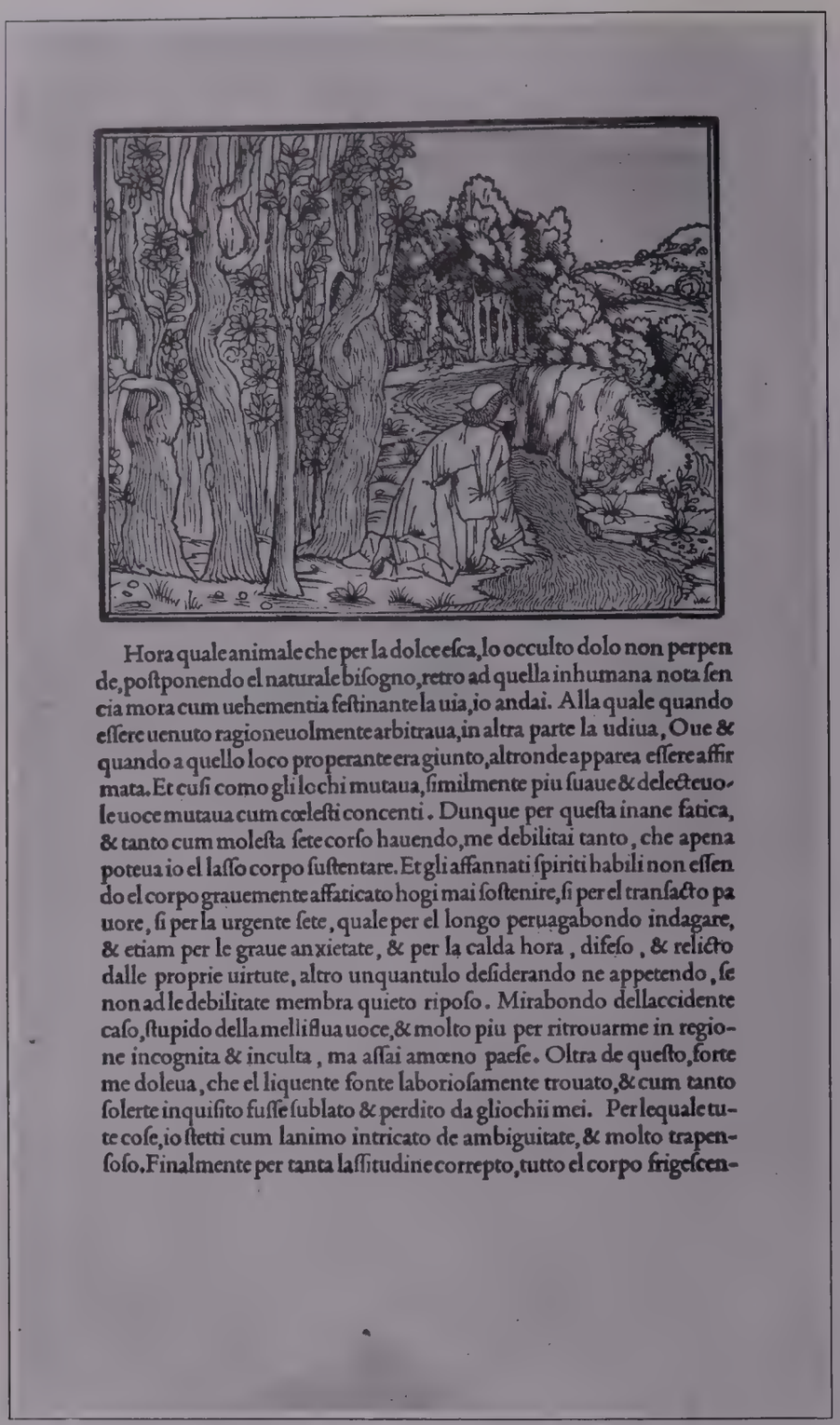
JEROME E. BROOKS

AMONG BEAUTIFUL printed books, there are a few that have long been distinguished by exceptional and persistent praise. Not satisfied with the ordinary tags and labels of unqualified approval used to classify noteworthy volumes, the patrons of these especial pieces have drawn upon the resources of hyperbole, so that today there are five or six books—of undoubted grace and loveliness—for each of which superiority in "most perfect beauty" is claimed.

Of course these matters of personal taste are not to be decided by individuals for the rest of the world, but there is a touch of missionary fervor in any enthusiast that requires converts and disciples and which is fed by its own "high-astounding" terms. While this ectasy implied in superlative praise has made the critics wary, its very quality naturally invites one's attention to the source.

One can understand, for instance, when one turns to the classic example of the *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili* why its chaste artistic quality should have delighted the esthetic mind and given rise to such a chorus of praise. Although on the road of early illustrated books there are numerous signposts pointing to its contemporaries and forerunners, it is to this masterpiece of the Aldine Press that one's attention is most steadily urged. It stands on a pinnacle alone, surmounting the ambitious but imperfect Baldini *Dante*, 1481, the superb *Peregrinatione* of Breydenbach, 1486, with its extraordinary title-page and plans and the ponderous, over-rated *Nuremberg Chronicle*, 1493; it is higher even than the elaborate, richly decorated Nitschewitz *Psalter*, circa 1496, and the *Aristotle* of Andreas de Asola with its unforgettable, painted pages.

This best known of Italian incunabula was produced by Aldus in December, 1499, for Leonardo Crassus, a juriconsult, and his dilletante friends—a reason, perhaps, why it had no popular appeal. There are, in all, a hundred and sixty-eight cuts of varying sizes, of which the second book contains but seventeen, somehow a more impressive minority than the illustrations in the first book which are interrupted by occasional



Hora quale animale che per la dolce eſca, lo occulto dolo non perpen
de, poſtponendo el naturale biſogno, retro ad quella inhumana nota ſen
cia mora cum uehementia feſtinante la uia, io andai. Alla quale quando
eſſere uenuto ragioneuolmente arbitraua, in altra parte la udiua, Oue &
quando a quello loco properante era giunto, altronde apparea eſſere affir
mata. Et cuſi como gli lochi mutaua, ſimilmente piu ſuaue & delecteuo-
le uoce mutaua cum cœleſti concenti. Dunque per queſta inane fatica,
& tanto cum moleſta ſete corſo hauendo, me debilitai tanto, che apena
poteua io el laſſo corpo ſuſtentare. Et gli affannati ſpiriti habili non eſſen
do el corpo grauemente affaticato hogi mai ſoſtenire, ſi per el tranſacto pa
uore, ſi per la urgente ſete, quale per el longo peruagabondo indagare,
& etiam per le graue anxietate, & per la calda hora, difeſo, & relicto
dalle proprie uirtute, altro unquantulo deſiderando ne appetendo, ſe
non ad le debilitate membra quieto ripoſo. Mirabondo dellaccidente
caſo, ſtupido della melliflua uoce, & molto piu per ritrouarme in regio-
ne incognita & inculta, ma aſſai amœno paeſe. Oltra de queſto, forte
me doleua, che el liquente fonte laborioſamente trouato, & cum tanto
ſolerte inquiſito fuſſe ſublato & perdito da gliochii mei. Per lequale tu-
te coſe, io ſtetti cum lanimo intricato de ambiguitate, & molto trapen-
ſoſo. Finalmente per tanta laſſitudine correpto, tutto el corpo frigeſcen-

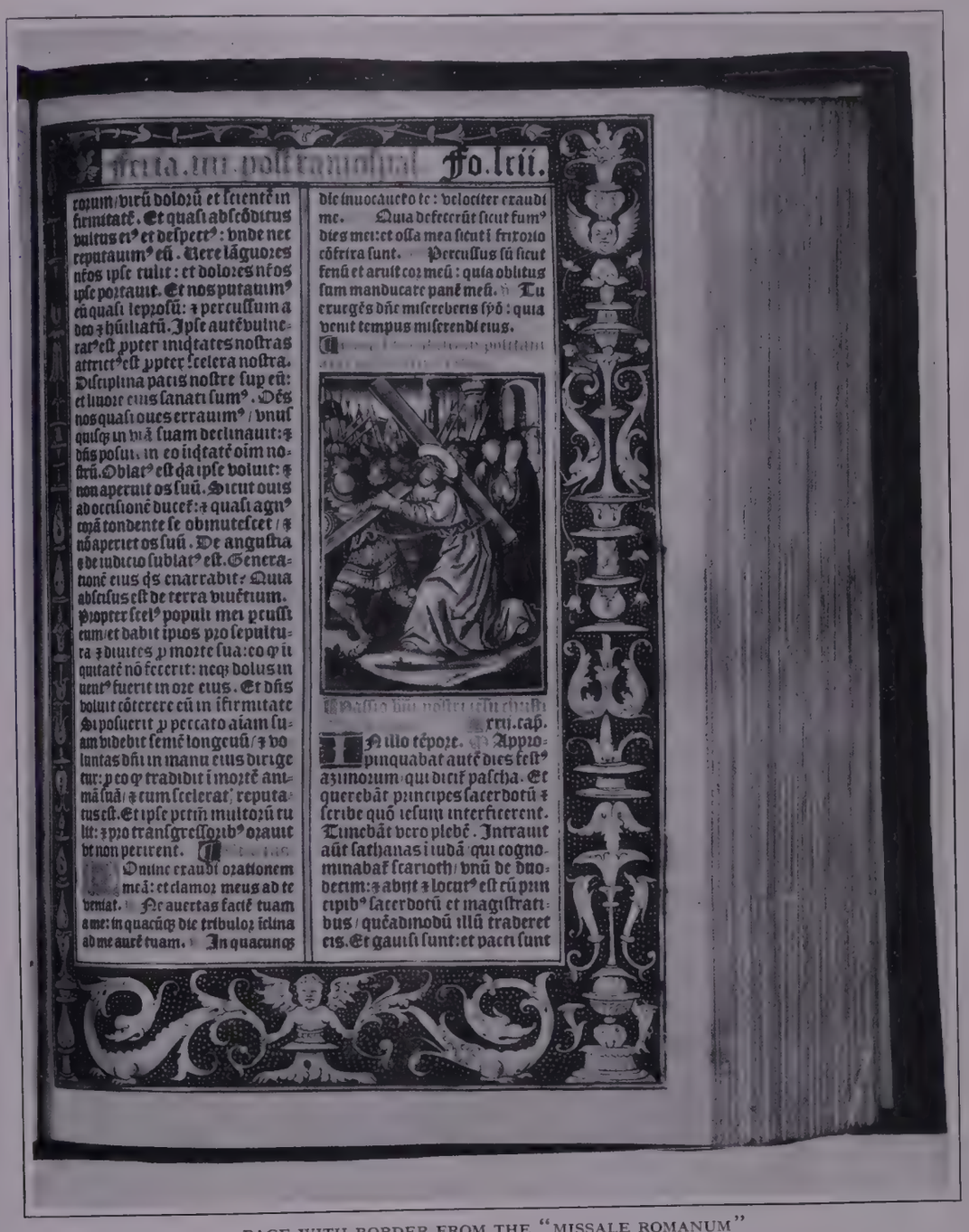
PAGE FROM THE "HYPNEROTOMACHIA POLIPHILIA." VENICE, ALDUS, 1499. LEAF SEVEN AND SEVEN-EIGHTHS BY ELEVEN AND SEVEN-EIGHTHS INCHES

architectural designs. In these cuts woodcut illustration reaches its highest point of development. They are wonderfully expressive, although they are simple—a little naïve even. There is in them a scrupulous avoidance of intricate design; while they play with fantasy they shun the grotesque. By some fine quality of restraint they subtly convey the point they wish to make by a kind of thrifty concentration on their narrative quantity. They are practical, but it is practicality of a gracious kind, and as quietly grave as a Greek chorus.

Perhaps its chief characteristic element is a certain clean-cut expression—a touch of austere symmetry which is derived from the harmony between the architectural outlines of the illustrations and the fine Roman letters and delicate majuscules of the headings. There is no hint of obtrusiveness in these designs that both "adorn and elucidate" the text, and in their story-telling strength and in their delicacy they admirably fulfil the requirements of outline work.

Francesco Colonna (or Columna), the author, was a Dominican friar whose name is revealed by an acrostic composed of the initial letters of successive chapters. When he composed *The Strife of Love in a Dream* (its title in the first English edition) he was already an old man, but with an Italian's love of romance and a scholar's love of antiquity. The delight he had in the architecture and in the customs of an earlier time suffuses this visionary archeological tale. In the dream adventures of his hero, Poliphilo, occur many noble architectural fragments which are ably captured by the artist in several of the illustrations. The ancient ceremonials, processions and festivals which Poliphilo witnesses are clearly represented, culminating in a huge figure of Priapus before which male and female devotees sacrifice. This is the most famous woodcut in the book—indeed one of the best known in any book—exceptionally interesting for its magnificent proportions and its detail, and made more precious when it is found by its mutilation in many copies.

Although numerous artists have been awarded the honor of devising these illustrations—among whom are a goodly company: Mantegna, Botticelli, Raffaelo Sanzio, Gentile and Giovanni Bellini—scholars have rejected all the ascriptions because of the slender authority for them. The illustrations are, however, certainly the work of one hand.



PAGE WITH BORDER FROM THE "MISSALE ROMANUM"

> *"That (the 'Hypnerotomachia') most beautiful of all printed books illustrated with woodcuts."*—Haasman.

One is caught up and swept away from the reserved attire, the severely classic lines of the *Hypnerotomachia* by the flaring, rioting colors of the *Missale Romanum* printed on vellum by Thielman Kerver for Simon Vostre in Paris, 1517. This, too, is woodcut work, but in which the bare lines served as a copy to be filled in and overlaid by the colorist. In its way it is beauty that is quite as thrilling—but warm, sensuous, glamorous, and as vibrant with color as the mass it celebrated. It can not be doubted, of course, that in its original appearance the combination of heavy Gothic type with the crowding illustrations must have presented a page that was overpoweringly and disturbingly black. It is the rich variety of the colors and the delicate heightening with gold that relieves it from sombreness, and it is actually this added



ILLUSTRATION BY MOREAU FOR "CHOIX DE CHANSONS." LA BORDE, PARIS, 1773. PAGE SIZE, SIX AND SEVEN-EIGHTHS BY TEN AND ONE-HALF INCHES



Ch. Eisen inv. Maleuvre Sculp. 1770

IX. BAISER.

LE CASQUE

DANS les bras caressans de la belle Déesse,
Le Dieu Mars languissoit brûlant et désarmé,
Et, le front rayonnant de la plus douce ivresse,
Il goûtoit à longs traits le bonheur d'être aimé.
Aux lèvres de Cypris son ame suspendue,
Loin de ces jeux sanglans qui font couler nos pleurs,
De transports en transports fugitive, éperdue,
Se reposoit en paix sous des voûtes de fleurs.
De folâtres Amours endossent son armure ;
D'autres, plus assidus autour de nos Amans,

F

PAGE FROM DORAT'S "LES BAISERS." PARIS, 1770. PAGE SIZE, FIVE AND SEVEN-EIGHTHS BY NINE AND THREE-EIGHTHS INCHES

adornment which has brought it within the doors of fame.

In this example of "a book which has become its own least part," serving merely as the medium, the material for adornment, one finds what is perhaps the best example of the kind of lay religious books which were produced with such feverish activity by the Parisian printers, notably Jehan Du Pré, Germaine and Gilles Hardouyn, Verard and Pigouchet. The heavy crowded borders that glisten on a vellum page of a *livre d'heures* of Hardouyn or Pigouchet are displayed by amplification in this folio missal. In the florid renaissance borders that surround the text of some pages, enlivened by occasional grotesques and heavy ornamentation, the frequency and variety of its miniatures and initial letters, it is a deliberate—and successful—attempt to imitate the illuminated manuscripts with whose art it competed. Near the end of the two hundred odd leaves every printed line of each page is interrupted by initial letters, historiated miniatures or rubrications, like some insistent repeated beat of a note in music.

There is no effort, nor desire, for restraint, and consequently no effective use of white space except on the glorious title-page with Kerver's glittering device of two unicorns supporting a shield. Not one of the pages is destitute of color in amazing variety, and from the widespread, conventional, overpowering, full-page illustration of the Crucifixion to its least ostentatious initial, it flaunts its beauty without reserve—and without calm.

For those who are stirred by the quiet, intimate beauty of some illustrated books—the beauty that makes its appeal secretly and shyly—there is nothing in the *Missale Romanum* that can satisfy them. The gesture it makes is magnificent, queenly, imperious; commanding, rather than inviting attention; agitating, rather than soothing, the esthetic faculty. Were it not for the frequent repetition of the same scenes and figures, one might not have known that these rich, opaque paints concealed printed illustrations. But on a tiny portion of the title-page and in another place or two, the secret has been revealed. There are numerous examples of such volumes extant—not as magnificent of course as this—but all carefully imitative of the richly decorated manuscripts by the use of paint over woodcuts or (rarely) on copperplate engravings. Such work, involving painstaking detail, was intended for rich patrons whose libraries probably already contained examples of illuminated manuscripts, and who, perhaps, may even have been deceived into believing that these volumes were entirely produced by hand.

"No production of any press has ever quite reached the perfection of this 'Missale Romanum' produced in Paris."—Baron Talfrond.

No one, apparently, has ever suggested that any of the books produced in the seventeenth century was worthy of extraordinary praise, so we may skip twenty decades without concern. It is natural, of course—expected even in any division of art—that there should be rhythms of great creative impulse, producing beauty, and succeeding periods of dullness and the heaviness of exhaustion. One finds these processes operating in the individual human; is it strange, therefore, to see them in the extended personality of the world? But the seventeenth century in France, at least, was the preamble to what was to be the richest, most gracious and most memorable period in book-illustration that has yet come to delight the world.

Here in the later half of the 1700's in France—only in France, in fact—were produced a series of books of so alluring a quality, of such grace in design and skill in execution, of such rare beauty woven about a page of type, that the period has become to book collectors synonymous with lyric loveliness. The art of copperplate engraving had been developed in these to an exquisite, delicate finish; practically all book illustration of that time was line engraving on copper. The text and illustrations of the *Chansons* of La Borde, for example, were entirely engraved by Moria and Mlle. Vendome, and in all the gay and gallant books of the time one finds a sense of perfect harmony derived from the relation of the engravings in line and the type-page. Were it not for the especial praise bestowed upon the *Chansons* of La Borde and Dorat's *Les Baisers*, one might be fairly bewildered if faced with the necessity of making the selection of the most beautiful and representative book of the period. The delicate spirit of Gravelot's deft little sketches in the 1757 *Decameron* are entrancing, and no one who has looked upon Moreau's work for the 1773 Moliere, or the 1774–83 Rousseau can ever thereafter escape from the memory of his exquisitely tender treatment of his subjects.

In the *Chansons* of La Borde, the illustrations are not an integral part of the text-pages, and for that reason the adorable *Les Baisers* is the better representative of the illustrated books of the period. In this light and airy volume the series of dainty head- and tail-pieces embrace and enclose the text, so that you can not consider the printed page apart from them. One line of type beneath each head-piece is printed in red, adding a seductive touch of color to a page of black and



Thanne was he bothe in lordship and servage;
Servage? nay, but in lordshipe above,
Sith he hath bothe his lady and his love:
His lady, certes, and his wyf also,
The which that lawe of love acordeth to.
And whan he was in this prosperitee,
Hoom with his wyf he gooth to his contree,
Nat fer fro Penmark, ther his dwellyng was,
Wheras he lyveth in blisse and in solas.

WHO koude telle, but he hadde wedded be,
The joye, the ese, and the prosperitee
That is bitwixe an housbonde & his wyf?
A YEER & moore lasted this blisful lyf,
Til that the knyght of which I speke of thus,
That of Kayrrud was cleped Arveragus,
Shoop hym to goon & dwelle a yeer or tweyne
In Engelond, that cleped was eek Briteyne,
To seke in armes worship and honour,
For al his lust he sette in swich labour;
And dwelled there two yeer, the book seith thus.

NOW wol I stynte of this Arveragus,
And speken I wole of Dorigene his wyf,
That loveth hire housbonde as hire hertes lyf.
For his absence wepeth she and siketh,
As doon thise noble wyves whan hem liketh.
She moorneth, waketh, wayleth, fasteth, pleyneth;
Desir of his presence hire so distreyneth,
That al this wyde world she sette at noght.
Hire freendes, whiche that knewe hir hevy thoght,
Conforten hire in al that ever they may;
They prechen hire, they telle hire nyght and day,
That causelees she sleeth hirself, allas!
And every confort possible in this cas
They doon to hire with al hire bisynesse,
Al for to make hire leve hire hevynesse.

BY proces, as ye knowen everichoon,
Men may so longe graven in a stoon
Til som figure therinne emprented be.
So longe han they conforted hire, til she
Receyved hath, by hope and by resoun,
The emprentyng of hire consolacioun,
Thurgh which hir grete sorwe gan aswage;
She may nat alwey duren in swich rage.

AND eek Arveragus, in al this care,
Hath sent hire lettres hoom of his welfare,
And that he wol come hastily agayn;

PAGE FROM THE KELMSCOTT CHAUCER. HAMMERSMITH, 1896. SIZE OF LEAF, ELEVEN AND ONE-QUARTER BY SIXTEEN AND ONE-HALF INCHES

white. There is a quality in the book—in the illustrated portion, of course—that catches the eye. Here you have something distinctly typical of the ease, the grace, the refined elegance of the aristocratic era—light, unrestrained except by good taste, flexible—essentially lovely and essentially French.

As a book, *Les Baisers* makes but a frail physical appearance; beside the twenty-two head- and twenty-two tail-pieces after Eisen and the two tail-pieces by Marillier it has only another illustration or two. In it Eisen did his best work; much better work, it is said, than his full-page and more numerous illustrations for the famous Fermiers-Généraux edition of La Fontaine's *Contes*, 1762. He is more artless in *Les Baisers*, and more pliant, and because he was relieved from the necessity of persistent elucidation of the text he was able to display to its fullest a conception that was naturally fastidious and tinctured with a delicate sense of beauty. One leaves its haunting loveliness a little unwillingly, but not before one has paid the tribute of attention to the two dainty vignettes of microscopic finesse by Marillier, illustrator of Dorat's *Fables*.

It is to Moreau le jeune, of course, that one turns for the perfect manifestation of the art of the period—it is always to Moreau. He was the supreme illustrator of the books of his day—perhaps the finest of all artists who worked in this field; and although he poured forth a profusion of illustrations the least of them is exceptional and talented. A quarrel with La Borde interrupted his work on the *Chansons* after he had completed the series for the first volume, but even as they stand they are sufficient to bring the book they adorn to the heights of beauty. Compare his work with that of the illustrator to the succeeding chapters, in Book Two, Le Bouteux; and his successor suffers, and suffers badly. Le Barbier who illustrated Books Three and Four was better, graceful in fact, and some of his illustrations are of the quality of Moreau's own. The texture of Moreau's work in this volume is firm and harmonious, and there is in it an amazing quality of light, of a dexterous interplay between shade and light. No artist who ever worked in books, it has been said, had a greater command of chiaroscuro. There is always a strong note of affectionate understanding in his work, and with three several strokes of a balanced and practised hand he can create a scene of such wistful loveliness that it strikes you silent with rapture.

". . . it is impossible to make a decision in this delicate matter unless we say that the 'Chansons' of La Borde is the most beautiful book of non-religious music ever produced, and 'Les Baisers' the most perfect volumes of verses ever devised. . . ."—Smithe.

One must take a leap again—only over a hundred rounded years this time—to the most conspicuous example of an illustrated book of the nineteenth century, and the most loudly acclaimed. This is, naturally, the Kelmscott Chaucer, produced by William Morris in 1896. This proud specimen of the book beautiful is printed in the famous Chaucer type, a flawless reproduction of the Gothic characters of the fifteenth century. The heavy quality of these letters requires the broad borders that occur on many pages to complement them.

Although it was to the fifteenth century that Morris and his co-workers turned for material it was in the spirit of their own time that they worked. They employed the relief process of wood-engraving, but they produced cuts of a polished, sophisticated kind. There is a fine, a very conscious artistry in these illustrations of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, engraved on wood by Hooper which, while it had its roots in age-old experience, was vigorous enough to create something independent of its source.

Eighty-seven illustrations, in addition to the borders and initials, is the contribution of Burne-Jones to the Kelmscott Chaucer. If there is any one quality especially conspicuous in them it is an inellectual one. He more than understood his Chaucer, he was intimate with its sources and was subtly alert to its resonant strength. Although his emotion is fairly subordinated to the narrative requirements of each illustration, it persistently creeps in and is made the richer because one is aware of its subdued power. There is a canvas-like breadth and scope in each of them, and a stately, lovely, quiet kind of movement that adds much to their imaginative content. In any consideration of the arts of the book his work must be regarded as the finest example of its kind.

". . . the most splendid book which has ever been printed."—The Studio, London, 1914.

Having come thus far along the road of eulogized books, it is possible to call a halt and make a little clearing in the tangle of thoughts evoked. Two matters are almost immediately apparent and provoke attention: (1) none of the great intellectual books of the world has been illustrated in its original edition, and (2) the most richly illustrated books were those developed for an especial patron or an especial class. Of course one need not draw too broad a conclusion.

Illustrations by courtesy of the Rosenbach Company

MICHAEL FRIEDSAM *Collection*

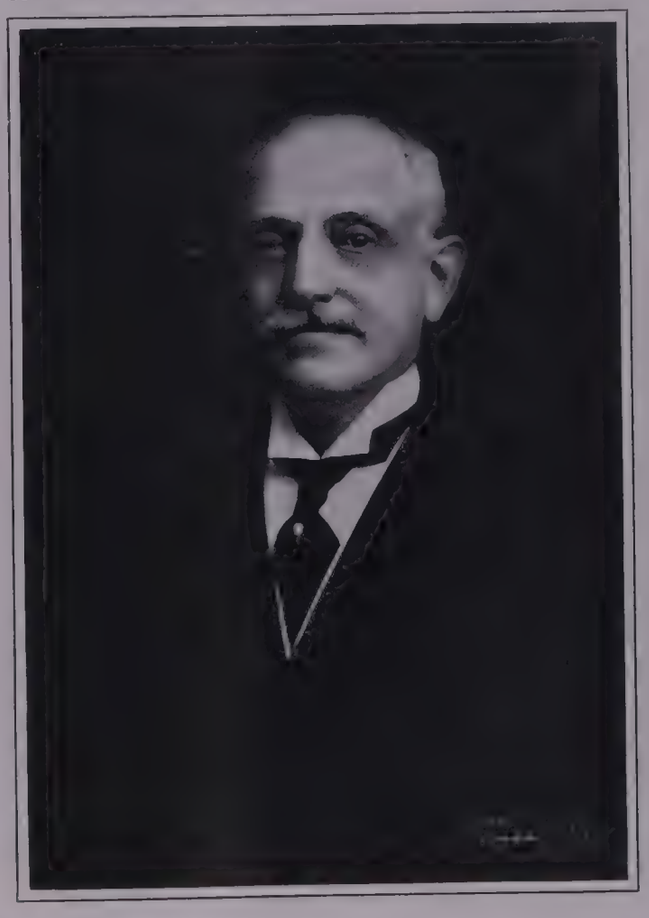
A group of French primitives is included which, next to that in the Louvre, is the finest in existence

William B. M'GORMICK

IN ONE of the streets in the East Sixties in New York City, a neighborhood pervaded by an atmosphere of quiet elegance in which the chief notes are the stateliness of the dwellings and the lack of bustle in the thoroughfares, there stands a five-story gray stone dwelling marked among its neighbors by its shallow portico supported by two columns, the arched tops of its drawing-room windows and its graceful cornice. If it were in Europe, where art propaganda long has been practiced sedulously, this dwelling would be world famous for the art collection it houses; experts and amateurs would seek it out in an endeavor to be permitted to study its treasures; it would be noted in the guide-books. Yet so modest is the owner of the paintings, porcelains, sculptures and Gothic and Renaissance objects assembled in the first three floors of this house, that few beyond his intimate friends know it as the home of the Michael Friedsam collection. To have the privilege of visiting the house and its collections for the first time, without precise knowledge of what it holds beforehand, is to be left in a state of amazed bewilderment. There is scarcely a phase of European art as practiced in Italy, France, Flanders, Holland, Germany and Great Britain from the fourteenth to the eighteenth centuries that is not represented in this house. And, in addition, China is represented through its porcelains; our own country through a few of its painters of the nineteenth century; there are Frenchmen of the same era and modern Dutchmen. But even more remarkable than this general and progressive assemblage is its distinctive feature: a group of thirty-one French Primitives, the most numerous collection of these works anywhere outside the galleries of the Louvre.

Thirty years of seeking and acquiring have gone into the making of the Colonel Friedsam collection. The words seeking and acquiring are used precisely here since this assemblage of art works represents definite searchings after certain things, in a well-defined progression, in which an ideal has been conceived and arrived at. How definite this ideal has been, how much it has meant to the collector is made plain by the fact that he has not put away the beginnings of his searches but keeps them hanging on the walls of one room and standing in his cabinets. The knowing visitor must be struck by the very humanness of the collection as a whole, how it always shows a seeking for color, how it represents a very personal and individual courage in selection and arrangement. There is no feeling of limitation to one or two schools or one or two periods. There is no adumbration of an external taste or influence overshadowing or directing the formation of this collection. The mere presence, in one room of the three examples by George Inness and the superb snow scene by our too-neglected William Bliss Baker is as much a proof of this as are the two studies of children's heads by Lawrence hanging beside one of his most glowing and perfect portraits of women. There are "Old Masters" everywhere, in four of the rooms at least. But nowhere does the visitor feel the too-often overpowering domination of the "Old Master." Size, apparently, is not Colonel Friedsam's conception of what chiefly constitutes an

COLONEL MICHAEL FRIEDSAM *Photo by Pach Bros.*





"VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH TWO SAINTS" TRIPTYCH BY GERARD DAVID. FLEMISH, FIFTEENTH CENTURY

important representation of an artist's work. Quality is the first consideration.

The note of rare taste is struck for the observant visitor by the wrought iron grille with its suggestion of the French Gothic from the hand of that master craftsman Samuel Yellin which, with its clear glass background, forms the portal to this treasure house. Swung open to admit the visitor it discloses a square, low entrance-hall around which stand against the walls a few pieces of Renaissance furniture in walnut, miracles of carving, lustrous with warm brown tones, rich in temptations to linger over them. These spells of beauty so pervade the whole house—through glow of color, grace of line, gleams of surfaces, flash of jewels—that the visitor has the sense of tiny unseen hands holding him back here and silent voices calling to him there out of the crowding profusion of his impressions. The very stairway leading up from the entrance hall is an enticement with its wrought iron Renaissance railing above, another exquisite piece from the hand of Yellin.

The walls of the central hall on the drawing-room floor are hung with Colonel Friedsam's Flemish, Spanish and German pictures together with four tapestry panels, with several polychrome wood and stone French carvings, Gothic in spirit, standing on low pedestals beneath the line of paintings. To record the names alone gathered upon these walls is of telling significance: Rubens, Roger Van Der Weyden, Hans Memling, Gerard David, Isenbrandt, Lucas Cranach, Barthel Bruyn, Quentin Massys, Dürer, Albert Bouts, Bernard van Orley, El Greco, Goya. But these so sonorous names in the great symphony of pictorial art are only a part of the significance of the touching beauties of this room. The visitor's emotions will be moved variously by this score of exquisite paintings; by the tenderness of Massys' "Madonna and Child;" by the even lovelier similar subject by Memling; by the glowing Rubens; the tragic head of the crucified Christ of Albert Bouts, painfully realistic, but a marvelous piece of painting; and the splendid head by El Greco. Here also hangs the so characteristically fine bust portrait of a man in a fur-collared coat by Lucas Cranach, that German genius of the sixteenth century who was always at his best in such examples of realism as this picture rather than in his unconsciously humorous nudes. But among these likenesses from Renaissance times the most distinguished one in this room is the "Portrait of Leonello d'Este" by Roger Van Der Weyden, once exhibited in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1916. The head of this discontented looking man with the pouting lips holds nothing of the



PORTRAIT OF LEONELLO D'ESTE BY ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN. FLEMISH, SIXTEENTH CENTURY

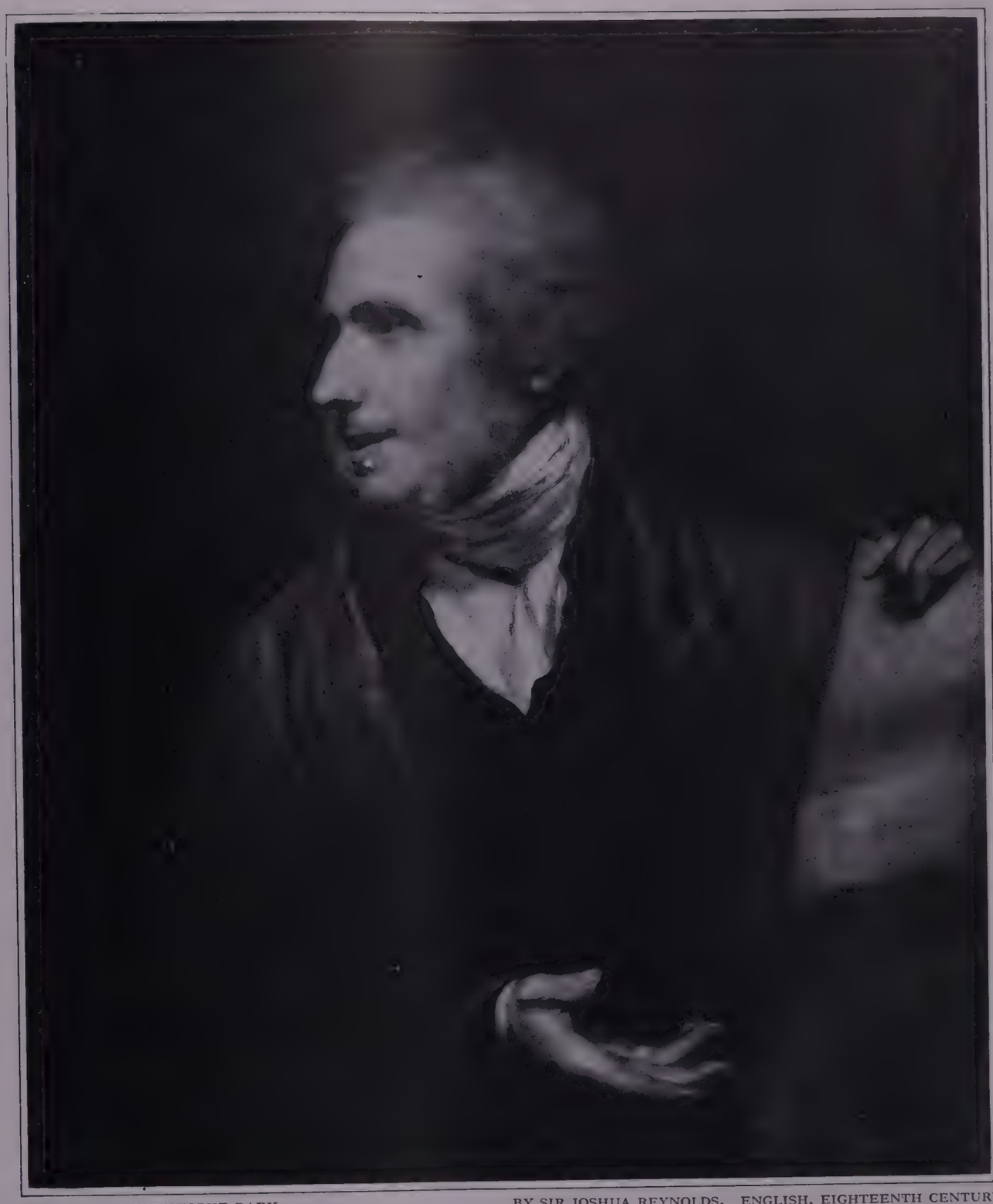


PORTRAIT OF A MAN

BY EL GRECO. SPANISH, SIXTEENTH CENTURY

pathos or mysticism critics find in Van Der Weyden's work. Here he was purely concerned with the facts before him, the long face, the reddish-brown hair cut square across the forehead, the double gold chain around his neck, the two hands with their very slender fingers—the artist did not overlook the unkept nails—holding a thin-headed hammer. Over and above all these externals is the expression of the face which between the curling lips and prominent eyes wears an air of that kind of aristocratic pride which borders on stupidity. Another feature of this room, if one may make a selection in such a group of notable things, is the Gerard David triptych, a "Virgin and Child" for its center panel supported by two saints on the wings. The naïve charm of this triptych is apparent in our reproduction of it but even lovelier is its spirit and color and the sculpturesque modeling of the figures of the two saints.

Dutch pictures fill the rear drawing-room with the exception of the right-hand wall which is given over to half a dozen examples of the great English portrait school, a Romney, a romantically lovely full length of Mrs. Wellesley by Lawrence with the two heads of children I have referred to before, and Hoppner's "Lady Georgiana Gordon," one



PORTRAIT OF CHRISTOPHE BAEK BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. ENGLISH, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

of the most glowing canvases he ever painted, ravishingly beautiful in color. Colonel Friedsam's *flair* for the unusually fine and rare is seldom more completely expressed than in his Reynolds, a "Portrait of Christophe Baek," the head seen in profile in its scholarly dignity, the subject apparently explaining to an unseen audience a prismatic color scheme on a marble tablet he holds in his left hand. It is Reynolds to the last inch but a wholly unselfconscious Reynolds, the painter not engaged in creating a "characteristic" example. Elsewhere in this room and the small one adjoining it the visitor will be enthralled by the Dutch pictures. Here is the noble head of "The Rabbi," a canvas that makes one realize how great Rembrandt was, together with the even more glowing bust portrait of his father as St. Bartholomew—a marvel of light effect on flesh—and the imposing figure of "Saskia as Bellona." Colonel Friedsam is possessed of the ability, uncommon among col-



"THE RABBI" BY REMBRANDT. DUTCH, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

lectors, to see high merit in small pictures as is well illustrated here in the almost minute "Portrait de Père de Rembrandt" and the marvelous self-portrait by Frans Hals. This head, which has been used by Doctor Valentiner as the frontispiece for his latest work on this painter, is a tiny thing in comparison with the average Hals; yet it has all the profundity of observation and the *verve* of painting one associates with Hals at his very best, in which category this brilliant study in flesh color and black belongs.

Another superb example of perfection in little is to be found in the head of an unusually handsome man by Gerard Dow, a work making for uplifted spirits through its subject and the engaging suavity of its technique. The sense of embarrassment presented by giving any adequate idea of this collection within the compass of one article



"THE SMOKERS" BY ADRIAEN BROUWER. DUTCH, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

is very active in this room when one looks about to see appealing pictures by Terborch, Van Ostade, Hobbema, the two Van Dyck portraits, Nicholas Maes, the delightful little Paul Potter, the charming full-length of a lady in a tightly painted landscape by Thomas De Keyser and the "Portrait of Mynheer Ten Eyck," from the same hand, this last being the kind of canvas that is so often attributed to a more important man, so fine it is. Here also are such figure painters as Gabriel Metsu, Pieter de Hoogh and Jan Steen; and the landscape men like Jan van der Capelle and Van der Neer. And because it is by a Dutchman and a lovely bit of color there hangs in this company a small study of an old peasant woman by the almost contemporary Josef Israels. These Dutch-



"THE ANNUNCIATION" BY FRA ANGELICO. ITALIAN, FIFTEENTH CENTURY

men overflow into a cabinet-like room adjoining the one through which we have just been strolling. Here is the most charming Pieter de Hoogh I know, "The Garden," only recently acquired out of the famous De Ridder collection. Here also are perfect pictures by Terborg, Jan Wyants, J. Van Ruisdael and Q. L. Brekelenkam, but chief of all Brouwer's "The Smokers," justly called his finest painting. Apart from its joyousness of color and spirit this work deserves its fame from the fact that among the five men assembled around the table are Brouwer himself and three personages who are believed to be Hals, Adriaen van Ostade and Arie de Vos. Not all that has passed before this of pictorial dignity and charm and colorful life can lessen the profound effect of this group which to all these elements adds high good humor of a most appealing sort. A fifteenth-century polychrome bust of a king stands in a glass case in this room while the outer one is enriched with several large cabinets full of Chinese porcelains and two cases of Limoges enamels, these last coming from the great J. P. Morgan collection.

"MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINTS" BY LIPPO VANNI
ITALIAN, FOURTEENTH CENTURY



The colorful charm, the intense mental activity and freedom, the passionate religious feeling of the Italian Renaissance is spread before the visitor in the large and nobly proportioned front drawing-room whose atmosphere is heightened by the cabinets and chairs of the same period, the gleaming majolica plates and the marbles and faïence. Here are such tiny gems as the two adoring angels by Fra Lippo Lippi; the exquisite "Annunciation" by Fra Angelico; the blonde and graceful loveliness of "Francesca Tornabuoni" by Domenico Ghirlandaio, which Berenson says is among his finest paintings; such striking portraits as the head of a young man by Sandro Botticelli, the Amico Asper-



PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN

by

The Maitre de Moulins

French, Fourteenth-Fifteenth Centuries



PORTRAIT OF FRANCESCA TORNABUONI BY DOMENICO GHIRLANDAIO. ITALIAN, FIFTEENTH CENTURY

tini, the Titian "Doge Andrea Gritti," and the Moroni. Siennese art of the fourteenth century is represented by Lippo Vanni's "Virgin and Child with Four Saints" and Pacino Buonaguido's triptych, a "Virgin and Child;" that of Florence in the succeeding century by a long panel such as we associate with wedding-chests by Giovanni Battista Utili and the "Adoration of the Virgin and Child" by Neri di Bicci. The "Madonna and Child" as a subject outnumbers all others here, since the group appears from the tender hand of Giovanni Bellini and also in their so different versions by Lorenzo di Viterbo, Pier Francesca Florentino, Cime de Conegliano, Sebastiano Mainardi



"ANNUNCIATION" BY JOOS VAN CLEVE, THE ELDER. DUTCH, SIXTEENTH CENTURY

and Cosimo Rosselli. A marble half-length "St. George" by Tullio Lombardo is one of the rare sculptures in this room to which is added the polychrome "Virgin with Child," the late Gothic *imagier* who fashioned this work inserting a jewel-like piece of some hard red stone in the Virgin's oriental looking turban. To come to this room in the course of such a progress as we have been making is to do it scant justice. But there are limits to one's capacity for reactions or we might tarry longer before the exquisite little Fra Angelico or the serenely lovely Ghirlandaio portrait.

The second floor front room, which has for its chief architectural feature a fireplace after one in the Cluny Museum contains some of the beginnings of Colonel Friedsam's adventures in collecting, early loves that have not been sold or exchanged for the more mature and nobler beauties of after years that hang in the rooms below. Here are his three canvases by Inness, one of the late Montclair period clearly defining how this collector sought for color as do the head of a boy by Greuze, the wood interior with figures by Diaz, "The Borders of the Stream" by Corot and Daubigny's "Bend in the River Oise." A superbly animated mythological group by Pierre Puget stands here and cabinets of such Chinese porcelains as mirror black, blue-and-white, eggshell and solid colors.

The rear room on this floor has been set apart for the group of thirty-one French Primitives which give to Colonel Friedsam's collection its unique place among private assemblages of works of art. It has taken ten years to gather these thirty-one paintings and their importance lies in the fact that not until twenty years ago was the place of the French Primitive partly defined through the agency of the great exhibition of them shown in the Louvre in 1904. The mists

"THE NATIVITY" BY ROBERT CAMPIN. FLEMISH, FOURTEENTH CENTURY





"VIRGIN AND CHILD" BY GIOVANNI BELLINI. ITALIAN, FIFTEENTH CENTURY

of the confused times of the fourteenth to sixteenth centuries still hang over this early French school out of which have emerged such important figures as Fouquet, Jean Bourdichon, Corneille de Lyon, Simon Marmion, Jean d'Orleans, Jean Perreal and Robert Campin. Before the great assemblage of Flemish Primitives was exhibited at Bruges in 1902, a display of national art which inspired the French to give its Primitive exhibition two years later, little was known of the early French schools and the few men who were known were generally considered as Flemings. Researches



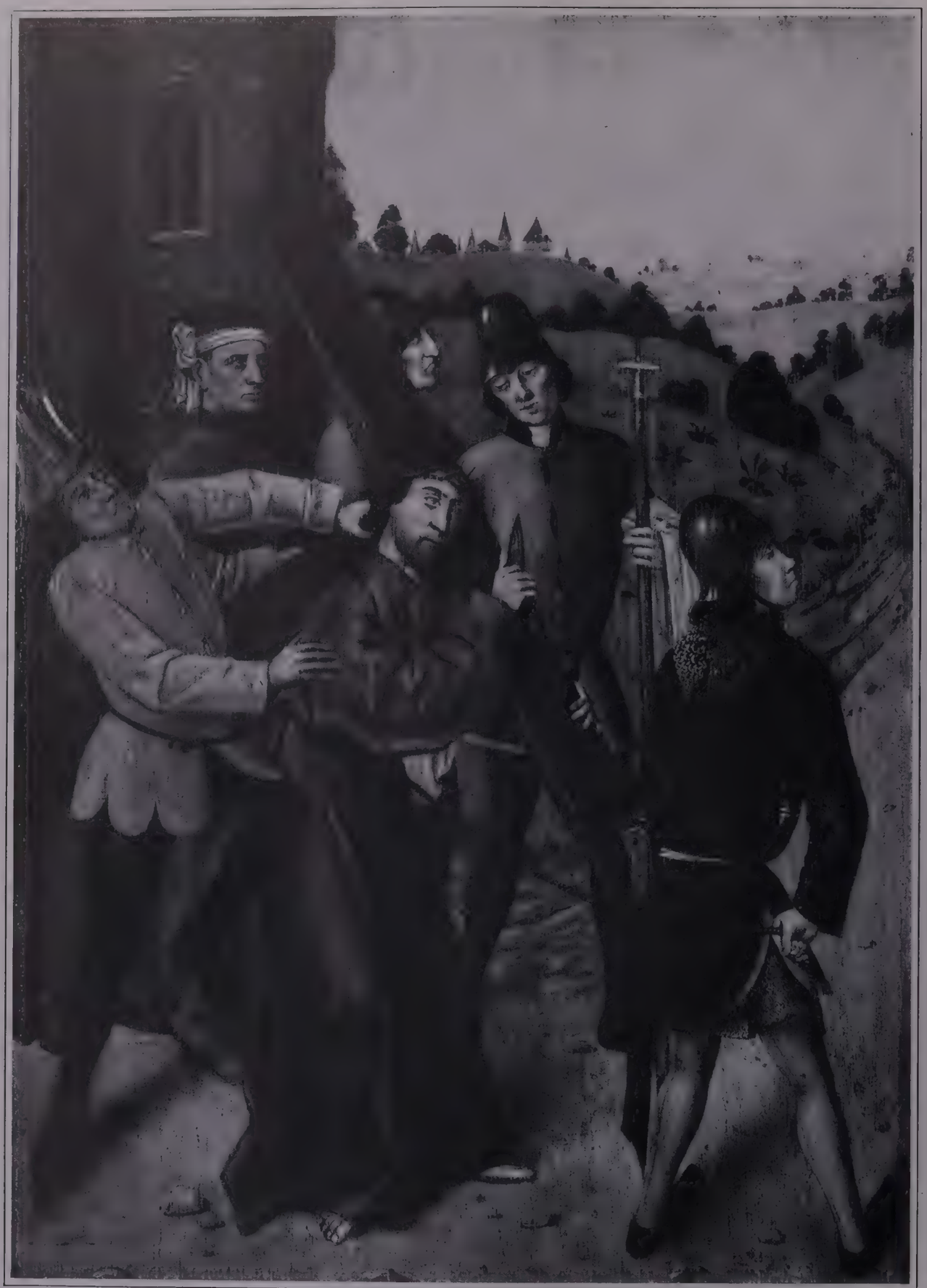
"MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ANGELS" BY GENTILE DE FABRIANO. ITALIAN, FOURTEENTH CENTURY



"SALOMÉ DEMANDING THE HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST FROM HEROD." BY JEAN D'ORLEANS. FRENCH, FOURTEENTH CENTURY

made during the past twenty years have brought out the identities of most of these men as clearly French and the authorities at the Louvre have succeeded in bringing together fifty-six of their paintings. While it is generally conceded that French Primitives were painted in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the directors of the 1904 exhibition confined the scope of that show to between the years 1328 and 1529; and Colonel Friedsam's collection covers practically the same period. In view of the fact that Flanders long was a part of France and later of the great Duchy of Burgundy, Flemish painting should properly be described as a branch of French art as the precise Reinach so classifies it in his encyclopedic *Story of Art Throughout the Ages.*

Wholly characteristic of this early school is the superbly dignified "Portrait of a Woman" by the Maître de Moulins, reproduced in color herewith. Beyond the assumption that she is the wife of an important personage painted by the same master and also hanging in this room, nothing is known of the original beyond the pictorial statement made with such simple grace by the brush of the master. In a markedly different vein is this painter's vivid "Martyrdom of a Saint," a work which through its brilliancy of painting and animated composition shows how far this school had progressed as a national expression. Another early portrait is that of the "Man with the Hawk" by Jean Bourdichon, the painting of the bird showing a less assured eye and hand than the miniature-like beauty of the



"CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS" BY SIMON MARMION. FRENCH, FIFTEENTH CENTURY

head. There are twelve portraits by Corneille de Lyon, our reproduction of the "Head of Man with Red Book" being typical of the freedom of his style, its national characteristics and his technical prowess. Jean Perreal, whose "Portrait of M. de Bellefourière" we reproduce, was court painter to



PORTRAIT OF SEIGNEUR DE MUNCHEAU, "THE MAN WITH THE HAWK," BY JEAN BOURDICHON. FRENCH, FIFTEENTH CENTURY

Charles VIII. He was more under the spell of Italy than most of his fellows of that time who felt northern influences more strongly, these complications being among the reasons why it took this early French school so long to emerge into its true place in the art world. Nothing could be more French in spirit and character than the two amusing representations of the story of Salomé by Jean d'Orleans, painter to Charles V, who is believed to have painted the famous "Parement de Narbonne." The first of these two compositions in the Friedsam collection shows "Salomé Demanding the Head of St. John the Baptist from King Herod," the artist appearing to think she



PORTRAIT OF MON. DE BELLEFOURIÈRE BY JEAN PERREAL
FRENCH, SIXTEENTH CENTURY

did this by the aid of an accompanied song. The table and its arrangement and the grouping of the figures are reminiscent of early Christian art as the grouping of the figures shows trace of the Byzantine influence. The companion painting is called "The Decapitation of St. John the Baptist" and is realistically gruesome, the scene being placed on a castle parapet.

Our two other reproductions illustrate the difficulty of separating Flemish from French painters. Simon Marmion, whose "Christ Bearing the Cross" is shown, is generally classed as a Fleming although Amiens was his home. "The Nativity" by Robert Campin comes down from the fourteenth century and he is regarded as rather under the classification of French than Flemish. Colonel Friedsam has one example of the portraits by Fouquet, a profile of Louis XI which lives up to the historian's description of that monarch as "mean-looking, shabby in dress, with a cunning aspect." The head is solidly painted and very much alive in spite of the limitations imposed by the dull countenance and introspective eyes. By Jean Bellegambe, who lived from 1470 to 1534, there is a "Portrait of a Bishop Kneeling," the subject being the Abbot Charles Coguin of Anchin, and the impressive so-called "Cellier Triptych" entitled "The Virgin Enthroned with Four Donors in Adoration." This is a superb work, crowded with details and figures, the left wing showing two Cistercian monks protected by St. Bernard of Clairvaux, the right one two monks of the same order protected by a bishop. The two outer wings represent St. Bernard and the miracle of the milk of the Virgin.

The twelve portraits by Corneille de Lyon, who died in 1575, include the "Anne de Plessis-Liancourt, Dame de Coulange," which was shown in the 1904 French Primitive exhibition, those of "M. de la Nove" and "Madame de Cosse," among others, little works alive with charm both from their subjects, their costumes and the graces of the painter's skill. But finer even than any of these is the splendid head of "Père Portugais," confessor to François I, vigorous in modeling, finely painted and extraordinarily vivid with life. With François Clouet this section of the Friedsam collection may be closed, although Clouet is farther removed from the truly Primitive than any other painter here represented. He painted François I, of course, and does not appear to have taken as much pleasure in that official task as he did in painting the head of the "Son of Maximilian, 2d" or the superb "Portrait of a Gentleman," both of which hang here.

"HEAD OF A MAN WITH RED BOOK." BY CORNEILLE DE LYON. FRENCH, SIXTEENTH CENTURY



Photographs by courtesy of Colonel Michael Friedsam.

MODERN FRENCH PRINTS

The productions of late and contemporary French artists carry on a continuous tradition to which all art belongs

Elisabeth Luther GARY

THE WORD MODERN means as little and as much as the word classic. It can be made to include El Greco and stop with Daumier; or to begin with Daumier and stop with Laboureur. Begin anywhere. The only point is not to stop. The great point is to recognize that tradition never stops, that it is not merely what we have done but what we are now doing and about to do, and that traditional art is that of today and tomorrow as well as yesterday, since today becomes tomorrow while we speak the word. This, of course, is a truism so completely established as to make reference to it absurd were it not for the constant using of words in a way to signify exactly the opposite, to signify that tradition is imprisoned behind a locked door. Therefore in any discussion of any of the arts it is not absurd to emphasize the continuance of tradition through all the manifestations and expressions within the field discussed. In museum collections modern French art begins not doubtfully but far away. As far away as Delacroix, pushing slowly down with Pissarro, Manet, Degas, Renoir, to the bold regions of Gauguin and Cézanne, thence to Forain and Steinlen, with a more confident tread since Forain became an Academician; finally, with increasing hesitation, approaching Matisse, Picasso, Derain. The last three not very often included in the print parties held in the public exhibition rooms, more often left to grow up in the study rooms where they come out on request.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has a particularly wide range, and you may study down there in the pleasant cellar rooms almost as many phases of graphic talent as you choose unless you happen to be, in the Scotch phrase, a glutton for choosing. Or, more profitably, you may simply enjoy one or another artist as the mood of the moment dictates and be comfortably yourself in your likings and dislikings. Manet wrote once about himself: "Monsieur Manet has always recognized genius wherever he found it and has never aimed to overthrow an ancient tradition of art nor to establish a new one. He has merely sought to be himself and no other." Certainly an example for public as well as artists to follow, as beautiful as it is simple. Being yourself with the museum prints very naturally may lead you to examine with special interest the newer examples, work of the generation which has learned to enter without the little preliminary of knocking at the door. It is a generation which gives you plenty to think about and is full of theories and recipes, more academic in this than its predecessor.

"BACK OF A WOMAN" BY HENRI-MATISSE



Matisse is the member from which many of the others seem to have drawn their style. His style is saliently, conspicuously his own, and the style of his followers also is his. His recipes are so simple that there seems no reason for not producing with them as fine a product as his. Occasionally it is as fine or even finer. Of course the taste is different. The taste of Matisse is exceedingly simple. The architects of Spain would understand it, with their fancy for throwing arabesques of ironwork into strong relief against flat walls. The peasants of France



"THE BATHERS" BY ARISTIDE MAILLOL

would understand it, with their delight in clambering vines throwing their tendrils against the plain outer walls of humble cottages. The women who embroidered the elaborate stuffed pictures preserved in the Cluny Museum would rejoice in Matisse who, even more than they, changes the direction of his stitches.

"INDOLENCE" BY F. VALLOTON



One of the etchings in the Metropolitan Museum shows this tendency reduced to its fundamentals. The back of a woman drawn in outline with a sweeping buoyant stroke that tells the story of the smooth heavy flesh in one sentence; an unusual effect of weight and substance for Matisse, and no interruption to the unity of the splendid line. But he was not to be cheated even here of his pleasure in ornament. He found his chance in the hair arranged in two fat coils at the back of the head. The coils end each in



"MILK PAIL" BY MORIN-JEAN

a jubilant flourish, a hip, hurrah of galloping line; and there you have it, a scroll in contrast with a plain surface, the signature of Matisse. Occasionally he lets this tendency run away with him, but almost never. You find the running away in the work of his imitators. Almost invariably he seems himself to be honestly seeking the most interesting way to give linear relief to a flat façade or to emphasize a large simple form by a background of lively changes in the direction of lines. A remarkabe example of the latter intention is seen in the museum print of a recumbent nude figure against a whirlwind of short strokes, straight lines, hooked lines, zig-zags, all running hither and thither as though blown by a tornado. It is worth while making a point of this lithograph (it seems to be a bold ink drawing on a lithographic stone), because it illustrates so directly the artist's intention, using only abstract lines instead of the bunches of flowers, patterned curtains, striped table covers, spotted fabrics, etc., that in many of his compositions might be considered as chosen for their own sakes and not for their contribution to this beloved vivaciousness.

WOOD ENGRAVING BY DEMETRIUS GALANIS



There is danger, of course, that the zest of inquiry may lead us too far with a single characteristic. The vital rhythms of Matisse are more important to the structure of his art than his taste for vivacious decoration, and certainly he was not the discoverer of the latter. But it is true that in looking over the work of his immediate predecessors and followers we



"EQUESTRIENNES" BY PABLO PICASSO

shall find a very marked tendency toward the use of scroll and lattice and dot and zig-zag in the design of the more modern men, a conscious and repeated use that marks an element of style and not merely a spontaneous occasional gesture. It hardly existed as an element of style in any considerable group of artists before Matisse.

With Laboureur it is somewhat more formal and schematized, and is given solidity by the synthetic modeling in which nearly all the younger printmakers now indulge to a less or greater extent. Laboureur is a sculptor as well as an engraver and much interested in the industrial arts and the cinema, and may in consequence have acquired a gravity of temper discouraging to the appearance of caprice. Observe, however, his delightful plate in *Architectures*, "Le Kiosque a Journaux." Matisse could not have invented a prettier army of organized dots and dashes, waving lines, angles, short and long curves, although he would not have invented so convincing a third dimension.

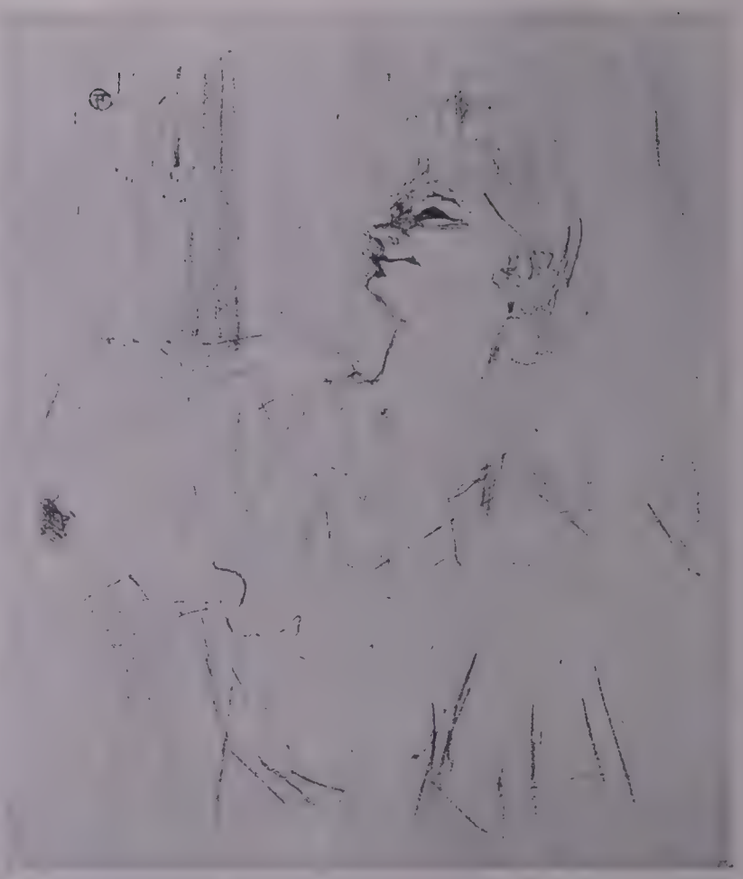
Another artist to push to a far boundary what we may, for convenience, call the Matisse convention, is one of the older men, the old and great Aristide Maillol, whose lithograph "The Bathers" will surprise those who think of Maillol as the great exponent of massiveness and quietness. It was of Maillol as sculptor, of course, that Meier-Graefe wrote: "Maillol is perhaps the first Frenchman since the Gothic artists who shows no trace of the Baroque." In this brilliant lithograph with its sunburst of foliage on the horizon, its irregular fantastic curvings of water, its bold branch of dark leaves, its little foreground plants, its frame of leafage on still another scale, the calm nude figures are given an environment based on the same appreciation of expressive contrast as Matisse shows, but without the obviously conscious arrangement. The casual observer might think that the background happened in just this way. No one could be casual enough to think that anything could happen just as it turns out in a design by Matisse or Laboureur or Valloton or Morin-Jean, prints by all of whom are in the Museum collection. Valloton's "La Paresse," a woman whose figure makes a long white patch against the lively patterning of a couch as she leans over to caress a cat, might have derived from a Japanese print, and certain opinions incline toward this origin for all manifestations of our Matisse convention, but



"UMBRELLAS" BY EDOUARD MANET

it persists in too many purely occidental forms to give much support to the suggestion. Morin-Jean, for instance, in his vigorous wood-cuts, quite evenly balanced as to proportion of black-and-white, says not a syllable concerning oriental influence. His baroque frying pan, his madly whirling coffee-mill, his soup-pot over upward-curling flames, give him his Gallic opportunity to prance across his wood-block gyrating and figuring in a fascinating dance of rhythms. "Nothing too much" is the moral of the execution.

It is rather interesting to note how Demetrius Galanis, a Greek from Athens, although a citizen of France, in spite of the horror of excess long attributed to his race gives us only a trifle more than is strictly necessary in another wood engraving, the "Palais des Papes a Avignon." The meticulous method of Lepère in his work on the wood block comes inevitably to mind, although here translated into a stricter and nobler idiom. Galanis also shows himself eager for variety but he turns for it to surfaces rather than lines. He teases the flat surface of his façade with a multiple tool, and gains an effect of light and shade that has little reference to nature. He assembles lines with the same disregard of realism, and to compare his print with one of Lepère's is to see how handsomely arbitrary design works to save from the boredom of merely sprightly observation. The "Palais" of Galanis is a building of hieratic aspect, without the note of intimacy so dear to the nineteenth century. It has the lifting quality of the Greek, not of the Gothic, genius. Among the prints already mentioned it stands gracefully and somewhat haughtily aloof, the expression of a different type of mind and a less exuberant emotion. It emphasizes the aristocratic element in the new schools of art.



"YVETTE GUILBERT" BY TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



"CAT" BY STEINLEN

Picasso's mind is that of a realist, and the more he has striven to conquer it and achieve abstraction, the clearer it becomes that he also is under the domination of his inheritance, and belongs to the realism of Spain. His extraordinary feats in Cubism were the bridge upon which he crossed from realism to realism. His etching of horses and their nude riders, to be found both in the collection



"CHILD WITH HAT" BY RENOIR



"BATHERS" BY CÉZANNE

at the Metropolitan Museum and in the Print Room of the New York Public Library, is the most literal of generalizations. He is an abundantly explained and accounted-for modernist. An enormous number of words has been used in describing his adventures, some of them resembling those of his national hero, Don Quixote, but his works are enough for those who like to watch the activity of a mind struggling to free itself from the obsession of being natural. In what is now called his latest phase he is said to have turned to the classic; but even the dullest have observed that he leaps away from the classic ideal with repeated exaggerations of the size of hands and arms. It has been amusingly assumed that he did this to attract attention and to write his personal signature upon work that otherwise might too closely resemble Ingres. Any amusing assumption may turn out fact, but there is an equal chance for the guess that these arbitrary distortions are again a probably unconscious effort to escape the destiny of the realist.

Perhaps the pleasantest thing one can do with a collection of modern prints such as one encounters by request in the cellar of the Metropolitan Museum is to look first on this picture then on that; on the Manets with their rude and wild beauty of realism, on the Renoirs with their coquettish simplicity and health, on Toulouse-Lautrec with his agonized snarl of disease, on Daumier with his vast appetite for all that is human, on the old and then on the new for contrast and comparison, suddenly appearing resemblance and sharp unlikeness, all going to make a print-lover's holiday delightful, provided the print-lover takes a good deal of pains not quite to make up his mind and thus close the door on exciting reconsiderations. When he gets to his Cézanne he will want all the doors wide open, so amazingly difficult is that elemental personality to confine within the ordinary mental dwelling place. And, since prints and drawings are works of art reduced to their simplest terms, they afford an excellent introduction to that much discussed and frequently misunderstood "modern art."

Photographs by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

A POETIC SCULPTRESS

Harriet Gowan Bingham combines a love for two arts in the plastic medium she has chosen for expression

F. NEWLIN PRICE

PLEASE recall day's end at childhood, snug in bed, riding the horses of night, golden and silver and white, and picture a child with wide open eyes, telling her mother good night, making up poetry, praying in verse, dreaming images of fanciful folk and fairy tale visits to treasure filled lands. For this was a lonely child, ten years younger than her only brother. The world was so vast and people so far that she found companions only in her imagination. Playfellows grew there as real and intimate as her most loved friends today. With them she journeyed in her golden age. She loved all out-of-doors. As a child she drew pictures and wrote poems, longed to study sculpture, but no family could have been less encouraging to a young artist. They had built up a creed of simplicity and complacency. The child's day dreams, odd poetry, imaginary companions, rather terrified her mother.



HARRIETTE GOWAN BINGHAM

"I can still see her face as she came to me one afternoon," Mrs. Bingham relates, "and asked me, 'What little boy have you been playing with? Your nurse says she left you to get her sewing, and when she returned you had disappeared, to come back later and say that some nice little boy had taken you to see a field of daisies.' 'Oh yes, mother,' I answered, 'and they were so lovely, and he so nice a little boy!'" Alas, it was April, and daisies were just working towards the sun, and there was no little boy, just a little girl child who wanted to be free, a lonely little girl with many friends in her busy little mind.

Perhaps school and its bonds of study, perhaps the illness of her father and many months each year wandering in Europe, replaced the loneliness with a definite love of art. Certainly she was no longer lonely, for she could write and draw and found increasing devotion to all beauty. To study art was her forbidden hope. You must see that it was a careful world she lived in where to spend in beauty and art and temperament was extravagant, for this world did not understand the active unusual. Genius was some vague criminal, criminal still. Upright and fine these people, brilliant of mind, whose inheritance was largely the narrowed, practical New England mind, whose one commandment "Duty" made them full of suspicion and definite doubt.

Beauty and adventure brought fear into their hearts. They were afraid of beauty. Life was an obligation. Joy a thing quite secretly enjoyed. Enemies were manifold, ambushing your soul. Courage in a finer sort of a way was facing difficulty in a resolute, forewarned, humble mental position. The famous writers Emily Dickinson, Stewart Edward White and Martha Dickinson Bianchi, springing from the same stock and spoken of in hushed amazement and doubt, lead me to think that the martyrdom of esthetic eclipse may have made the sculptress-poet who had modeled in beauty, more than any other influence. Certainly from the age of five she was made and built up by the very idea of forbidden things.

To crystalize a poem, make solid your dreams, find music in the touch, and volume; substantial quantities in forms of thought that lyric and fanciful float out of experience in expression of poetic fact. This is achievement. Mrs. Bingham has

walked with the charming companions Poetry and Sculpture and lends ear and hand to age old chivalry. The muse of poetry singing while his sculptress models sweet cadences of line.

In her world of Cleveland, Ohio, a personal world, with authors and literary folks her relatives, she became interested in writing poetry, dreamed of being an artist, she who had been a dreamer unencouraged in her childhood home. At seventeen she was sent to the Finch School in New York, where under the cloak of only three courses, English, Psychology and Law, she secretly worked and studied on sculpture in the studio school of Mowbray Clarke, where Jerome Myers painted and etched. Then came study at the Museum School of Cleveland under Herman Matzen, purely a debutante sculptress, for she soon married Mr. Harry Payne Bingham (in 1912), and lived in Cleveland but a short time before moving to New York and Old Westbury, Long Island. Married life, children, new songs of constant charm, and through it all Mrs. Bingham found an answer to life's riddle. Her animal pets were many, a baby crow that came to grief with broken legs, her dogs, all seemed charming, simple, human. The high blue sky and sweep of fields and rearing hills, a sea of dreams; a world of questioning doubts, surcease of sorrow, surfeit of pleasure, monotony; and then her poetry and sculpture.

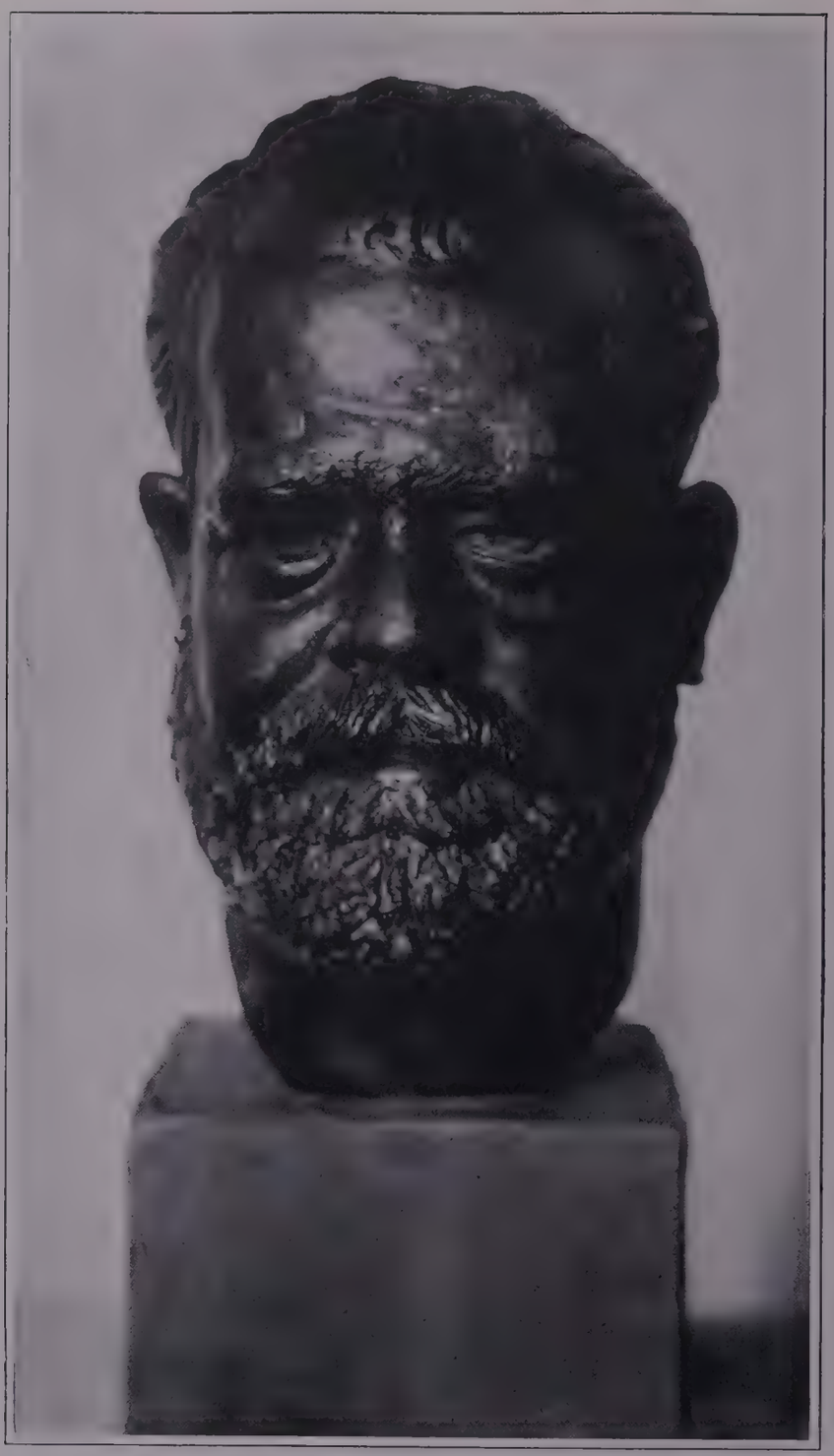


"DESIRE" BY HARRIETTE GOWAN BINGHAM

"Love may desire and yet be satisfied,
It is this soul that cries in us and suffers and kills content."
ARTHUR SYMONS

To Europe with her father, who was ill, and the stimulation of art's reservoir. Here were La Roche, Rodin with whom she planned to study, Bourdelle the master and Maillol, the genius. There was our own Jo Davidson, the ambitious talented young American. The permanent record of passing enthusiasm, crystalized passions, tangible tunes, captured in perpetuity, set for all to study, the flow of genius was as clearly seen and easily recognized as a "most loved friend" in the old world museums. Not that we hold the ancient museums inevitable. "A most loved friend" resides where ere you are, and you are only poor and sad by courtesy of yourself, for every one has either achievement or opportunity.

Out of it all came a curious blending that felt the love, first of old Chinese and Hindoo lines and forms, that spoke of the human humor of great art, the simplicity of genius, the grand gesture of an humble worship. The sculptress found them all a persuasive argument to balance and augment her own temperament that stood so resolutely upon the principles of fundamental construction. There is a certain substantialness in her mental cosmos. As Mr. Purdy, her friend and tutor in



"JO DAVIDSON" BY HARRIETTE GOWAN BINGHAM

modeling for the last ten years, and her warm admirer, who believes firmly in the ultimate success and victory of the poet-sculptress, feels she has continuity of thought, firm feeling for the facts of form, and solid construction, that might as easily turn to the drama of Wall Street and succeed in making fortunes as to the epic poem or great monumental memorial.

Her studio is not forbidding, nothing erotic or of Greenwich Village. Its sanity resembles a well appointed apartment. Facing the boat pond in Central Park it looks north and is high as a mountain and as she says "I wanted to get near the sky; feel the vastness and space." There are few artistic notes. Donatello is quite absent: mainly the record shows a collection of Chinese and Hindoo paintings. It is pleasant, comfortable. In the *sanctum*, the area of her devotion, the rear room, stand the finished and half finished works. "Desire," the first showing of her sculpture, stood impressive, a most important piece in the great exhibition of American Sculpture at the Spanish Museum a year or so ago. Here Arthur Symons' lines in *Faustus and Helen* inspired her work. It was the realization of this success in interpretation that led Mrs. Bingham on. There dwelt in her "Desire" some visual magic that seemed to her poetry and yet more tangible, exact, more actual and permanent.

To prepare for writing Mrs. Bingham had studied short story writing, and her stories and poems have been bought and published. They sing of life, its sadness and delight, in naive wonderment of youth, puzzled, of other worlds and seas. "Frail amber fronds of damp sea weeds," of "dormant powers 'neath boundless depth." Then she may write of our silent spells when flash old memories. There are poems on the blue Mediterranean, on Monte Carlo. Then in her work entitled *Success*, she brings us back this biography—"That as the waves sweep ever toward the skies, so work leads on to where achievement lies."

Following the ambition to be an author, in 1920–1921 she attended Columbia, planning to write short stories. Some success followed, until there came again the haunting reality of form, and sculpture won her permanent resolve, so now eight hours a day she works in her studio, feeling the vision of her poetry take form beneath her labor. Heroic things must build in that back studio, the flame of great contentment, the thrill of passionate desire, achievement and creation.

In 1920 she took a small studio in New York, and worked very hard, although she had so little time. Her son was delicate and work was interrupted. However, the struggle went on to put in the forms of clay the music and motion which she felt. With no knowledge of the business of sculpture the armature would fall apart, and half completed things crumble down. Courage for the vision lived, and she modeled, studied, read a line of Yeats or Browning, Walt Whitman, and in imagination a new form arose. There came the chance to study in Europe, and on she traveled with all the labored days and dreams and inspiring starts, making most certain that sculpture was her medium and real transportation.



"WINGED FIGURE" BY HARRIETTE GOWAN BINGHAM

"When she sleeps her soul I know
Goes a wanderer on the air."—RUPERT BROOKE

"The Russians, whom I saw and worked with, believed that in order to find oneself in art, one must be individual, express yourself, be yourself, and let the regular standards go. So, I tried to express things as I liked them. I did goats in the flat way of the early Greeks, instead of struggling with bones and muscles as before. I came home and did my "Democracy" as I saw it in the style of the Far East. It was what Walt Whitman's words meant to me. I saw it that way. I treated my bird bath group in the manner of the early Chinese." Art is art, Greek, Chinese, Hindu, we must use their knowledge, and make it our own.

In the "Winged Figure" there seem sleeping forces, beautiful in form, as if some mansion stood erect and beautiful awaiting its ruling spirits return. No wounded bird that lifts one wing into the sky, a dreaming thing of beauty, that was want to circle singing in the blue deep vault of heaven. To Rupert Brooke we owe gratitude for the pure symbol of his words—"When she sleeps, her soul I know goes a wanderer on the air." Then the "Bacchante" fountain rose from Omar's lines "Tomorrow why Tomorrow I may be myself with yesterday's seven thousand years."



"BACCHANTE"
BY HARRIETTE GOWAN BINGHAM



MAPLE DINING ROOM CHAIRS MADE IN ENGLAND (CIRCA 1800) FOR COLONEL RICHARD SINGLETON

RELICS FROM "HOME PLACE"

Heirlooms of the Singletons of South Carolina filled with memories of Old South and of Dolly Madison

Helen Von Kolnitz Hyer

AMONG old South Carolina homes the plantation of Colonel Richard Singleton in Sumter County was distinguished not only because of the prominence of its owner, but also because of its association with two mistresses of the White House, Sarah Angelica Singleton Van Buren and Dolly Madison. It was the birthplace of Angelica Singleton and like a second home to Dolly Madison, her kinswoman and welcome guest, who undoubtedly conquered many a southern heart in its romantic surroundings.

In the days of South Carolina's plantation principalities Colonel Richard Singleton was famous for three things: his home, his horses and his hospitality. The home and the horses have disappeared, leaving only a written record of their worth, but from the dining room, center of his regal hospitality, despite the vicissitudes of war and ensuing privation, much of the furniture, cut-glass and china, around which are clustered memories of romantic personalities, has been preserved for the delight of the present generation. From authentic records carefully gathered through the indefatigable interest of Mrs. Leroy Halsey (née Decca Coles Singleton) of Charleston, S. C., great-grand-daughter of Richard Singleton, the material for this article has been secured, and to her I am indebted for permission to photograph the Singleton heirlooms now in her possession. The genealogy of the Singleton family, published for private circulation by Eliza Singleton, gives a glimpse of Richard Singleton's personality: "He had ample means, lived luxuriously and entertained royally; is said to have taken two hours to dress in the morning and while he was adjusting his cravat and combing his hair, every strand having to stand exactly right, *à la Pompadour*, his wife read the Bible and newspaper to him. Being twitted by his neighbors for being late to business he replied that it did not matter when you started but what you did after starting."

Horses were his great hobby, his name appears frequently in the *American Turf Register* and the *History of the South Carolina Jockey Club*, to which in 1850, having been a member for fifty years, he was elected an honorary member. He was twice married, in 1802 and 1812, and it seems probable that his house was built for his first wife.

Home Place, as he affectionately designated his handsome mansion, was built on the top of a



PART OF A DOUBLE DINNER SET OF DAVENPORT STONEWARE MADE AT BURSLEM, ENGLAND

knoll, overlooking gardens on all sides which sloped gradually down to a one-mile race track encircling the grounds. From the vantage point of the front piazza steps, guarded by crouching stone lions and shadowed by tall, white columns, the Colonel could watch the servants exercising his horses, and boom forth resonant directions as to their training. For he personally supervised his treasures and ministered generously to them all.

Born at a time when the influence of the Old Country was still a vital force in Carolina, the Colonel believed in sending to England for the best of everything. His home was like an English manor house; his hospitality was dispensed with the aid of the finest English furniture, cut-glass, china, silver and linen; many of his horses were imported from the best stables in England in order to improve his native stock. To everything, however, he imparted a wholesome American flavor.

The house was very large, strongly built and magnificently furnished. On the first floor four rooms, twenty-two feet square with ceilings eighteen feet high, opened upon an enormous central hall which divided the house. These rooms were the library and drawing-room at the front with the breakfast and dining rooms behind. At the rear of the hall a mahogany staircase led to a gallery which crossed the width of the hall and gave access to the second floor where there were four large bed rooms and two dressing rooms. When balls were given in the hall below, this landing served to accommodate the musicians. In the newel post at the foot of the stairs was a box containing chalk, which the dancers rubbed on the soles of their shoes when the floor became slippery.

A wide piazza extended across the back of the house and its steps were guarded by crouching greyhounds. There was no cellar, the stone basement was above ground and had tiled floors, a laundry and a dumb-waiter. The kitchen was a separate building some distance to one side of the house, and corresponding to it on the other side was the "office" where all the business of the plantation was transacted. Beyond the kitchen

GLASSWARE FROM HOME PLACE IN USE FOR OVER A CENTURY





WASH-STAND MADE FOR ANGELICA SINGLETON

His children were educated in the finest schools and colleges. Their summers were passed at the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia, the family traveling there by private conveyance. Tradition says that George McDuffie, later Governor of South Carolina, proposed to Mary Singleton while in a carriage on one of these journeys to the Springs. He was accepted, the marriage took place at Statesburg, S. C., and a daughter of the pair became the second wife of General Wade Hampton, thus joining another distinguished line to the Singleton family.

These were the surroundings in which Angelica Singleton's girlhood was spent. General Francis Marion and his wife were intimate friends of the family and frequent visitors. Patrick Henry, Dorothea Payne, famous in history as Dolly Madison, and Rebecca Coles Singleton, wife of the Colonel, were close cousins, although belonging to different generations, as they descended from the three Winston sisters, Sarah, Lucy and Mary Ann. When Angelica Singleton went to school in Washington, each girl was expected to bring complete furnishings for her room. The mahogany wash-stand illustrated here is one which she used. The top lifts up, disclosing a stand pierced with holes for the basin, soap-tray and tumbler. Her pitcher and basin were kept until a few years ago; they were of lavender and white china, a very small basin and a small pitcher with a wide-spreading lip. Family tradition says that this wash-stand was made for her to take to boarding school. Probably this is true as there was a skilled English cabinet-maker employed at "Midway," her grandfather Singleton's place, who made some handsome furniture for the house. Mrs. Madison introduced her into the gay life of the capital. There, in a dashing style worthy of a West Point graduate and the son of the President of the United States, she was courted and won by Colonel Abram Van Buren, eldest son and private secretary of Martin Van Buren.

Their wedding was celebrated at Home Place on

was the smoke house, the gardener's home and the gardens and hothouses; to the right of the "Big House" stood the school building. Opposite to the gardener's house was the dairy—a square room, the upper part of which was latticed. Inside, a dry well some sixteen feet deep contained a square wire safe with shelves. This safe could be raised and lowered by a rope and pulley and meat and milk were kept fresh in this storage place. When winters were cold enough a supply of ice was cut from a small pond and stored. Behind the hothouses and vegetable gardens were the immense stables and the carriage house, while to the right and left ran the row of servants' quarters known as "The Street." Outside of the race track stretched the broad fields from which the capable Colonel gathered an unbelievably rich harvest which he spent with the generosity of a feudal baron.

ELABORATE GIRANDOLE FROM THE HALL OF HOME PLACE





MIRROR FROM THE DINING ROOM OF HOME PLACE

November 27, 1838, and the hospitable doors were opened wide to welcome a gathering of men and women prominent in the political and social life of the period. The neighboring plantations were crowded with friends, and banquet tables creaked under the weight of shining silver and china and genuine southern delicacies. When the festivities were ended Angelica Van Buren bade farewell to Home Place and set out with her husband for Washington to become mistress of the White House, for President Van Buren was a widower and into the hands of his charming daughter-in-law he entrusted the care of the Executive Mansion. Mrs. Van Buren made her first appearance as mistress of the White House on New Year's Day, 1839. The newspapers spoke of her as bearing the fatigue of a three-hour levee with "patience and pleasantry which must have been inexhaustible."

The accompanying illustrations show some of the dining room furnishings which were used at the wedding. Originally there must have been two dozen or more chairs. Mrs. Halsey now owns six plain chairs, two arm chairs and one baby's high chair. Her mother, entering Home Place as a bride in 1868, found a dozen and a half in perfect condition and others, slightly broken, stored in the attic. The double dinner set, pieces of which are illustrated, had twenty-four dinner plates, two soup tureens, etc., instead of the usual number. It is stoneware, made in the pottery founded by John Davenport in 1793 at Longport, near Burslem, in Staffordshire. The background is robin's egg blue with figures of deeper blue and gilt. The Japanese designs of Davenport are said to have been copied from Darby. Rich gilding on underglaze blue was characteristic. In 1806 the Prince of Wales, later George IV, visited the factory, placing several orders. From that time a crown was added to the maker's mark. This set has no crown; the mark is printed in a circle: "Davenport Stone China," with an anchor and chain in the center, so it must antedate 1806. The tea set is unmarked. The background of the border is a soft gray with gilt figures, the center white. It is an exquisite grade of porcelain, delicate in coloring and very fragile. The cut-glass shown is in three patterns. The covered dish and the open dish are cut in small diamonds and are exceptionally fine pieces. Both types of finger bowls, the early double-lipped and the deep rounded bowls, are of the same design as the decanter, which has a curious stopper flattened on each side with circular depressions. This decanter is known to have been used at "Midway," the plantation of John Singleton, father of Richard, during the eighteenth century. The punch bowl and pitcher in a square cut have the depth and lustre found in crystals of eighteenth-century chandeliers. The glasses show the difference in size, slight it is true, between the gentleman's and lady's tumblers and wine glasses. Also a jelly tumbler and punch glass of the same design. Imagination pictures many a gallant toast drunk to Angelica's beauty and Dolly Madison's matchless complexion from these crystal glasses.

Indeed, Dolly Madison's complexion was a source of wonder to all who knew her. And from out of the shadowy corners of the attic of Home

Place creeps this delightful tale: In 1868 a new bride, inspecting the treasures of the attic, found a strange, white flannel mask, shaped like a hood and pierced with eye-holes. Explanation was furnished by Angelica Singleton's former maid, then a wrinkled old woman. "Dat mask? Lor' missy, Mis' Dolly Madison uster sit by de hour in dis berry attic in dat sweat-box of a mask for her complexion sake!"

After the marriage of Angelica, Colonel Singleton devoted more and more of his time to his horses. He always had a number of thoroughbreds, and several years before, in 1827, he had won every purse during the five days of racing at the Charleston Sweepstakes races, a feat only equalled twice in the history of the club. Dr. John Irving, historian of the South Carolina Jockey Club, wrote that as a breeder of horses Colonel Singleton was the equal of any man in the country.

The Colonel, however, was noted for his caution in entering his horses. On one occasion he had agreed to race a mare against a rather famous horse owned by another member of the club, for a purse of $5,000. A few weeks before the race his mare sustained a slight injury and he at once requested to be allowed to withdraw, but his friends overruled his wishes, protesting that he was far too cautious, so against his better judgment he allowed the race to proceed. There were to be three four-mile heats. His mare won the first easily but in the third mile of the second heat she suddenly fell over in a heap, apparently out of the race; then, to the astonishment of the spectators, she staggered to her feet and actually running on only three legs finished just a length behind the winner.



MAHOGANY BUREAU WITH SECRET DRAWER. LINES AROUND THE KEY-HOLE OF THE TOP DRAWER SHOW WHERE THE LOCK WAS CUT AWAY BY A FEDERAL SOLDIER IN SEARCH OF JEWELS

During the Civil War the china and glass were buried by the faithful butler and not one piece was lost, though the house was used as a Federal hospital for a short period. One box of cut-glass was buried in the smoke house, too deep for the probing bayonets to reach. There were no floors to the smoke house and the soil, soaked with chemicals, affected the glass. When it was removed years later it was found to be very brittle and sometimes a piece, even now, will shatter in washing or drying. Most of the silver was sent to Columbia, then to Albemarle, Mrs. John Singleton's home just outside of Columbia. Here it was buried with the Albemarle silver in three boxes at the points of a triangle. When Sherman's army passed through, one box was found by the soldiers and the silver was so handsome that they insisted there must be more. The overseer denied this, in a vain effort to save the rest. But they strung him up by his thumbs until he told of the second box. These two boxes contained all of the Home Place silver which had been sent to Columbia.

After the war the house passed out of the hands of the family and was later burned. Only the china and glass and some of the furniture remain. For more than a century this china has been used constantly by the family, except during its short eclipse in war times. It has never been relegated to an exhibition shelf in a corner cupboard, but except for the cover of the vegetable dish, it has remained unharmed.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

MODERNISM IN BOOKBINDING

New school of decorators introduce their ideas into an art that had always been bound by convention

PHYLLIS ACKERMAN

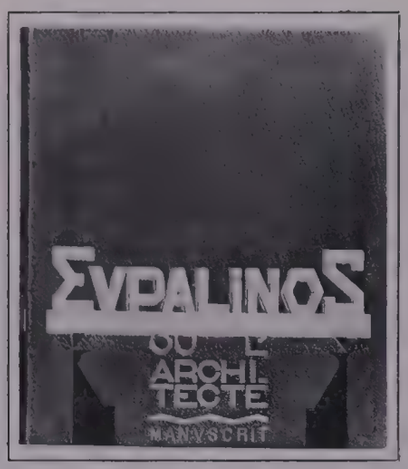
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM has shown us, in a special loan exhibition, the beautiful book in all its aspects and details, and this has been a reminder that the fine book must first of all be finely made within, with clean pure type spaced and balanced in a beautiful black and white pattern and with decorations and illustrations in keeping both with the matter of the text and the manner of the type. But it has been a reminder too that the fine book is not complete as a work of art until it is also dressed, without, in an appropriate and well-made cover.

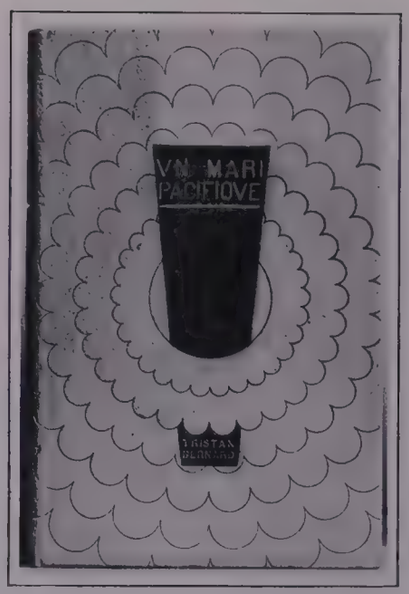
When Europe, struggling back to culture and the arts in the ninth and tenth centuries, began again to produce fine manuscripts the craftsmen could think of no more appropriate covers for the long labors of the manuscript writers than metal, chased and set with jewels. Gold was too scarce and too costly even for the Church, the richest institution of the time, but gold colored bronze was an effective substitute. Such metal, a kind of brassy alloy, was in common use at the time as a basis for the champlevé enamel reliquaries and church vessels. Hence when it was adapted to the binding of books it naturally followed that here, too, enamel should be tried. Thus we have rare book covers of the ninth, tenth and eleventh centuries of solid plates of gold-toned metal that has been channeled out in simple patterns, so that only the outlines are left in strips of brass, while the hollowed spaces have been filled with enamel, usually in tones of blue with occasional white or bits of green. To be sure these champlevé book covers are a bit heavy for practical use, especially when to the enamel design has been added pattern in high relief, but after all the books of the time, books of prayer and ritual for the Church, were hardly intended for common use and such bindings were sumptuous enough to signify the honor paid to the written word.

Occasionally an even rarer and more beautiful binding at this time was made of plates of ivory chased and carved in rich but substantial patterns that respected the firm grain of the material while

MOST OF THE BOOKS OF HENRY II BORE HIS MONOGRAM, MANY OF THESE IN THE FORM WHICH IS REMINISCENT OF HIS DEVOTION TO DIANE DE POITIERS









THREE EXAMPLES OF THE WORK OF PIERRE LEGRAIN WHO, FREEING HIMSELF FROM HISTORICAL CONVENTION, USES ABSTRACT PATTERNS IN UNCONVENTIONAL ASYMMETRIES TO EXPRESS THE SPIRIT OF THE BOOK

they exploited to the full its beautiful cream sheen. But as books multiplied in number, especially when they became relatively common after the invention of printing, such costly and cumbersome covers were abandoned and in their place leather became more and more generally used until it was almost the only material for the finest bindings. This preeminence it has kept down to the present day. To be sure there have now and then been aberrations from this general rule. The imaginative and industrious ladies of England of the seventeenth century who seemingly were never weary of elaborate embroidering, applied their stumpwork and pearl beading to book covers as well as to mirror frames, jewel boxes and other unexpected objects. And no one can forget the elegant plush of the old family photograph album. But aside from these passing experiments, leather for four hundred years has been the customary clothing for fine volumes.

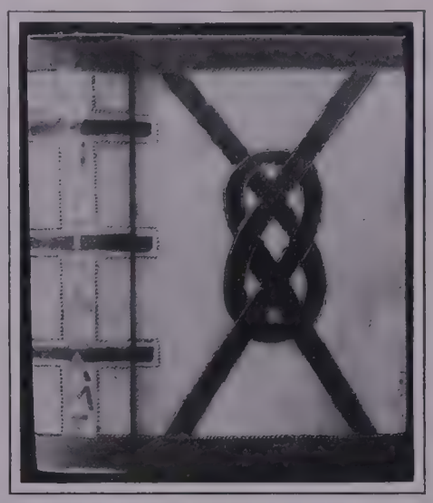
The greatest workers of leather the world has ever known lived, like so many other of the world's greatest craftsmen, in the Near East, producing tooled patterns for the lavish and art-loving princes, especially of Persia. These Persian bindings are of a delicacy and richness almost beyond imagining. On the back of a sixteenth-century Koran a deer and rabbits leap through a jungle of tracery, all tooled in very low relief. The deer could be completely hidden with a ten-cent piece but he flies along with a grace and verve conveyed by faultless line.

Such art has never been matched in Europe but fine rich bindings have been made there, nevertheless. Diane de Poitiers, who understood and gathered about her all the arts, had a great library richly caparisoned in tooled and gilded leather of which a number of books have come down to us to be proudly exhibited in museum cases. The English kings, too, had bindings tooled with their own arms and many of lesser title followed the royal example so that for three hundred years scores of craftsmen were kept busy ornamenting fine leather to cover books.

But the nineteenth century with its power machines, industrial development, growing "efficiency" and destruction of taste brought decay to the art of bookbinding as it did to all the other arts. Binding books became an industry on a plane with making boots and the race was to the quickest, cheapest and shoddiest products. The machine-stamped and gilded pretentiousness of the de luxe editions was worse than the brutally simple utility of blue and green cloth which served for other books and both were surpassed in evil taste by the cream and gilt confectionery of gift books.

After every period of horror there comes a reaction. The cupids and plumy convolutions of the baroque were succeeded by chaste classical restraints, and the fat and insistently blushing Victorian roses on walls, dishes and floor have just had their aftermath of pallid plainness. Toward the close of the century the decorative arts came up again to the surface after more than fifty years of submersion and fine bookbinding enjoyed with the other arts a revival. At first the craftsmen, striving for perfection of technique, attempted little more than imitations or adaptations of the classic patterns established and conventionalized from the sixteenth through the eighteenth centuries when the art was at its height. And even today many bookbinders are more concerned with precedent than with invention. But in the last few years there has been a movement to create a truly modern manner.

The motifs for the decoration of bookbindings have been of three main kinds—purely decorative designs used solely for their own beauty without regard to the character either of the book or of its owner; patterns, usually armorial, that stamped the book as the possession of the patron ordering the binding; or designs that were suggested by the content of the book itself. The Persian leather workers used always the first. The graceful arabesques, rich palmettes and fleet animals that enrich the Persian book cover have nothing to do either with owner or book. In fact, if there are living forms on a Koran, the pattern violates the injunction of the very book it ornaments. Indeed, the leather designs are the very same that were being used at the time on the court carpets and similar to patterns woven in the elaborate brocades. Chosen only for their beauty and executed with perfect command, they can afford to ignore a stricter relevancy.



BINDING FOR CHARONNE'S "L'EPITHALME" IN WHICH MLLE. DE FELICE HAS USED A SIMPLE SYMBOLISM

Though the European bookbinders of the Renaissance derived their art from the Persians they disregarded almost entirely the tradition of design of the Near East. Instead of designs chosen purely for their charm, the more individualistic patrons of the West demanded a decoration on their books that should mark them as their own. Thus coats of arms and initials framed in conventional borders that soon became standardized were the usual devices. Diane of Poitiers, for instance, supplemented armorial bearings with the intertwined D's, half suggesting the H of her royal lover's name, that were imprinted on almost everything associated with her. And Henry was equally insistent on displaying his monogram. Indeed most of the fine old bindings of Europe are armorial bindings and where there was no coat of arms to display the leather worker remained true to the tradition by making the pattern entirely out of the conventional diapers and fleurettes used to supplement the armorial designs. When with the Revolution aristocracy and all its appurtenances were temporarily eclipsed in French fashions the bookbinder still kept to the old style by adapting into pseudo-armorial

INLAID LEATHER BINDINGS BY RENÉ KIEFFER, OLD IN METHOD BUT NEW IN FORM. THAT BELOW IS FOR AN EDITION OF BAUDELAIRE'S "LES FLEURS DU MAL"





form the popular symbols of democracy with the ever present motto, Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité.

Bookbinders today are split into two great camps, those, on the one hand, who serve the dignified traditions, discussing with impassioned fervor the fitness of a fleurette, and, on the other, the vigorous rebels who reject conservative custom and demand the right to fashion their own style. Most of these latter, having reacted violently from all the habits of their guild, take the third possible position on the question of decoration and proclaim the creed that the design on the cover of a book should show, neither how beautifully leather can be wrought, nor who has purchased the volume it contains, but what is the nature of the book itself. The cover does belong to the book, part of an artistic whole that exists in its own right, and it is an ostentatious egotism that makes the insignia of the owner a prior claim; hence the design of the binding, according to this school, should be as intimate a part of the book's essential theme as the illustrations themselves, or even the diction and style.

The milder exponents of this theory of design interpret it literally and use as the central motive of a cover some concrete thing typical of the subject of the book. Thus on a tale of adventure a galleon careens full sail through the conventional waves. But the real modernists seek to convey the character of the text, not through any real object, but by the abstract expression of the form and color of the design. These bookbinders are first cousins to the modernist painters, in fact are, some of them, modernist painters themselves, and they have learned from Cubism and the expressionist schools the arrangement of geometrical forms in asymmetrical patterns to symbolize a mood or attitude.

Thus Pierre Legrain, for instance, covers a book called *Poison* with a jagged, darting pattern of silver on black, with little tremolos of silver line. The simple repeated device gives a curiously sinister effect and the sharp clashes and quivers might well be the visual symbols of acute physical pain. In sharp contrast, he covers *Eupalinos or the Architect* with a broad surface of strong plain leather, broken only at the bottom with some solid structural forms and with the title, applied in three-dimensional block letters as if cut from wood. Again, he typifies the spirit of Tristan Bernard's *Un Mari Pacifique* with a gentle, somewhat lady-like pattern of concentric scalloped circles in dove gray with the title on a black marker thrust through the ruffly effect. A woman designer, Mademoiselle de Felice, uses a simpler, more obvious symbolism by inlaying a conventionalized lover's knot on the binding of a love story. And so it goes. Abstract pattern is contrived to convey the spirit of the author.

In developing these unconventional themes the modernist bookbinders have thrown to the winds the formalities of their art. For generations the design of a cover has been cast always in the same mould. The rectangle was always unbroken, the design being arranged in a border and center piece, corner pieces or all-over diaper designs, always a fixed and formally balanced arrangement. The modernists, however, flout these limitations. They dare, for instance, as in Legrain's *Escales*, to split the cover into three equal vertical panels or to cut off the lower corners in a contrasting leather, not repeated above, or, indeed, to use any unexpected asymmetry that their interpretation seems to demand.

They show the same independence in their use of color, too. The old Mohammedan bookbinders kept color almost wholly for the inside of their books. The European binders were somewhat more colorful, but introduced it only in colored leathers, and then rarely until relatively late. They were, however, lavish with gilt, practically always supplementing the tooling, which had been the major resource of the Persians, with gilt. Indeed to this day the sign on Paris shops always reads, "Bookbinder and Gilder." But the modernists stop at no range or combination of colors. To the usual gold they add silver and in place of the old brown calf or red Morocco they use light gray and deep blue, black and even orange and purple. They make their bindings match the other brilliant hued decorations of the modernist school.

To combine these colors they have revived an old but long dormant technique, leather mosaic work. As in any other mosaic work, shaped pieces of the material are cut out and fitted side by side. In the simplest form the mosaic, in a few large pieces, covers the whole surface, but there is a more difficult form, the true old leather mosaic, in which a pattern in small, delicate mosaic is inset into a cover of solid leather. This work was used in the sixteenth century but had almost died out, although imitations were made by painting designs on leather, until it was recently revived by such men as René Kieffer. He uses this technique almost entirely, applying it to expressive designs which, though modern, have still a quaintly old-fashioned flavor.

Another type of binding that the modernists have revived and refurbished is that of decorated parchment. This had rather fallen into disrepute with serious binders because of its obnoxious use

on so many sugary gift books, but the modernists have taken hold of it in such a way they have shaken it quite free of any cloying associations. All bookbinders should feel grateful for having parchment bindings thus restored to artistic respectability, for parchment is a material particularly well adapted to covering books on certain types of paper. It is sympathetic to the quality of certain heavy papers so that by its use paper and book can be carried out in close unity. It is, moreover, strong enough for most practical purposes and takes both graphic ornament and color beautifully. Handled boldly and freely with modern independence it can be worked into a binding of strong and interesting character.



"LES CAVES DU VATICAN" BOUND IN BATIK PAPERS
BY FRANÇOISE PICARD

In addition to the leather and parchment bindings, some of the modernists use colorful and interesting papers. This interest in unusual papers is, by the way, common to most of the modernists whether or not they have any such practical use for them as the bookbinders. It is one of those fads that sweep wordlessly and mysteriously through a class from Paris to the Pacific. Again it is the revival of an old, old fashion. The Persians were the first to make fine papers and their tinted and marbled papers, which they used on occasion for the leaves of books, as well as for the inside of covers, soon became famous in Europe. Because there was then a large and profitable demand for them, European imitations were soon made and in a short time these marble papers had become the chief business of one whole guild of craftsmen, the *dominotiers*. The fashion and the business faded out, but it is being resumed again in Paris where young painters solemnly concentrate their talents on the not unworthy job of making fine swirls of marbled colors.

Even more popular than the marbled papers are the batiked papers, dyed with resists in essentially the same way as the fabrics. These are imported by the thousands of sheets from Java, the batik land, but the exacting binder is not content to use any such ready prepared material, finding it necessary to make for each book its own appropriate design. Thus the fitness of the whole is maintained and the batik paper cover is made as expressive as a more costly inlaid leather one.

All this stir and renovation in the art of binding books has scarcely reached America. There are, to be sure, a few fine binders in the country but they are practising the standard and conventional craft. A serious attempt to make it a truly contemporary art has not yet made itself felt. This is probably in large part due to the relative unimportance of binding in our system of book production. Whereas in France all books are issued unbound so that the cover can be made to fit the taste and purse of the purchaser, our books come to us in ready-made clothes. And these quantity produced bindings are designed and made with little or no care. Even a publisher who is proud of his typography will fit out an edition with a binding as carelessly as a charity child is fitted to its dresses. Until there is a more intelligent interest in bindings as examples of design and craftsmanship we can not expect a vigorous development of the modern phase of the art of the book.

Yet surely that must come soon. For America today stands in the forefront of fine printing and she can not complete the splendid products of her best printers until she has fine and original binders as well.

Some day an artist will pick up a book printed by one of our masters of typography and, interested in both content and presentation, will design and make a fine binding. And a new era in American bookbinding will have begun.

Faïence de SAINT-PORCHAIRE

The origin of this rarest and most beautiful French pottery has been determined after years of research

HENRI GLOUZOT

IF ONE were to establish rank and precedence in the little world of French pottery and faïence the first place would unquestionably belong to those precious pieces of the Renaissance, long known as "Faïences d'Oiron," and now more justly called "Faïences de Saint-Porchaire." They are almost royal pieces inasmuch as they frequently bear, as part of their delicate decoration, the arms of the greatest nobles of France and even the "H" of Henri II. They are the rarest and the most expensive as well; in 1884 the vase and candlestick which today form part of the Dutuit collection in the Palais des Beaux-Arts, Paris, were sold for 26,513 fr. and 91,875 fr., respectively, and today would be worth ten times that. But the five or six dozen pieces which remain of those made in Saint-Porchaire belong to museums or the private collections, such as those of the Barons Edmond, Edouard or Robert de Rothschild, which are never disturbed. It will be long before any of these precious bits of clay will be submitted to the fire of an auction.*

The collection of the faïences of Saint-Porchaire began in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. When Sir Andrew Fountaine, last of the great collectors of Narford Hall, took possession of the art treasures amassed by his ancestors since the beginning of the eighteenth century, a willow basket, carefully closed, was discovered under a bed in one of the upper rooms of the mansion. In it, wrapped in wool, were three pieces of ceramic; a night lamp, a candlestick and a small beaker. Some zealous servant, under the traditional impression that these objects were more valuable than all of the other art treasures of the collection had taken these precautions.

Interest was generally awakened. During all of the nineteenth century discoveries were made, particularly in Poitou. These delicate works in clay had lost their renown so completely that they were found in farmhouses serving the most common uses. But today the era of fortunate prospecting seems definitely closed. There is left only for the critic to study the known examples and to attempt to fix their origin.

Contrary to the products of Rouen and Nevers, but similar to the almost contemporary pieces by Bernard Palissy, the faïences of Saint-Porchaire were not intended for use. They were decorative pieces destined, as were the works in gold and silver whose lines they often followed, to ornament the dressers or tables of the great lords. Ewers pure in form with fancifully modeled handles, cups, vases, salt-cellars—buildings in miniature—all of these unique pieces have certain analogies among themselves, but all differ in detail. The category to which they truly belong is that of fine pottery, *pots de terre* in the sixteenth-century terminology. Nothing fits them less than the Italian appellation *faïence* which has for

COVERED CUP, FAÏENCE DE SAINT-PORCHAIRE
In the Louvre



*Unless I am mistaken, fifteen of these faïences are now in New York. They are: Two salt-cellars, in the Morgan collection; a salt-cellar and a comfit box in the Widener collection; six pieces in the Metropolitan Museum of Art; a ewer in the Frick collection; a ewer and a candlestick from the former Albert de Rothschild collection in the possession of an antiquarian in New York.

one defect that of not having appeared in France until after the pottery of Saint-Porchaire flourished. After all, have these precious ceramics anything in common with the products of Faenza? No tinny enamel, no painting. They are made of the simple clay, glazed, and the natural color, white and fine, shows through the transparent coating with the milky tint of ivory.

These ceramics were not the result, as were the faïences, of the triumph of the Renaissance in Italy, influenced by the products of the Orient. Rather they were the continuation and exaltation of the old French technics of the middle ages.

The same is true of the decoration of the pieces whether by relief or incrustation. The relief was developed from the earlier technic in which the ornament was molded separately and fastened to the vessel before glazing. This process had been in use since very early days, since by it the employment of color in decoration was facilitated. Beginning with the fifteenth century, masks, figurines, letters, flowers, escutcheons, ornamented the products of the French potteries. Decoration by use of inlay was even more ancient and originated

SALT-CELLAR, FAÏENCE DE SAINT-PORCHAIRE
In the Louvre





MORTAR FOR WAX, FAÏENCE DE SAINT-PORCHAIRE
Robert de Rothschild Collection

in those beautiful thirteenth-century pavements where the incisions, filled with white, yellow or red clay, were in the form of flowers, foliage, inscriptions or seignorial arms. But what a difference exists between those heavy designs and the ceramic jewels of Saint-Porchaire! The artist used wooden or engraved metal dies, like those of bookbinders. These were stamped in the fresh clay, successively one beside another, making a continuous band around the vessel. Fine lines were cut with a knife, and after the incisions had been filled with clay mixed with oxides to produce tones of red, brown or yellow, the whole was smoothed off. The ornaments moulded previously in relief were affixed and the entire piece covered with that thin and transparent lead glaze which gives these products their characteristic milky tint.

On examination the sixty or more pieces remaining from among the products of this remarkable *atelier* show evidences of the same processes, the same methods, the same skill, and inevitably lead to the conclusion that one man, two at most—perhaps father and son—produced these



PITCHER, FAÏENCE DE SAINT-PORCHAIRE
Robert de Rothschild Collection

masterpieces of the potter's art. One can barely distinguish the evolutions in form and decoration which mark the successive stages of the potter's inspiration and permit the classification of his work into three periods between the years 1525 to 1565. The earliest pieces, purest and most beautiful, followed closely the models of the goldsmiths. The surfaces are plain like those of the enamels whose style the potter sought to follow. Large inlaid ornaments are rare, the incrustations almost always in bands. "This is," Bonnaffé justly says, "the art of ceramic par excellence, sufficient unto itself, as with the Greeks."

The potteries of the second period resemble miniature monuments. The skillful craftsman used columns, pilasters, cariatyds and consoles. He opened windows and arcades, added projecting cornices and bases. These bases were covered with a delicate enamel inlay which gave them a resemblance to the pavements of chapels. Pink and yellow mixed with brown and relieved by enamel softened the monochrome of the earlier pieces.

With the interlacing crosses and arms of Henri II, the pieces of the third period took on a royal livery. Their brilliance rivals that of the goldsmith's enamels and they seem products of the jeweler's rather than the potter's art. Ribbons of color edged with a fine line in a darker shade were used in intricate patterns. The artist had renounced the pure forms of the beginning. Nothing was left for him to do but stop. And that is what he did, about 1565, either through death or because his protectors having failed him, he lacked the wherewithal to feed his furnaces. He had no predecessor and left no pupil. His work had no roots in the past and disappeared without leaving a trace.

That is the explanation of the mystery which surrounds the birth of these potteries. Their manufacture is an accident in the history of ceramics. They belong to those "*gentilles inventions*" which Palissy, writing of French decorative objects, said were "designed for the dwellings of

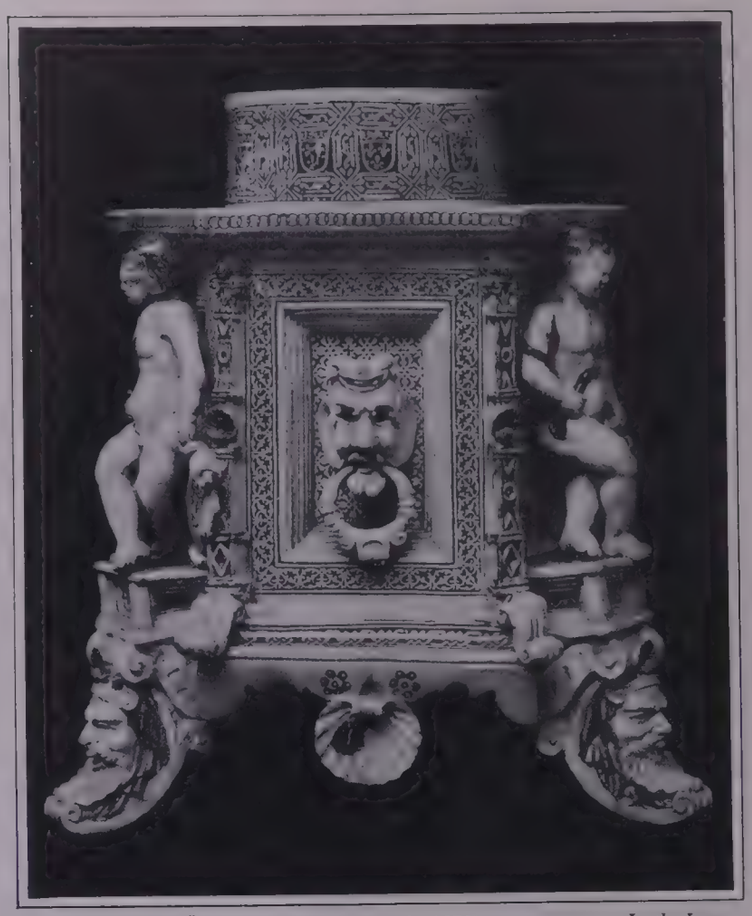
CANDLESTICK, FAÏENCE DE SAINT-PORCHAIRE
Robert de Rothschild Collection



princes and there kept secret in order to preserve all their value."

In 1862 it was believed that the Sphinx had spoken. An ingenious student, Benjamin Fillon, spinning a romance around gratuitous deductions and documents of his own invention, announced that he had discovered the workshop in a chateau at Oiron (Deux-Sèvres) belonging to the powerful Gouffier family, and that the potters were none other than the sculptor Cherpentier and the *garde de la librairie* Bernart. The bindings and illuminations of the books of the chateau had been their models.

For more than twenty years no one doubted the attribution and no one brought forth further evidence in the matter. But in 1887, at which time Saint-Porchaire was proven to be the place of origin of this pottery, discoveries were numerous. In an inventory of François de la Trémoille (1542) and his son Louis (1577) M. Bonnaffé found two cups and two salt-cellars of *terre Saint-Porchaire* listed, with other rarities, as in a cabinet in the chateau of Thouars. Another scholar found the record of four bowls and a salt-cellar of this ware in an inventory (1596) of a Poitevin seigneur; still another discovered in *La Guide des Chemins de France*, published by Charles Estienne in 1552, which mentioned no other pottery either in this region or in all France, the words "*Saint-Porchaire, beaux pots de terre.*" The *Oeuvres Poetiques* of Andre Rivandeau, a gentleman of Bas-Poitou (1566) confirmed this renown:



SALT-CELLAR, FAÏENCE DE SAINT-PORCHAIRE *In the Louvre*

SALT-CELLAR, FAÏENCE DE SAINT-PORCHAIRE
In the Louvre

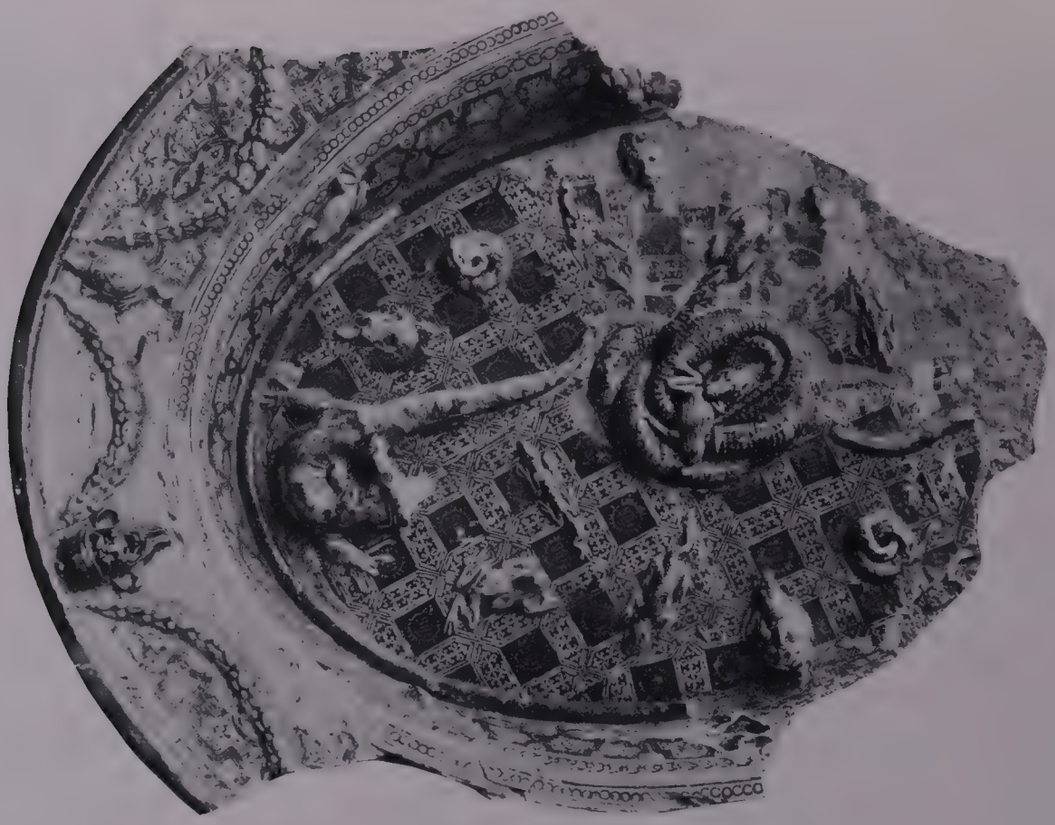


"Il y a maintes bourgadelettes
Qui ont commodité de leurs terres pauvrettes
D'en tirer quelque fruit: Gonesse de son pain,
Vanvres de son lait gras, *Porchaire* de la main
D'un excellent ouvrier. . . ."

This *ouvrier* is that Tascher one of whose works another Poitevin poet, Jacques Bereau (1565), describes in his *Eglogues:*

"Au dedans ce vaisseau
Peinte est la belle Europe avec [que] le troupeau
Des filles la suyvant . . .
Au dehors de ce plat, une vigne est pourtraite
Chargée de raisins et d'etourneaux couverte."

Thus there existed at Saint-Porchaire, a village a league from Bressuire on the road to Thouars (Deux-Sèvres) an *atelier* whose products were beautiful enough to ornament seignorial halls; so fragile, that, like Venetian glass, they were locked in *bouestes;* so precious that they were listed in inventories among objects of great rarity and value; so renowned that poets celebrated them in verse.



FRAGMENT OF A PLATTER FAÏENCE DE SAINT-PORCHAIRE. *In the Louvre*

It remained to discover, among the men whose arms were emblazoned on this ware, the Mæcenus who supported the enterprise, the protector of Tascher or his emulators. Bonnaffé advanced Pierre de Laval, seigneur de Bressuire. I proposed François de la Tremoille, vicomte de Thouars. But a recent discovery indicates that the most probable promoter of this enterprise was Anne de Montmorency, constable of France. This latter was a man of taste who furnished Chantilly, Montmorency, Ecouen and his house in Paris with antiques he collected. He was interested primarily in ceramics and glass. During his campaigns in Italy he became enamored of its fine glass and the painted ceramics of Faenza, Urbino and Castel-Durante, so strong in contrast with the greens and browns of the French potters. He encouraged the efforts of Massiot Abaquesne, in Rouen, from whom he ordered the famous pavement of the chateau at Ecouen (1542), the first example of faïence in France. He aided a potter of Saintes who decorated his rustic work with veined enamels in a new and pleasing manner. He built a workshop and furnace for this potter, Bernard Palissy, and gave him his protection. When in 1562 Palissy was imprisoned in Bordeaux for religious causes, he procured his freedom. He gave the potter a pension of twelve hundred *livres* a year. Surely an important patron for Saint-Porchaire!

EWER, FAÏENCE DE SAINT-PORCHAIRE
Dutuit Collection

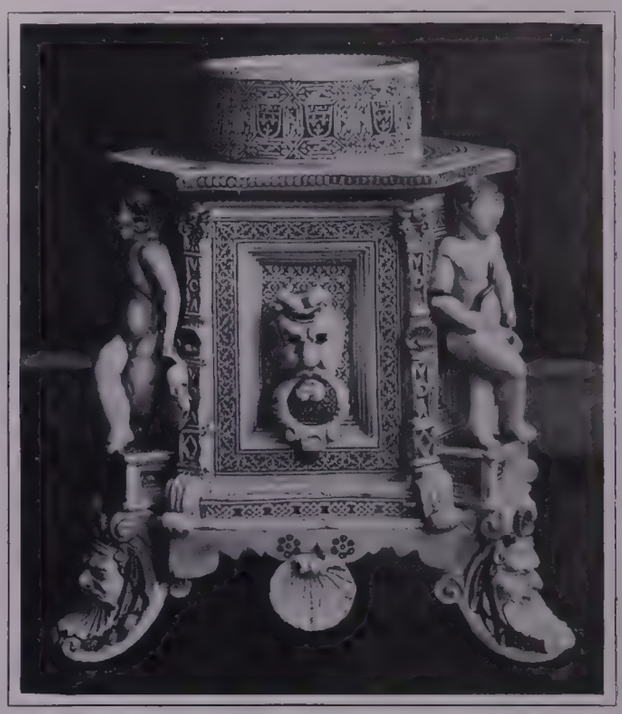


No personage of the Renaissance was more fitted than he to further the work of the Poitevin potters, and no one owned a finer collection of their products. The inventory taken after his death in 1568 lists twelve pieces *façon de Saint-Porchaire:* four covered cups, a ewer, a covered goblet, a large covered salt-cellar,

four small salt-cellars, a vase. And if there were any hesitation about the identification of these pieces with those now in the Louvre, the Dutuit collection, English museums, and the private collections of two worlds, their descriptions in this inventory, even short as they are, would remove all doubt. Black and white are the only enamels cited. Two of the salt-cellars, having plain surfaces decorated by incrustation, belong to the first period. The other two with modeled canted sides, as well as the large covered salt-cellar decorated with little figures, are of the second epoch.

It is a curious thing that the two pieces in the Dutuit collection which bear the arms or initials of the constable are not mentioned in the inventory of his Parisian residence. Doubtless they formed part of his collections in Chantilly or Ecouen. One is a large candlestick bearing initial "A" (Anne) and the arms of Montmorency. The other is a flagon with the initials "AM" repeated as decoration around the neck.

In the third period another influence, that of Bernard Palissy, was exercised upon the Saint-Porchaire pottery. We know the high esteem in which the constable held his pottery at Saintes, and it is probable that Montmorency directed him



SALT-CELLAR, FAÏENCE DE SAINTE-PORCHAIRE
Dutuit Collection

to supervise the *atelier* at Saint-Porchaire, and that it was under his guidance that the Poitevin potters abandoned their sober decoration and plunged into the use of polychrome and veined enamel and the abuse of modeled ornament. He was responsible, also, for the employment of life-like lizards, frogs and snakes to form handles or the decorations of platters as in that in the Louvre, the last piece to be discovered. Were not all these changes determined largely by the taste of the constable? The protector directed the pottery toward the art which he preferred. In any case, it is certain that Palissy visited the *atelier* and examined its products. We have proof of this by his own testimony in his *Traité de la Marne:* "I remember going from Partenay on the way to Bressuyre in Poitou, and from Bressuyre toward Thouars, but in all these localities the potter's clay is very white."



JUG OF GLAZED CLAY, FAÏENCE DE SAINT-PORCHAIRE, BEARING THE ARMS OF ANNE DE MONTMORENCY
In the Louvre

The intervention of the potter of Saintes is, perhaps, to be regretted. The delicate faïences of Saint-Porchaire have a value in art beyond that of the modeled reptiles and shells of Bernard Palissy whose written works are worth more in our eyes than his productions in clay. But in all of the pieces from Saint-Porchaire there is evidence of that skill and mastery, which, added to their great rarity, makes them the most precious products of French ceramic art.



"A SUMMER DAY" BY A. WALKOWITZ

WALKOWITZ *and the* PARKS

An artist who loves the proletariat and puts it out-of-doors seeking recreation in the city's open spaces

HENRY McBRIDE

JUDGING entirely from his pictures I should say Mr. Walkowitz has an overwhelming sympathy with the working classes. I have said this often in the public prints without contradiction from the artist and consequently have assumed it to be a fact. Yet oddly enough, in all of our many years' acquaintance, I have never heard Mr. Walkowitz express political views; and also oddly enough, it is one of the rare instances in which I find myself, as a critic, thinking of the matter that an artist presents rather than the manner. And yet Mr. Walkowitz is not one of those painters who hearken to Sir Joshua's advice to sew up their mouths! Far from it. To say he is a fluent talker expresses it but mildly. He is copious. But the fact that he never told me that he loved the working classes whilst his drawings proclaim this love upon the roof-tops shows at least that he obeys the warning of the first president of the Academy in effect by shutting

"IN THE PARK" BY A. WALKOWITZ





"IN THE PARK" BY A. WALKOWITZ

off the deep recesses of his heart. What won't be said comes out upon paper and canvas. The working classes are loved.

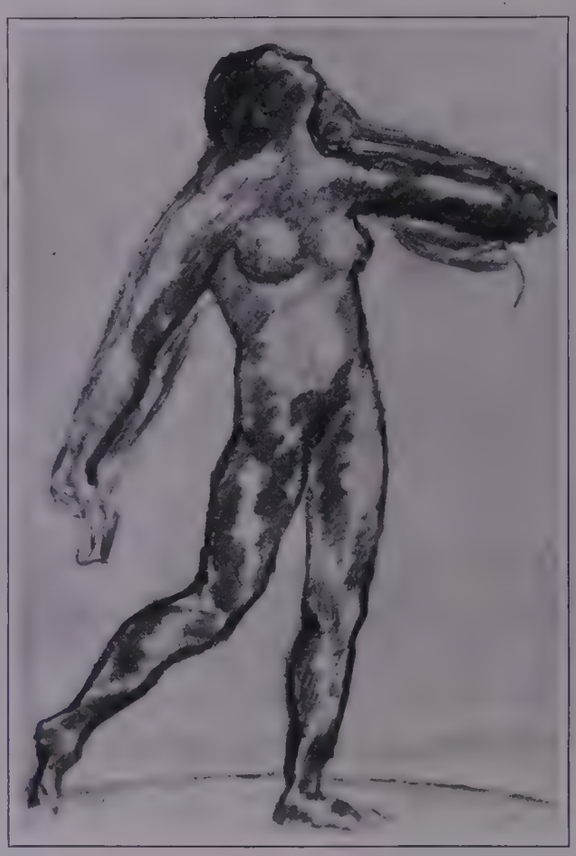
Mr. Walkowitz doesn't love his love intellectually in the modern style, although himself a modernist, but sighs like a furnace medievally and yearns for something he scarcely knows what. Probably a general softening of conditions! For surely he wouldn't relieve the working classes altogether of work? It is that that makes them superior—gives them their source of strength! Without work they wouldn't be a bit better than the rest of us. The nearest thing to elysium he demands for them, apparently, is an afternoon off, in Central Park. There are numbers of Walkowitzian drawings in which the rank-and-file have taken possession of that unexpected oasis in a great city. They lie prostrate in the drawings, breathing, but no more. One gets the idea that these stolid men and women have tramped from great distances bearing the offspring who gambol feebly among the bushes and who are as different as possible from the sturdy cupidons of Raphael. All this, of course, shows that these drawings have age, date from some time back, for these Utopian dreams of Mr. Walkowitz have come true. The people do now have afternoons off, in fact two each week; and do take possession of the turf in Central Park in appalling numbers. It would be pleasant to record that this boon had been brought about by art—like the reformation in boys' schools after the publication of Nicholas Nickleby—but in fact "the people" owe their present ease and large wages as much as anything to the late despised war and scarcely are aware as yet of their friend and well-wisher, Mr. Walkowitz. This is an especial pity! Love begets love, they say; and sometimes it does. I wonder how long it will be before the populace reciprocates this great affection of the artist? I fear, never. The fact is, curiously enough, that Mr. Walkowitz's art is not addressed to workers but to their former oppressors of the cultured classes. Not even the gigantic dockmen pulling on ropes, or

the immense ploughmen, will seem heroic to the workmen themselves; or even the kind of vindication they seek for. They are too bruised, battered, misshapen in the drawings, to be held aloft as hopeful symbols. As in the "Hairy Ape" of Mr. Eugene O'Neill, ulcers are shown that the poor victims would rather hide than have cured.



"CENTRAL PARK" BY A. WALKOWITZ

It is to me, I find, and to people like myself who are only mildly interested in the woes of the working-classes and vastly interested in the general woes, that these drawings have been addressed. They presuppose an experience with art. They require one to know the painter's language. Back in the days when Mr. Walkowitz was first attracting attention in Mr. Stieglitz's small gallery, we were all amused by the ardent claim of one young collector who had acquired a Walkowitz and who asserted that a Whistler could not hang in a room with a Rembrandt but that a Walkowitz could! This seemed a largish enough estimate. That it was not extravagance of expression only came to me later when I acquired a Walkowitz myself. I found, after a time, that my Walkowitz could hang with a Rembrandt as well as with a Whistler (for I do not make class distinctions in art more than in life, and to say that a thing is a real work of art is to give it a place, with me); that it hangs the more readily with a Whistler in that there is indeed something in common in the two styles. To some Mr. Walkowitz may merely be a socialist howling loudly for more ease for workers or chanting the particular sacredness of a workingman's parenthood (he does do that a lot), or singing the praise of Isadora (Isadora signified something



DRAWING OF ISADORA DUNCAN BY A. WALKOWITZ



"IN THE PARK" BY A. WALKOWITZ

definitely to Socialists long before she married one); but to me he is an artist who simply becomes lyrical when exalted by his emotions, whose touch is Whistlerian (I mean this as a compliment, in spite of the fact that in Whistler himself I am sometimes bored by the sameness of the approach); whose color is an allurement in itself, and whose drawings are always large in plan.

The color and the bigness of drawing—those are the two qualities that most refresh me in Walkowitz. One of my drawings has a typical trinity—man, woman and child—by way of subject; and I began with a suspicion of it. The man and woman are taller than we like human beings to be, outside of Barnum's. However, once upon the wall, this drawing gained upon me, and still enchains my interest and respect. Its eloquence is potent though subtle. I can not yet pretend to say exactly what it is in it that impresses me, further than the aforesaid "bigness." It is in fact so big that it constantly recalls the frescoes at Monreale and all the other antique largenesses of gesture that I have studied. We say sometimes in complaint that Americans never see gestures and never get them into art. Walkowitz. it must be allowed is an exception.

"A SUMMER DAY" BY A. WALKOWITZ





SILVER TEA SET BY GEORG JENSEN

GEORG JENSEN'S SILVER

This Danish artist-craftsman has revived the spirit of the medieval guilds both in method and search for beauty

BERNARD TEEVAN

FOR A VARIETY of reasons silver, for use on the table and for decorative objects, has declined in popularity in the United States during the last quarter of a century. In the commercial world, where this condition of affairs has been investigated, the poor state of silver has been diagnosed as being due to lack of progress in design and workmanship among silversmiths while on the contrary the manufacturers of plate have increased their trade enormously by paying especial attention to both of the above factors and also by conducting extensive advertising campaigns. We have it, on the authority of an informed and admirable housewife, that an added reason for the decline in the use of silver in the home is the sheer inability to obtain servants capable of taking the proper care of household silver, plate being substituted for the real metal because it is easier to keep looking well with untrained help. These statements may appear surprising to those familiar with the surface currents of art movements, particularly when is recalled to memory the amount of silversmith's work developed through the impulse of the arts and crafts revival. Given that silver has not increased in use the logic of that decline, in its special relation to hand-wrought silver, lies in the simple fact that the output of silversmiths has not been sufficiently attractive to appeal to the average American of nicety of taste.

SILVER FRUIT DISH; THE DELICATE TRACERY OF THE STEM OF THIS PIECE AND THE EXCELLENT PROPORTION, IS VERY CHARACTERISTIC. BY GEORG JENSEN



No art movement could possibly sweep over such peoples as the Germans, Austrians, Scandinavians, French, British and Americans with the force of that we have agreed to style "arts and crafts" without evoking a few outstanding figures. As a result of this revival of the old craftsmen's spirit, England and the United States produced several notable workers in silver, but it remained for Denmark to give the contemporary world one silversmith who has made his name stand out as the supreme



SILVER PLATTER WITH EBONY HANDLES BY GEORG JENSEN

craftsman of his time as a worker in silver, an artist who through the exquisite beauty of his designs, the high quality of his hammer work, the assured knowledge of the resources of his material, has lifted his name above all those of his fellow craftsmen. Such is Georg Jensen, native of Denmark, fifty-eight years old, with *ateliers* at Copenhagen in which he has revived and carries on the old medieval guild spirit and practice in its very best sense. Oscar Benson has not overstepped the verities, in his monograph on Georg Jensen, when he writes: "He has done infinitely more than any other individual artist to re-establish the happy conditions of craftsmanship in gold and silver that flourished individually before the blighting influence of the age of machinery."



SILVER SAUCE BOAT BY GEORG JENSEN

If there is any one note that stands out in Jensen's work it is that of his fondness for going to nature for his ornamental forms as in the acorn, the grape, leaves, shells as they are in actuality and not as they have become through artistic conventionalities. Some writers on his work find the background for this in the landscape beauty of his birthplace, Ravaad. But its origins begin farther back than the influence of Danish scenery. They are to be found rather in Gothic times when nature was the prime inspiration of all decorative themes. The innate dignity of Jensen's work—he has never turned out a niggling piece—is charged with the sweet serene spirit of early medieval art. And how deeply he is imbued with the tone of that time is also shown by his method of being surrounded by craftsmen and apprentices in his Copenhagen *ateliers* where flourishes once more the old-time *bodega* where master and man worked toward one common purpose, that of creating works of supreme beauty for lasting use. His range of artistic experimentation previous to taking up silver as a vocation fortifies this idea, for after his youthful apprenticeship to a jeweler he won renown as a sculptor at the Danish Royal Academy and worked over designing board and oven with ceramics for several years. This savors of the medieval and Renaissance artists rather than of the artworkers of today who are usually specialists and rarely range beyond one line, be that painting, sculpture or decoration.

Jensen's plan of conducting his *ateliers* makes for artistic craftsmanship, keeps him free from the

SILVER SOUP TUREEN AND PLATTER BY GEORG JENSEN



drudgery of making replicas, has created a genuine industry and gives employment to a large number of craftsmen who through their master find steady work of an interesting quality in supplying the demand for Jensen silver coming from all over Europe and America. Each piece is Georg Jensen's own design but, according to his system, every craftsman in his shops must make a drawing after the original before the making of the replicas is begun. Only a few of these replicas are made of each of his pieces, everyone of these having his frequent oversight and each one bearing Jensen's personal "signature" mark, his name within a dotted oval. Of course there is nothing of the "mass production" plan in this scheme, only enough replicas being made for exhibition in London, Paris, New York and a few other cities.



SILVER CANDELABRUM BY GEORG JENSEN

In looking at examples of Jensen's work the graceful originality of their designs is their first impression. No one seeing these pieces is ever reminded of any "period" or style or manner from the past, those banes of most contemporary art. Again whether one looks at a wine-jug, a coffee pot, a pitcher or sauce-boat, in fact at any one of his handled vessels, its very rightness of ease in lifting and holding makes an immediate appeal. Where a handle should be sturdy it is so; where it should be light, delicacy is its note. When he fashions a flower bowl or a fruit dish for the center of a dinner table he gives it a distinctive and appropriate solidity; and one of his "grape bowls" is the incarnation of the spirit of the vine and wine. If Jensen may be said to have one favorite motive from nature it is the acorn. In combination with the oak-leaf he uses it as a foot for a dish or, singly or in groups, as a handle for a dish-cover.

One of the noblest pieces bearing the Jensen mark is a recent soup tureen, oval in form, standing on a platter, with a floral and grape handle to its cover. The mere sight of it suggests gustatory delights for nothing less than a supreme soup would be fit to fill such a bowl. Its ladle of silver and ivory is a reminder of the happiness with which Jensen combines that material, as well as ebony, in some of his handles. Among the many objects coming from his fertile fancies are two clocks that, *mirabile dictu*, are really novel in design, one having an octagonal face mounted on Greek volutes, the other circular with volute supports the ornaments of which are flowers and grapes. In each instance the faces of these timepieces are not surrounded with heavy rims, Jensen's eye being quite as perfect here as it is everywhere else in his work.

SILVER CLOCK CASE BY GEORG JENSEN



Together with its sheer beauty Georg Jensen's silver is above all else intensely practical. Its deserved vogue is not due to any adventitous use of nauseous "arts and crafts" propaganda nor to any stressing of its being "Art." His silver is made to be offered for sale. It advertises itself through its beauty, its practicability, its inexpensiveness. And it shows with growing vigor that contemporary life is no more lacking in appreciation of the work of a great craftsman than was that of Gothic times or the golden age of the Renaissance. Given the man, the art and the work, practical appreciation is certain to follow in their train.

FURNITURE *of Historic* TYPES

X. The Last of the Great French Styles

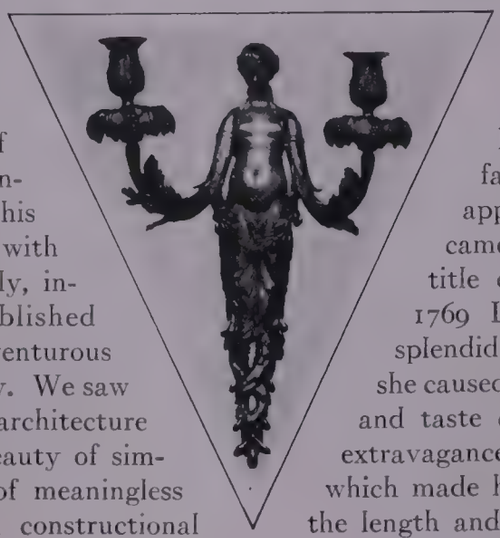
The Louis XVI, Directoire and Empire styles mark the decline and end of important French design

Major Arthur De BLES

IF THE REGENCY and Louis XV styles were extravagant and inspired in many cases by extremely bad taste, they were at least inspired. The *feu sacré* of the vandal sometimes burns more fiercely than that of the regular builder. The style we call Louis XVI, charming, debonnair, perfectly adapted to the habits of a colorless monarch, was certainly not inspired, in the big sense of the word. It was a return to the coldly classical, after a period of wild artistic debauch. Like Antæus taking new strength from his Mother Earth in his struggle with Hercules, the French invariably, inevitably, return to the established models in art after some adventurous roving into the realm of fantasy. We saw how this was true when Gothic architecture had fallen from its pristine beauty of simplicity into a tortured thing of meaningless arches having no bearing on constructional strength, of exaggerated ornament, and even of metal imitations of what had once been sublimely beautiful carving in stone. The pendulum of cultured taste, always innately good in matters of art among the French, swung back in the sixteenth century to the monuments of Greece and Rome. And again we saw how the over-elaborate wood carving of the Sambin and du Cerceau schools of furniture design brought about the reaction toward Italian simplicity of both contour and detail in the reign of Henry IV, the transitional period of Louis XIII and the early part of the reign of the *Roi-Soleil*. And so with a blasé nobility wearied once more by the exuberance of the Regency and that part of the reign of Louis XV dominated by Madame de Pompadour, a trend toward a new revival of the classic made itself felt, as we noted in a preceding article, even before the close of the reign.

In this fact is to be found the strongest argument of those who favor a new distribution of style titles in French furniture, on the ground that the names of the kings alone cover periods too long or too much fraught with mode-changing incident to give a clear idea of the many sub-styles with which we come into contact during the last three quarters of the eighteenth century. This is particularly true of the Louis XV period, which produced such important subdivisions as we described in the eighth article of this series. And the changes which began to take place in the design of furniture from 1769 onward were due to a greater extent than is generally known to the last of king's favorites, the lovely milliner's apprentice, Jeanne Becu, who became historical under the name and title of the Countess Dubarry. In 1769 Louis presented her with the splendid Chateau de Louveciennes, which she caused to be furnished with a restraint and taste contrasting strangely with the extravagances in conduct and expenditure which made her name execrated throughout the length and breadth of France. Although lacking completely the education and intellectual equipment of the Marquise de Pompadour, *la Dubarry* felt that she also must have her own accredited artists and craftsmen, for she soon realized that in an age when all men thought in terms of art, her own continued success would depend to a great extent upon her capacity for keeping up with the general tendency in court circles.

SCONCE CANDELABRUM BY GOUTHIÈRE



And so an opening was made for a young designer and metal worker, Gouthière, who decorated the chateau for the new favorite and displayed not only excellent taste in his conception of what was fitting as her surroundings, but also such remarkable skill in the execution of ormolu mounts, that his reputation was made instantly, and his name elevated even above that of the great Caffieri in the minds of contemporaneous patrons of art, though in the technique of his art he was very much his inferior.

Gouthière was only about thirty years old when he was adopted as her special protégé by Madame Dubarry, but the combination of his undoubted talent and the influence of his employer



LOUIS XVI COMMODE, HANDSOMELY ENRICHED WITH ORMOLU MOUNTS IN CLASSICAL DESIGN. NOTE THE ACANTHUS-CUP FEET AND TYPICAL CIRCULAR DRAWER HANDLES. *Courtesy of Wildenstein Company*

helped him to establish those designs which served as a bridge between the nefarious curves of the ultra-rococo and the straight or geometrical contours of the pure Louis XVI style.

Thus it came about that the transition from the Louis XV style to that of Louis XVI took place not in the early years of the latter reign, as was usually the case in furniture evolution or transformation, but during the last five years of the earlier one, and that when Louis XVI mounted the throne with his beautiful Austrian queen, Marie Antoinette, in 1774, the style which bears the name of Louis Seize was already almost established in France.



GUERIDON WITH METAL-WORK TYPICAL OF THE STYLE
Courtesy of Wildenstein Company

Now although the portly, home-loving monarch was too lethargic, too little interested in art development to have any personal influence on the taste of his court and its sycophantic imitators, Marie Antoinette, descended from the long line of highly-cultivated Hapsburgs, did much to give the Louis XVI style that exquisite finish, that fineness of proportion and perfection of ornamental detail which have made this mode not only a standard for future generations to build by, but also inspired the great English styles of the latter half of the eighteenth century when Robert Adam, Hepplewhite, Shearer and Sheraton also adopted rectilinear contours after the English rococo forms of Thomas Chippendale.



LOUIS XVI CYLINDER DESK BY JACQUES BIRCKLE, INLAID TULIP AND HARE WOOD

The Louis XVI style is characterized by a total absence of irresponsible curves, by rectilinear contours in all major portions, by a revival of classical frieze and moulding ornaments, and other minor details, possessing, however, considerable importance, of which we shall speak presently. There will be some who may object to this statement about the absence of curves on the ground that some Louis XVI pieces, such as gueridons, commodes and desks, have the French form of the cabriole leg, but it can not be too strongly emphasized that such pieces belong to the transitional period, the Dubarry style, as we might call it, and do not belong to the Louis XVI period. This is a mistake that is made in much of the cataloguing of furniture collections.

It may safely be said, therefore, that the only curves which appear in the constructional lines of Louis Seize furniture are the regular ovals and circles used frequently in chair-backs, oval or circular gueridon tops, an occasional console support composed of two reversed semi-circles, or a regular section of an oval or ellipse in a chair or settee back. Irregular curves are never found. Our illustrations will give a clearer understanding of the typical forms of pure Louis XVI furniture than any written description can provide.

The most typical feature in the constructional details of Louis XVI furniture is the leg. It is long and slender in chairs, generally fluted, the flutings very frequently filled part of their length by husk-pattern carvings. A rounded moulding forms a collar at the upper end and a similar one, or a "cup" of acanthus leaves at the lower, the leg terminating in a plain cylindrical foot a couple of inches in height. Sometimes in richer pieces this foot is replaced by a moulded button as in the circular-backed chair, illustrated here, in the Metropolitan Museum. There are, as always, exceptions to the rule. The fluting in some cases gives way to a twisted column effect, terminating in the acanthus cup, and we show here two quite characteristic pieces in one of which fluted architectural columns are used as supports, while in the other a square leg with a single "canal" takes the place of the usual round leg. Except in such rare exceptions as the twelve-legged *bureau à cylindre*, the

CHARACTERISTIC LOUIS XVI CHAIR OF THE RICHER CLASS
NOTE THE "BUTTON" FOOT AND BACK SUPPORTS
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art



legs of Louis XVI furniture always taper downwards. In such pieces as the exquisite low cupboard by Weiswiller, which have only a short leg, it is in a squat pedestal form, generally round, but sometimes square, as in a fine bookcase formerly in the Salomon collection sold last year. Toward the end of the reign, when another transition toward the Pompeian style began to appear, the legs, while still tapering, were unfluted, as in the Marie Antoinette chair illustrated in this article on page one sixty-eight.

The arms of *fauteuils* spring from the contour of the back and descend in a graceful curve to the required height with a padded cushion in the centre, most frequently parallel to each other, but often curving gently inward at the ends. The typical Louis XVI arm is shorter than the depth of the chair and descends to its front corner in a smooth curve, carved with some classical moulding ornament such as the string of piastres, or some one of the many variants of the meander, or guilloche, or, as on the exquisite settee which we reproduce at the top of page one sixty-eight, the stick and ribbon motive.



CYLINDER TOP DESK IN THE MANNER OF REISENER WITH TWELVE PSEUDO-CLASSICAL COLUMNS AS SUPPORTS. NOTE THE UNUSUAL EMPLOYMENT OF NUMEROUS URN FINIALS AND THE STILL RARER PATERA IN THE FORM OF "VESICA PISCIS"

LOUIS XVI CARVED AND GILDED CONSOLE TABLE WITH IONIC VOLUTE SUPPORTS



The cresting ornament of this settee is a good example of the "trophy" of musical instruments which form so typical a feature of panel ornaments in the Louis XVI style. It is, however, unusual to find it as placed here. The most common treatment of the cresting is a carved bow of wavy ribbon mingled with full-brown roses and foliage. The ribbon bow shares with the pearl motive moulding the honor of being the most characteristic of all Louis XVI details, to such a degree indeed that one rarely sees a piece of absolutely pure Louis XVI furniture without it, either in the woodwork or in the pattern of the tapestry or patterned silk upholstery. Another typical detail in chairs and tables is the square or oblong little panel on the frieze just above the leg. The rosette which fills it is usually square, but sometimes circular. The frame, or panel, never is circular in the pure pieces.

The *causeuse* type of settee with its curving



HANDSOME COMMODE BY WEISWILLER. NOTE HOW THE DETACHED COLUMNS TAPER DOWNWARD

Courtesy of Wildenstein Company

back and enveloping arms, so popular in the previous reign, still maintained its vogue under the new sovereign, but is always distinguishable from its forbear by its straight legs. Chairs and settees were upholstered principally with Aubusson or Beauvais tapestry, designed and shaped specially to fit the back. The smaller circular backed chairs and a completely covered wing chair often were

TYPICAL LOUIS XVI FAUTEUIL WITH BEAUVAIS TAPESTRY



STATE CHAIR, FRENCH, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
NOTE TWISTED-COLUMN LEGS





AUBUSSON COVERED SETTEE IN THE PUREST LOUIS XVI STYLE. NOTE THE RIBBON MOTIVE *Courtesy of Henry F. Bultitude*

upholstered in silk and satin striped materials, always in delicate tones as befitted so dainty a style as that of Louis Seize.

Such are then the outstanding features of the style; though it must not be thought that pieces of similar lines but differing in ornamental detail are necessarily impure. There are numerous exceptions to all rules in furniture making, and the individual taste of the customer was responsible in many cases for the very handsome "freak" pieces which apparently transgress every law of the masters who governed the designing in each of the major styles.

In view of an incomprehensible error on the part of Mr. Strange in the text of his profusely illustrated book on French interiors, etc., of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, by which he tells us that the letters M. E. after the name of a great cabinet-maker are an abbreviation of the word *menuisier* meaning "carpenter," it may be well to point out that such an interpretation is a libel upon a great and very powerful guild of master craftsmen. The letters mean *Maitre Ébéniste* (Master Cabinet-maker), to which title they fell heir upon their admission into the Paris Corporation of Cabinet-Makers, of whose formation I spoke in my first article. The most famous of the masters of the Louis XVI style were Riesener (see the eighth article of this series), Roentgen, Popsel, Boudin, Weiswiller, Leleu, Rubestuck,



CHAIR BEARING THE MONOGRAM OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

Mewesent, Dufour, Cosson, Jacques Birckle, and of course Gouthière.

Then in 1789 came the great upheaval, the Revolution, in the eddies of which for several years of bloodshed and vandalism the glorious old traditions of France sank one by one. Among the privileged classes was counted the Cabinet-Makers' Guild. This was no aristocratic body, but simply a sort of trade-union, which differed from the latter-day variety in that it served not alone the interests of its proletariat membership, but also those of its clientèle by denying entry to its ranks to all who could not pass the tests of mastery in their art. Yet its privileges, bought dearly at the cost of centuries of conscientious work, were like a red rag to the mad agitators of the Revolutionary crowds, and immediately after the deposition of the king the ancient guild was also dethroned and shorn of its rights and privileges. The chief result of this iconoclastic action was to destroy that collaboration between workers in different branches of cabinet making which was so largely responsible for the fame of the styles of the Renaissance and the four Louis. Instead of working together, each specialist doing his own particular job in the construction of a piece of furniture, the modern method came into use, and one man would try to produce pieces entirely from his own hand. Thence came a slovenliness both of design and workmanship which was new to France. And in the general hate of everything that had breathed the atmosphere of royalty and aristocracy, designers went beyond the confines of France for their inspiration. In 1748 excavations were commenced at Pompeii, some thirty years after the discovery of its buried sister-city of Herculaneum, and it was upon the remarkable designs of rooms, and the exquisite mural paintings unfolded by the workers that the artists of the Directory based the plans of the so-called "Directoire" style, never a good one, but possessed of certain pleasing features which have given it waves of popularity at various times. But from it evolved the more important Empire style, rarely in good taste, heavy and clumsily laden with pseudo-classical ornaments in ormolu, a long drop from the splendid if over ornate bronzes of Caffieri and his school. But in spite of its artistic deficiencies, it is hardly too much to say that the Empire style exercised a greater influence over cabinet making in England and America than any of the previous types. Even Sheraton was forced to bend before the strength of the Empire hurricane, but at least he had the grace to lament the necessity thereof and state that the pieces he was obliged to design in imitation of French Empire were not worthy to bear his name. And one has only to look at American Empire, or Colonial furniture as it is often termed erroneously, to see to what depths of degraded taste early America was led by the very natural desire to adopt the ideas of the country which had succored her in her hour of need.

ROOM FURNISHED IN THE DIRECTOIRE-EMPIRE STYLE BY MERCIER FRÈRES



ART *and* OTHER THINGS

By GUY EGLINGTON

BACK in civilization, October 1. A summer in New England has cured me of two things: Of the last remnants of a childish desire to drive a car, and of hooked rugs. The former was never a strong passion with me, so that a month's experience of the way a light car can behave on Maine roads was more than enough to cure it. As to the latter, I can only hang my head in lowbrow shame. A single rug perhaps, chosen for its joyous freedom of design and hung by a woman of judgment on the wall of her apartment, might give me pleasure. But from a house full, nay a whole countryside carpeted with hooked rugs, may the good Lord preserve me.

If I could afford to be entirely honest, I fancy that I should bracket with hooked rugs other creations of the New England craftsman. Gate-leg tables, for example, I have always abominated since I first barked my shins and bruised my bare knees on my Aunt Clara's walnut antique. And rocking-chairs, whatever their cultural significance, have ever seemed to me to argue a low standard of civilization. New England furniture is admirable as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough for my comfort. It never seems to have occurred to the designers that anyone might want to sit still for more than an hour on end, or, if it did, they discouraged the notion as luxurious. Life was for work. Work meant action. Action was stimulated by a certain degree of discomfort. The logic is irrefutable, but the professional writer, who must be able to sit still, not for one, but for six hours if necesssary, has little use for logic. Happily, however, the Spartan cabinet-makers relaxed in their treatment of beds, which appeal to the esthetic and grossly physical senses. It is on one of these, a masterpiece of its kind, that, propped up by a goodly collection of cushions, my

"NEW ENGLAND TOWN" *In the Worcester Museum of Art* BY STEPHAN HIRSCH



own more recent masterpieces have been composed. I am not sure that a losing battle with sleep is more productive than a losing battle with cramp, but it is infinitely more agreeable.

In spite, however, of a few aching bones, one can not but take away from New England a wholesome respect for its craftsmen. And not only the master cabinet-makers. These one has ample opportunity to study in museums and salesrooms. But the lesser fry in every town and village, makers of cottage chairs and tables, chests of drawers and beds, are if possible more interesting still, for they depended less on an inherited tradition of craftsmanship than on their own untutored eyes for structural rightness. It is to me far less astonishing that in an age of good furniture, with craftsmen either foreign-trained or working from the finest models, a few highboys of superlative excellence should be made for the delectation of the aristocracy, than that the average of simple peasant furniture should be so high. The former could always rely at need on craftsmanship and splendor of detail. The latter, unable to adhere closely to type, but forced continually to conform to the exigencies of changed conditions, were thrown back on their own sense of balance and proportion.

And how fine a spacial sense they had. Driving through New England this summer, I have been continually amazed. Beside the New England of novel and text-book, the New England of the puritan tradition, another tradition greeted me, in direct opposition to the puritan, to which no writer or painter has ever done justice. The same simple yet profound spacial sense to which the humblest piece of peasant furniture bears witness, I found in old farms, barns and silos, no less than in wealthier homes. Nay more, and this is the most astonishing fact of all, in the very distribution of buildings I was conscious of it. No one had prepared me for the spaciousness of an old Connecticut town. The writers have been preoccupied with detail, have narrowed down the field of their vision to the distortion point. And as for the painters, they have never once attempted to paint New England as it is, to capture its essence, but have been solely concerned to find in the New England landscape qualities admired in the work of a distinguished foreigner. How many paintings have how many academicians made of Old Lyme, yet I never remember to have seen one that came within miles of rendering the purity of its line and color.

The reason is that the painter has never approached New England with anything like an open mind, far less with open eyes. He had been trained to render landscapes through a technique, the Munich, the Barbizon, or the divisionist. But these techniques, admirable in themselves, were invented to a special end, as being adapted to render certain aspects of European landscape. The Munich manner, with its emphasis on brushwork and prodigal use of pigment, was essentially an indoor technique, susceptible of very limited application to landscape, and capable of rendering only the more sullen aspects of nature. The Barbizon, born in the forest of Fontainebleau, showed clearly, in its contrast of light and shadow, its preoccupation with opulent trees and lush undergrowth, the marks of its paternity. Finally the divisionist, replacing light and shade by a juxtaposition of complementaries, was invented to render the sunlight of northern France, the heavy shimmering sunbathed atmosphere which at high noon dissolves outline, hanging as it were a veil between landscape and spectator.

But the essential character of the New England landscape is not to be rendered by any of these techniques. The failure of the Munich was obvious from the start. Not even the most fervid of its disciples can have persuaded himself that New England looked or could look like a Munich painting. The most sensitive, like Twachtman, threw their whole bag of tricks overboard and learnt to paint afresh. The Barbizon seemed at first sight possible, but only at the cost of excluding all that is most typical, seeking opulence where trimness is the rule, lushness in place of the intensity and purity of New England's color. As for the divisionists, their failure has been perhaps most fundamental of all, because most subtle. Whereas the others distorted New England by choosing non-typical aspects, the divisionists, unwilling to claim for their technique anything short of universality, drew the atmospheric veil of Monet's invention over the entire landscape. The result is often magnificent, but it is not New England. There is no atmospheric veil in New England. The light is sharp. Sharp too the line of the contours, if delicate. The color pure and intense.

Curiously enough, the moderns, with all their passion for abstraction and their splendid contempt for subject, are far closer to the spirit of the scene than any American landscape painters since the Hudson River school. I tried to explain this to a very charming, and I understand wealthy, lady in the gallery of the Gloucester Society, apropos of some drawings by Stuart Davis, which outraged her sense of actuality. She was, I fear, even more outraged by my explanation. How, she demanded, could I contend that a lovely land-



PORTRAIT OF MADAME ELIZABETH FREAKE AND BABY MARY. BY AN UNKNOWN SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY AMERICAN PAINTER (1674)

Courtesy of Mrs. William B. Schofield

scape by Mr. ——, in which every house, tree or stream was at once recognizable as a house, tree or stream was less true than an abstract drawing, in which nothing was recognizable as anything? On the Hudson River school she had no views at all, but if it was anything like Mr. Davis' drawings she didn't think she would like it. I hastened to explain that the Hudson River school and the moderns represented opposite ends of the stick. The former, self-taught, ridden by no technique or *parti-pris*, struggled desperately to set down what was before their eyes. The latter, infinitely more sophisticated, were for the most part content to leave to the photographer the literal transcription of facts. Their concern was rather with selection, the sifting of the accidental from the essential, the construction of a single significant fact out of many minor facts. At first blush less humble than the Hudson River painters, they had in common with the latter a comparative absence of *parti-pris*. They had learnt, unlike Mr. ——, whose picture the lady was admiring, that a technique can not be imported and applied indiscriminately; that, on the contrary, in the evolution of a technique the subject must play its part, finally, that even in the most abstract of paintings there can be no talk of art unless there exist an intimacy between the artist and his subject. Modern art, which began by renouncing literalism, has been forced by these considerations to a deeper fidelity to subject than ever the academicians, who worshipped subject on a pedestal, dreamed of.

While I am on this subject it might be a good thing to resolve some of the doubts expressed in a most interesting article which was published in the *Times* a month or so back. The author, whose name I have unfortunately mislaid, reproached the present generation of critics with conspiring to ignore subject matter, in the pretence that art bore no relation to life. The charge is not easily answered in a few words. It is obvious that art is intimately related to life, the subject often of vast importance to the artist. But when my friend suggests that it is the critic's business to institute a comparison between the subject as it existed in life and its rendering as a work of art, I demur. The subject as it existed in life may be of vast importance to the artist. It is of very little importance to the public. Even to the critic its value lies chiefly in the light which it is liable to shed on the workings of the artist's mind. Let me illustrate my meaning by a story. Two years ago Eric Gill showed me the large bas-relief of "Christ Driving the Money Changers Out of the Temple," on which he was then working. As it was only roughly blocked out I did not at first notice that the money changers are all dressed in modern clothes, one a lawyer with his brief, another a politician, a third a pawnbroker with the three balls above his head. Noticing this I turned in some astonishment to Gill. He smiled deprecatingly. "It is of no importance," he said. "It is a legend, a little story which I made up for my own benefit. I have much more fun cutting a live English pawnbroker than I would have cutting a lot of Jews who have been dead for two thousand years." A delightful story, you will admit. Of value to me. But were I to base my judgment of the work on the resemblance of the politician to Mr. Lloyd George, or the pawnbroker to Uncle Solomon of Jermyn street, I should be a pretty poor critic.

No, the public's business is with life as the artist sees it. One can go further and assert that could the average man look from the subject as it existed in life to its rendering in a work of art, the value of that work of art could in some sort be measured by the vigor of the spectator's protest. If it were a masterpiece of the first order, he almost certainly would demand its immediate desctruction.

But I have wandered a long way from New England, which interested me both as a subject for works of art and as a work of art in itself. Can it be after all the popular legend of New England's puritanical fanaticism is nothing more than a myth? Looking at the towns they built, the houses in which they lived, the chairs, tables and cupboards with which they furnished those houses, the barns where they stored their grain, it seems incredible that the men who made all this and lived amongst it were what we know as puritans, narrow, repressive, God-and-beauty-fearing. If one drives further north, over the frontier into the province of Quebec, there in a Catholic country one is conscious of what puritanism means in art and life. Grey, unrelieved grey everywhere, barely a touch of color for miles, the houses, ill-proportioned and meagre, either left unpainted, or if painted, with never a thought of decoration. Even the young girls drown in black and their big hats of black straw exhale the musty odor of heirlooms. Country without gaiety. Returning thence, New England wears the air of a garden, spacious, generous and gay.

Beside the puritan tradition and in conflict with it another tradition must have existed. The men who built New England, who left such records of themselves as the two Freake portraits of which I wrote last month, and many other primitive portraits which are coming to light, were no puritans as we understand the word.

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

A HISTORY OF FRENCH ETCHING. *By F. L. Leipnik. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price, $12.50.*

THERE ARE over four hundred etchers mentioned in Mr. Leipnik's book and the principal plates of nearly every etcher are described. The index includes the auction sale prices of most of the etchings mentioned so that, considering also an exhaustive bibliography, this is a valuable reference work in what is strangely enough a new field, for no complete history of French etching has appeared in English. The book begins with the days of Francis I which witnessed the first use of acid and needle in order to duplicate the effect of line engraving. But the possibilities of etching were soon discovered by Jacques Callot, the father of the art in France, whose stupendous *œuvre* has hardly been surpassed in quantity and importance in France to this day. Claude and Watteau, many of the Barbizon men, Manet and a number of contemporary painters have all added to the history of etching, but the great stars in the French firmament are such men as Meryon, Legros and Lepère who were print-makers first and last.

Mr. Leipnik's manner of writing is apt to beguile the reader who refers to the book for some certain point to read farther than he had intended. In spite of the condensing of information that the breadth of the subject enjoins, the author's gift for biographical narrative makes his subjects real human beings and not simply exalted names. There are more than one hundred reproductions in photogravure by way of illustration, with preference given the modern men in the matter of number. The collections drawn upon include those of Campbell Dodgson, the late Edmond Sagot and the British Museum.

THE DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH FURNITURE FROM THE MIDDLE AGES TO THE LATE GEORGIAN PERIOD *By Percy Macquoid and Ralph Edwards. Vol. I. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $35.00.*

THE WORD DICTIONARY is an inadequate description of this monumental work by Percy Macquoid and Ralph Edwards which combines all that is meant by that term and yet is much more encyclopedic in character when the definitions concern the chief pieces of household furniture. In addition, the illustrations go far beyond anything known to dictionaries and encyclopedias for number, variety and extraordinary beauty. It is planned to complete the work in three volumes, the first one covering the alphabet from A to Ch. Simplicity combined with thoroughness has been the aim of the authors of this dictionary, a case in point being the word chair which is illustrated with 170 pictures of various types to avoid "the necessity for wearisome verbal descriptions." Since sixty-three pages are devoted to this one topic alone this statement will give the reader an impression of the completeness of the text which, in this case, traces the origin and development of the chair on an evolutionary scheme with literary and historic, ethical and esthetic, allusions and elucidations. Twenty-six pages are devoted to beds; thirty-two to bureaus, bureau tables and writing cabinets; and seventeen to carpets. Biographies are included in the scope of the work, two pages being given to Robert Adam alone with admirable examples of his work both in rooms decorated by him and furniture from his designs. The general introduction written by H. Avray Tipping is a notable feature of the book.

FAMOUS SCULPTORS OF AMERICA. *By J. Walker McSpadden. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price, $3.50.*

THERE ARE certain advantages which the "casual reader," to whom the author addresses this book, enjoys over the "serious student," for whom the more encyclopedic of our art books are written. It is for him that the exhausting details which are something like the trees that obscure the forest are cleared away. The picture of American achievement is more easily grasped from a selective work, such as this, than from a more complete history. Mr. McSpadden writes in an intimate vein, quoting at length from interviews with the sculptors themselves and keeping a narrative interest to the fore. It must always be a question for the biographer of artists whether he shall stress the story of their careers or the character of their work. In this case the writer inclines toward "personalities," but he by no means ignores the sculptor in his interest in the individual. He has written of ten men and four women—J. Q. A. Ward, Augustus Saint Gaudens, Frederick MacMonnies, Daniel Chester French, Paul Wayland Bartlett, George Grey Barnard, Gutzon Borglum, John Massey Rhind, James Earle Fraser, Hermon Atkins MacNeil, Harriet Hosmer, Anna Hyatt Huntington, Janet Scudder and Bessie Potter Vonnoh.

THE ARTIST'S LONDON. *Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Price, $10.*

EIGHTY new drawings by fifty contemporary English artists are introduced with essays by John Drinkwater, Wilfred Whitten (John o'London), James Laver and W. P. Robins. The result might almost be called a "complete London," for although the pictures are entirely of today Mr. Whitten unearths the whole past of London in the city of the present, while Mr. Laver pictures the flowering of London social life in the nineties.

Mr. Drinkwater has small patience with the so-called "poetry" of London fogs and clouds. Give him a clear spring noon on Piccadilly, and in verification of his preference there is a gem of a water-color drawing by Henry Rushbury (reproduced in color) of Piccadilly Circus with the red buses flashing in the sunlight. There is one of Muirhead Bone's incomparable pencil drawings of Pall Mall looking toward the National Gallery and St. Martin's which is likewise a justification of Mr. Drinkwater's passion for a clear day. Mr. Brangwyn, on the other hand, finds "atmosphere" indispensable to the drama of light and shadow in which he sees St. Paul's from above Cannon street. A few of the others who make this book a pleasing one are George Clausen, Edmund Blampied, Sir John Lavery, Sir Frank Short, Gerald Moira, James McBey, Martin Hardie, Laura Knight, J. L. Wilson, Francis Unwin, George Soper, C. R. W. Nevinson and H. M. Livens.

BRITISH ARTISTS. CROME, WITH A NOTE ON THE NORWICH SCHOOL. *By S. C. Kaines Smith:* MORLAND AND IBBETSON. *By L. K. Henderson.* WILSON AND FARINGTON. *By Frank Rutter.* THREE VOLUMES. *Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Price, $1.50 each.*

THE SERIES of monographs on British artists edited by S. C. Kaines Smith has been increased by the above three volumes but only enriched by the biographies of Crome and Morland, in so far as general art interest is concerned outside of the British Isles. The general tone of the five lives of these painters is one of a genuine effort to present true pictures of the several men but the tendency to criticize former biographies gives an air of pettiness to most of the personal sketches of the painters concerned. But as handbooks on the life and art of the subjects these little volumes are first-rate and their commendably low price adds to their attractiveness to anyone assembling an art library. It can not be said that there ever has been a lively interest in the paintings of Wilson and Ibbetson in this country and as for Farington, most people never heard of him until his celebrated *Diary* was published two years since. If anyone believes that there never was such a wild and dissolute young generation as the present one, so widely advertised through plays and movies and passionate novels, let him read the story of George Morland's youth and learn otherwise.

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF CHILDREN'S COSTUME. *By Percy Macquoid. The Medici Society, London.*

ALTHOUGH the title of the book would lead one to expect a history of costume, a subject of only special interest, one finds, rather, a delightful book illustrative of the renderings of childhood by the greatest painters from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries. The thirty-four plates in color are chosen from the paintings by these masters which show children in contemporary costume. Among others the work of Botticelli, Ambrogio di Predis, Quentin Matsys, Vandyke, Rubens, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Chardin, Reynolds and Raeburn is reproduced, and, quite apart from any historical interest, these beautiful plates make this an unusually attractive book. It must not be thought, however, that in choosing such excellent illustrations Mr. Macquoid has relied on them to carry the book. The costume of each of the various periods and European countries is carefully described with that thoroughness of scholarship which has characterized the author's other writings. And in addition he has included a short account of each of the painters. It is, as you desire, an artistic book about costume or a specialized book on art, equally desirable in either case.

THE MIRACLE. *A Portfolio of Seven Woodcuts by F. Révész-Ferryman. Albert and Charles Boni, New York. Price, $100.*

ALTHOUGH the subjects of the woodcuts are taken from seven of the dramatic moments of *The Miracle* it is not these alone which give this portfolio its interest. The plates themselves, quite apart from their association with the Reinhardt production, are fine both in design and technique. The cuts, printed in oil colors by a process of Mr. Révész-Ferryman's own, have an unusual quality and texture. The edition has been limited to fifty copies and all of the plates have been printed by the artist himself, a task which required five months to complete. The appeal of the portfolio is two-fold; it is directed to both the amateur of the theater and the collector of fine prints.

THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF OIL PAINTING. *By Harold Speed. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $7.50.*

THERE IS only one thing more difficult than learning to paint by reading a book on how to do it and that is to write a book which actually tells an amateur just what he should do, step by step, when he sets about painting a picture. Harold Speed has actually done this in *The Science and Practice of Oil Painting*, a text-book simpler, clearer and filled with more precisely progressive details as to what to do and why it is to be done than any similar work we know. Mr. Speed starts with the viewpoint that the student-reader knows nothing of the practice of painting, which is the only way to undertake such a task as has been his. He has divided his scheme of teaching under the three heads of "the separate elements in this visual matter of which works of art are composed" which he thinks to be Form, Tone and Color. And so instead of sticking to the conventional division of the schools, drawing and painting, this artist-writer creates a fresher interest by taking up each of his three divisions in practice, with very practical advice in which no detail is neglected. He uses several famous paintings to demonstrate his lessons but none of these are quite so effective as the five illustrations of the different stages in the painting of a head, reproduced from his own work. Since he was writing a book Mr. Speed took the opportunity to relieve his mind of his opinions of modern art in an introductory chapter, opinions that have little to do with the science and practice of painting in a text-book but which are an admirable expression of the academic viewpoint as to modernism.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS. *By Alice Meynell. With eight plates in color after paintings by R. Anning Bell, R.A. The Medici Society, Boston.*

A BOOK OF SAINTS FOR THE YOUNG. *By Lucy Menzies. With twenty-five plates in color from paintings by the great Masters. The Medici Society, Boston.*

FAIRY TALES. *By Hans Anderson. Illustrated by Kay Nielsen. George H. Doran Company, New York.*

HANS HOLBEIN D.J. ZEICHNUNGEN. *By Curt Glaser. With eighty-five plates. Benno Schwabe & Co., Basle.*

ART AND ARCHITECTURE

THE PLEASURES OF ARCHITECTURE. *By C. and A. Williams-Ellis. Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. Price, $3.50. (To be reviewed.)*

BRIDGMAN'S LIFE DRAWING. *By George B. Bridgman. Edward C. Bridgman, Pelham, New York. Price, $5.50. (To be reviewed.)*

TRAVEL

JAPAN. *By H. H. Powers. The Macmillan Company, New York.*

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

ART IN EVERYDAY LIFE

LEONORA R. BAXTER

In the Munich Museum for Antique Small Sculpture is an interesting collection of original small Greek bronzes. One of these is known as the "Macedonian Maiden," or "Hetäre." Found near ancient Beroca, in Macedonia, dating from about 450 B. C., this statuette is one of the best known of all small Greek bronzes and is one of the finest. The figure is perfectly proportioned, of exquisite workmanship, and in color has the incomparable charm produced by the corrosion of centuries. It is mounted on a polished serpentine base and is nine and one-half inches in height, without the base. Illustrated here is a replica of the "Macedonian Maiden," made in Munich by artist-craftsmen who labor with the inherent understanding and loving patience of the old world. They use a painstaking hand process which has been brought to perfection and reproduces exactly the finish, and even the blemishes, which time has given the original bronzes. This process represents years of experimental effort, made possible by American enterprise, which is resulting in a growing collection of replicas of antique small sculpture that promises to be one of the finest in existence. Separate pieces are offered for sale by the Osterkamp-Mead Corporation and a number of these replicas have been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum for the permanent classical collection.



BRONZE REPRODUCTION OF "HETÄRE"

Although interior decoration has become a matter of absorbing interest to Americans and our love of beauty is seeking intelligent expression, we fail, as a rule, to give time and study to correctness of detail. For instance, it is claimed by Mr. Greive, who has reason to know, that only about fifteen per cent. of the persons with whom he comes in contact have any real knowledge of how to frame a picture. And he is struggling to combat this condition by exhibiting a big roomful of fascinating antique frames representative of several centuries and many countries. From this collection one can choose with the help of an expert—or have reproduced—the perfect setting. Isn't it rather interesting to know that such a thing is possible? Reproductions of these originals are all hand made, by men who have the highest spirit of craftsmanship, and under the direction of this artisan whose ancestors from the sixteenth century on were famous frame-makers for the great painters of their time. Illustrated is an antique Spanish frame, a fine example of seventeenth-century work. The flat surface is a soft misty green, and in the deep carving a dull red glows amidst the gold.



SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SPANISH FRAME

In 1735 Charles the III was King of Naples and the porcelain factory at Capo-di-Monte was under his direct patronage. The earliest of its productions were in pure white, probably made in imitation of the Chinese. Figure modeling and the triumphant use of color came a little later, and in groups of statuettes, figures on vases, and wall plaques, we have the typical Capo-di-Monte examples. This style of work was, and is, greatly admired because of the minuteness of execution. When Charles ascended the throne of Spain in 1759 he so loved his porcelain that he took with him many workmen from the Capo-di-Monte factory, as well as the best moulds and models, and established a new factory in the gardens of Buen Retiro, a palace outside Madrid. As long as Charles lived immense sums were lavished on this factory and its output was not allowed to be sold, but was either used for decoration of the royal palaces or for presentation to other European sovereigns. The factory was entirely destroyed in 1812,

during the French war, and incidentally, since that date, no porcelain of any importance has been made in Spain. Illustrated is one of a group of rare Capo-di-Monte plaques, in the original frame, found here in New York



ONE OF THREE CAPO-DI-MONTE PLACQUES

and bearing the mark of the Crown and the N indicating the period of 1759 to be seen at the Raphael Studios. A clear and perfect note from a colorful age—what a find for those who hark back through the centuries for treasures!

QUAINTLY reminiscent of the early days of the Stars and Stripes is this slip of wall-paper, known as "Scenic America." It represents West Point in its infancy, and is one of thirty-two pieces which compose the whole panoramic conception of interesting spots in the new world—others being New York Harbor, Natural Bridge, Virginia; Boston Bay, etc. This paper was produced in France, about 1835, to meet a popular demand in America, and adorned many a stately hall, satisfying not only the eye but also the patriotic heart. Hand-block printing of this nature is very interesting. This particular scenic requires more than a thousand blocks in its manufacture, and it takes three months to complete the sets, which are made in series. For years the blocks were lost, but recently have been recovered, and are now being used again in the old factory in France, represented in New York by the W. H. S. Lloyd Co.

WALL-PAPER DEPICTING WEST POINT



ANDRÉ BOULLE (1642-1732) was "interior decorator" for Louis XIV who established a school at Paris bearing the artist's name and conducted under his direction. This school was continued after the death of Boulle, and for a few years some of his best designs were executed by his prize pupils. The clock illustrated is one of these. It was presented to the actress, Desmares, in admiration of her great talent, and in recognition of her devotion to the artists of her time. It now occupies a position of honor in the Decorative Art Shop. Of course, most of the pieces signed by Boulle himself are in museums or private collections, but examples, such as this, of the work of his pupils are almost as rare. Of these this clock is one of the finest and most beautiful.



CLOCK EXECUTED AFTER A DESIGN BY ANDRÉ BOULLE BY HIS PUPILS

THE EDITOR'S FOREGAST

HENRY GOLDEN DEARTH once remarked to a friend that he did not feel that he possessed spontaneity. "I have had to arrive at my conclusions through a conscious and premeditated exercise of intellectual inspection and calculation," he said. Charles L. Buchanan quoted this remark in an appreciation of the painter which appeared shortly after Dearth's death in INTERNATIONAL STUDIO. Now the importance of spontaneity is often exaggerated in an estimate of art, for mere exuberance of feeling does not always result in perfection of form. The "conscious and premeditated exercise of intellectual inspection" is the bigger contribution after all, and the painter may have felt a lack which is not evident to the rest of us. Dearth's well considered arrangements in still life of Gothic carvings and his weaving of oriental paintings and potteries and fabrics into rich color settings for his figures have a repose that is better than spontaneity. Dearth began in the "American-Barbizon" school and ended as one of our most highly individual painters. An article on his work by René Gimpel, together with a color plate of his beautiful "Painting of a French Polychrome Woodcarving," will lead the December number.

THIS MONTH INTERNATIONAL STUDIO devotes its greatest space to a pictorial presentment of the paintings of a great collector of old masters, Michael Friedsam, of New York. Next month a different sort of collection will be featured, that of W. J. Johnson, of the little coal mining city of Uniontown, Pennsylvania. Under the guiding hand of Robert Macbeth, this collector has formed a beautiful and representative assemblage of American paintings, and F. Newlin Price will write about them, in a superbly illustrated article. There is a lot of homely sentiment in Mr. Johnson's collecting—he and Mrs. Johnson bought their first picture on their wedding trip—and he shares the joy his treasures give him with his neighbors of Uniontown. Like Mr. Friedsam, he is an ideal collector, but in a different way. His example will be an inspiration.

RUSSIAN ART, for most of us, means the Russian painting and sculpture of today, which has been pouring into this country in such quantities in recent years. Who were its old masters? Back of Repin, the great realist of the last century, there existed for non-Russian readers an immense blank. The names of some of the seventeenth and eighteenth-century painters were familiar no doubt to a few of our *cognoscenti*, but the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries have rarely been mentioned except in the discussion of architecture or, if the subject were pictorial art, of illuminated manuscripts. There will be unusual interest, then, in an article on Russia's old masters in the next number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO written by Professor Alexander Kaun, of the Department of Slavic languages of the University of California. The period he discusses coincides with that from Giotto to Botticelli in Italy—the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—and the particular locality is the city republic of Novgorod, whose churches have preserved the art of a day whose secular expression has been lost. Frescoes on the walls of churches and monasteries that have long been buried under the restorer's devastating touch or smoked into unintelligible blackness by candles and censers have, since the Revolution, been uncovered and cleaned and can be seen for the first time in several centuries. The character of this art, in which the Byzantine root flowers into a definitely Russian expression, is illustrated in a number of excellent photographs.

THE MYSTERY of Mysteries has puzzled many a scholar. These plays, which began as part of the festivals of the early church and later, getting out of hand, became the secular theater, have been little more than a tantalizing tradition. Cromwell and the iconoclasts, to whom we owe so many artistic losses, destroyed nearly all of the manuscripts and records of these centuries-old dramas. But it is difficult for even so thorough a Puritan as Cromwell to destroy all beauty, so the traditions and some of the manuscripts survived. From these, with their illuminations, it has been possible to reconstruct the plays and their method of presentation and to determine the place, sometimes serious, often comic, which they had in England from the time of the Plantagenets to the Reformation. In an article in the December number, illustrated with reproductions from early manuscripts, Jo Pennington will cast a new, and not too solemn, light on an ancient problem.

WHEN ARABIC art was at its apogee, about the twelfth century, when its involved patterns of interwoven and superposed rectangles and triangles had reached a stage of marvelous refinement, it is said that the artists who produced these designs often became confused and bewildered and sometimes even raved as lunatics, haunted by the puzzling intricacy of their lines. Dr. Gustavus A. Eisen in his second article on ancient book covers, in the December number, writes in a most interesting manner of this art of the Arabs and also of the equally beautiful art of the Persian craftsmen who bound books after the accession of the Mongol emperors, those monarchs whose magnificence caused them to cherish artists as they would rubies and diamonds. Three color plates are among the illustrations.

IN HER SECOND article on modern prints in public collections Elisabeth Luther Cary devotes herself to the work of Americans, and in the course of her article has occasion to refer to the "new beauty" revealed in objects that were formerly considered "inartistic," of the manner in which a locomotive is given its character just as exquisitely as a bed of violets would have been given its different character, and of the manner in which a New York business building is seen with a detachment and devotion equal to that awakened by a cathedral. Readers will thank Miss Cary, who is art critic of the New York *Times*, for the vista of understanding which she opens.

THE ARTICLE by Guy Eglington on the drawings by William Blake for *The Divine Comedy*, announced for the October number, will be published in December.

THE TWO drawings by Arthur B. Davies, reproduced in color in the October number, were used by courtesy of the Ferargil Galleries. Thanks are due the Milch Galleries for permission to reproduce Raymond Neilson's "The Garden" on the cover of this issue.

Peyton Boswell

Old English CHINTZES

With the interest in English chintzes the flowers of Georgian Gardens bloom again in modern *CHINTZES*

IT was in the era of the Georges that the beauty of English fields and gardens, covering walls and draperies, filled those delightful eighteenth century interiors with a wealth of naturalistic designs. It is to this less formal decorative taste of the period that we owe the floral designs which are meeting with fresh enthusiasm today.

The favorite floral prints of those days give us varied designs. One of the most popular is the urn motif which is typical of the period with its flowery patterns.

Very often modern chintzes are characterized also by the stripes or striped effects shown in many late Georgian and early Victorian prints. Today these may have floral serpentine designs in broad wavy bands varied by flowers, bird forms, tiny pastoral landscapes, or plumes, which adorned so many eighteenth century chintzes.



Profuse flower motifs with bird forms recall the English chintzes of former years

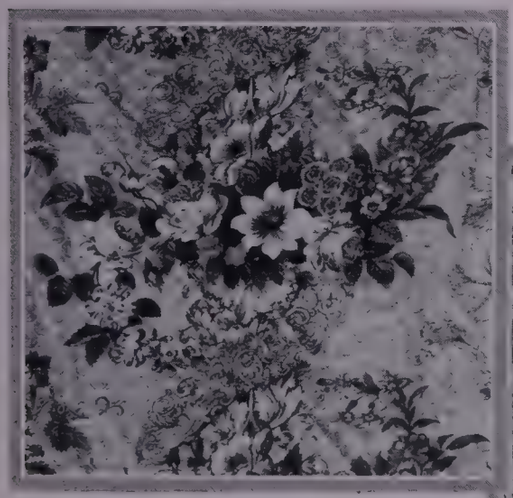
The so-called "pillar" chintzes have likewise come back, old favorites which took their name from a design of a pillar heavily entwined with flowers. Another group of prints recalls the so-called "Persian" prints—chintzes with small patterns on a dark or buff ground.

Modern chintzes reproduce, too, the beautiful soft lustre of the original ones which were often calendered. Others have the crisper texture and higher sheen that glazing gives, and still others have the new semi-glaze—that finish which permits easy draping.

* *

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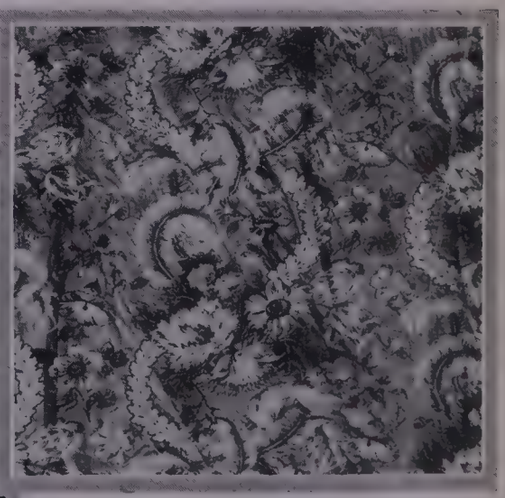
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This semi-glazed "pillar" chintz conceals its architectural motif with naturalistic garlands



As in this calendered chintz, the urn was the theme of many delightful old Georgian chintzes



The Indo-Portuguese stripe motif of English chintzes suggests this delightful plume design



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These designs for children by Cartier follow baby's needs from the first silver rattle on a mother-of-pearl ring and keep pace with his graduation to new dignities, such as a mug of his own, a spoon, and then the first knife and fork. The brush and comb, which is illustrated, is for a little girl, and there is also a set for a boy with a comb and two military brushes. The porringer and cover form a most adaptable group, for the cover may be used either as a little tray for the porringer or as a separate plate. The set adorned by the peoples of Mother Goose will delight a child's fancy, and there are other designs.



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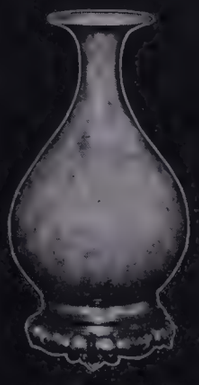
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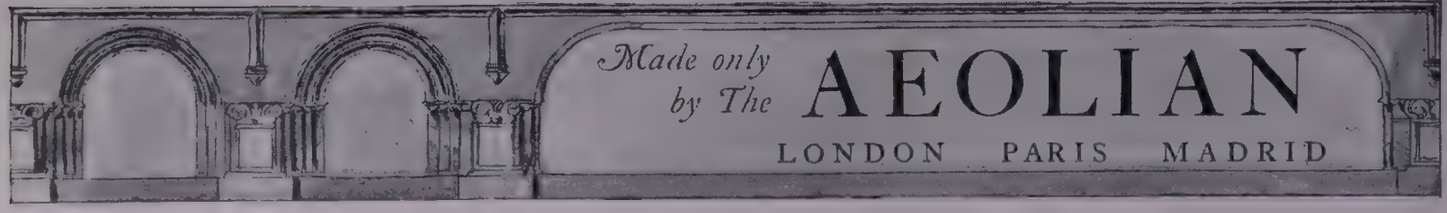
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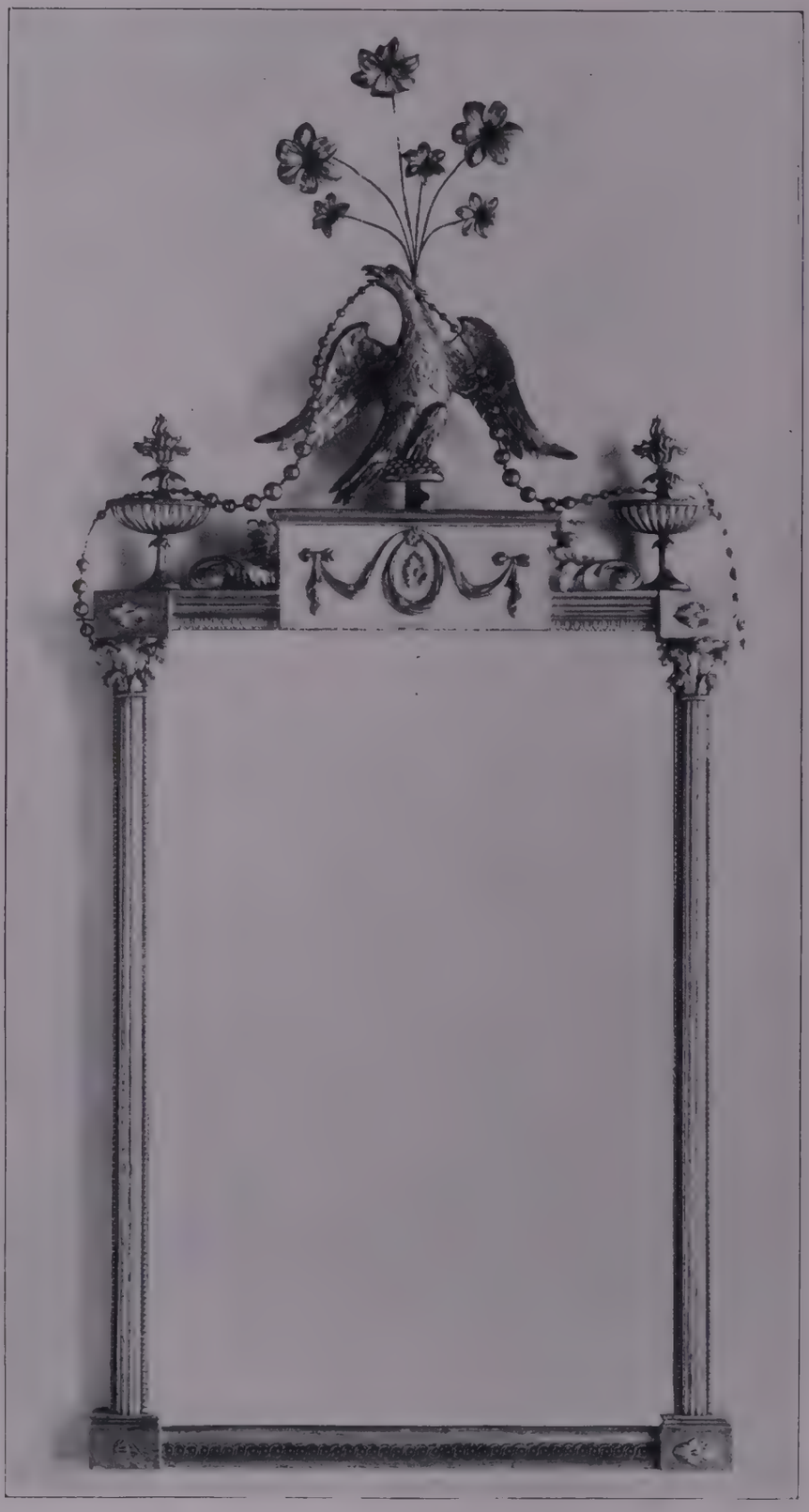
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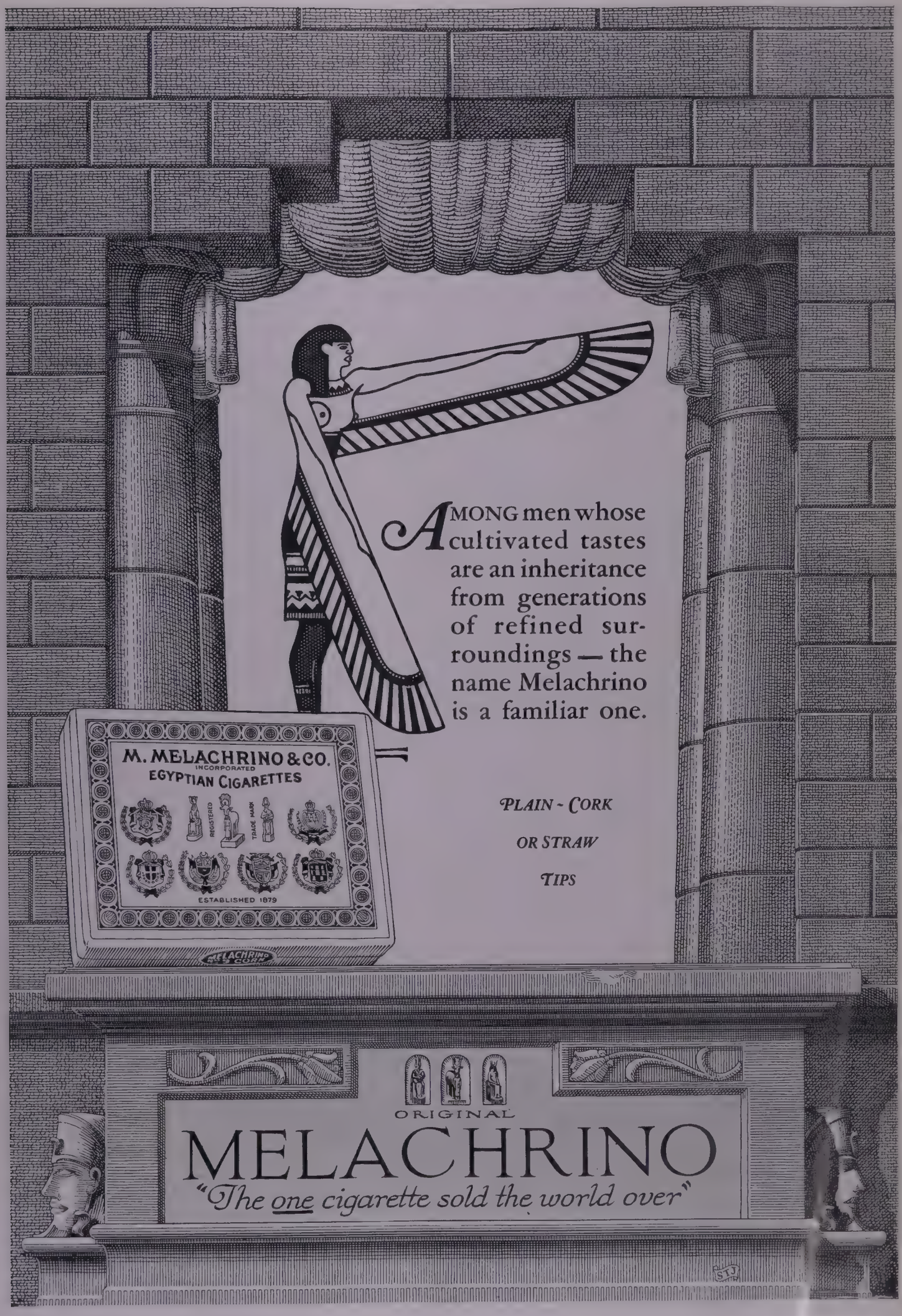
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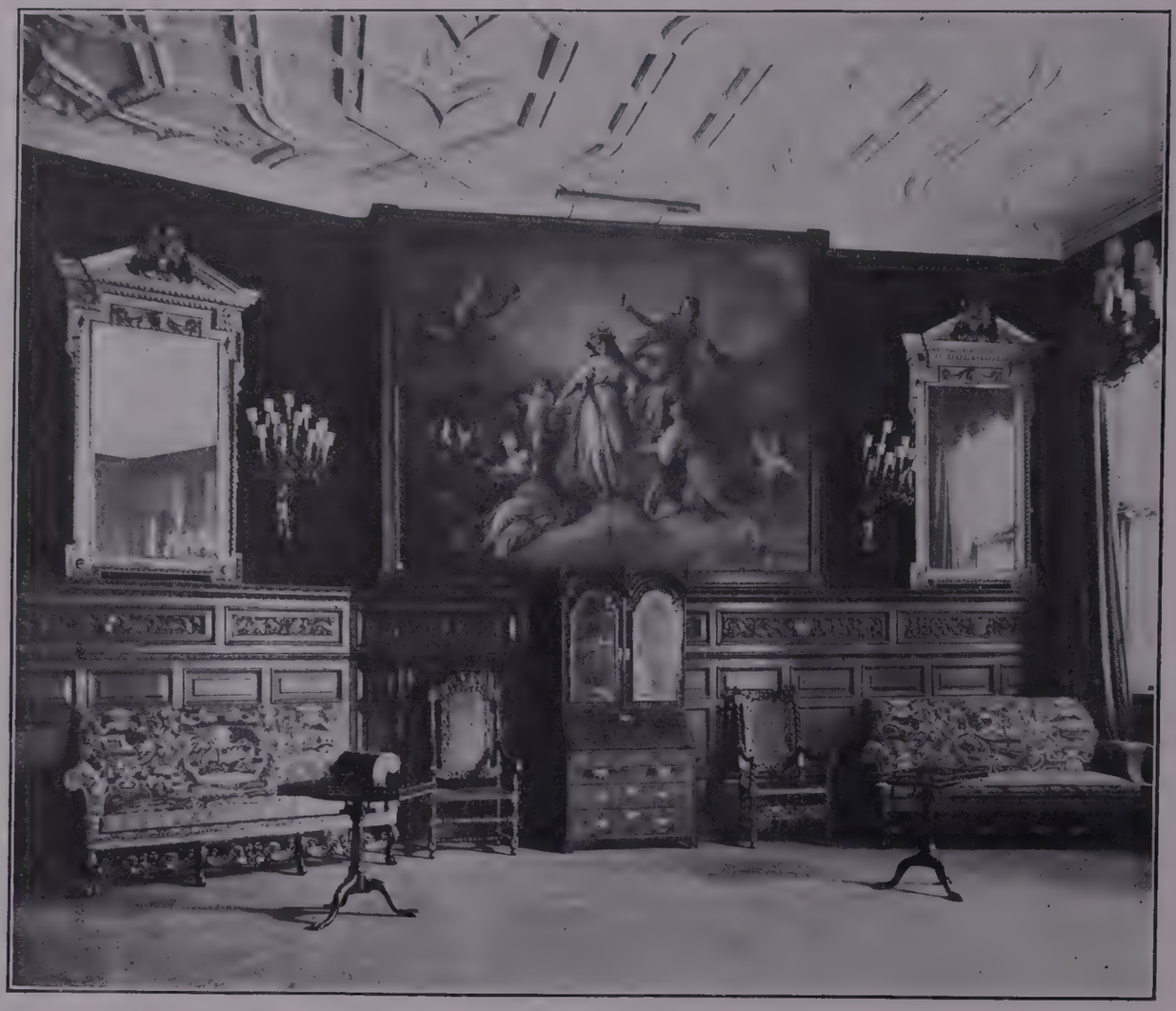


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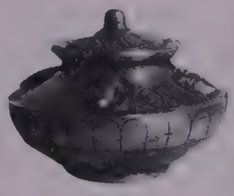


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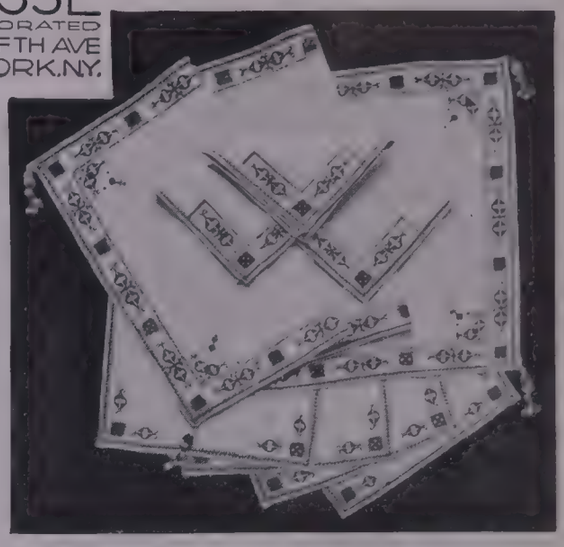
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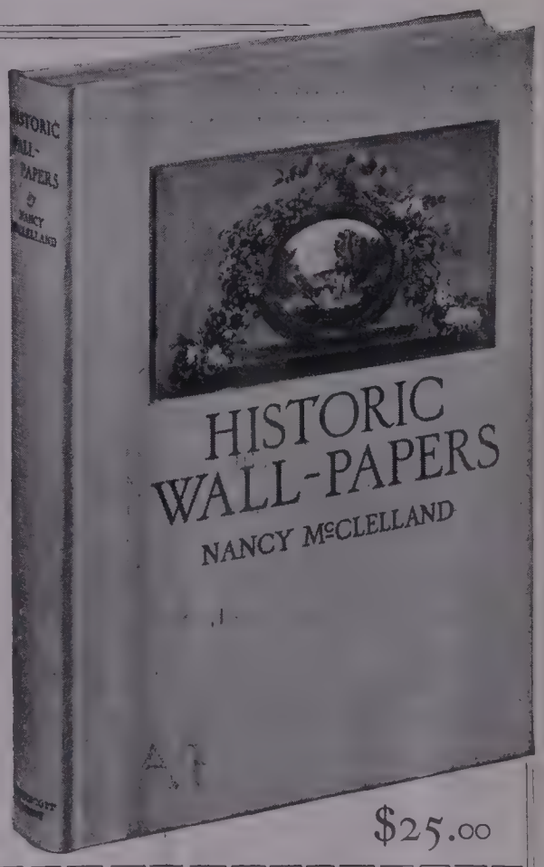
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Dec. 3	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Mauretania
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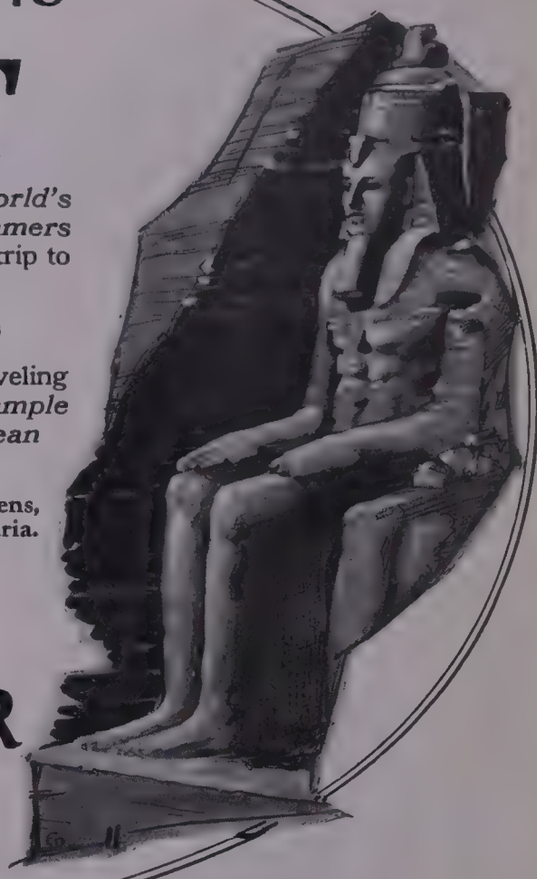
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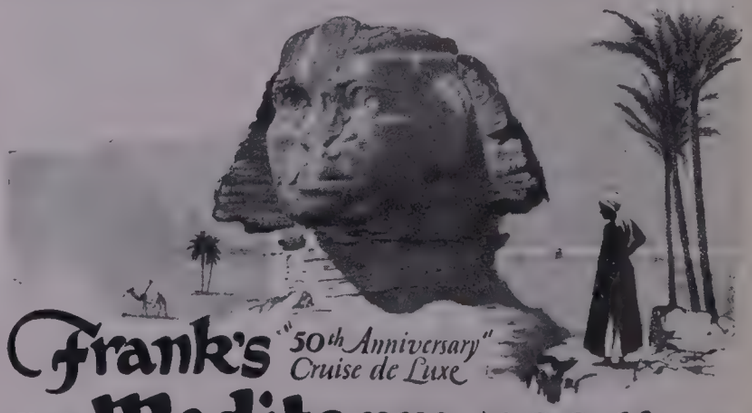
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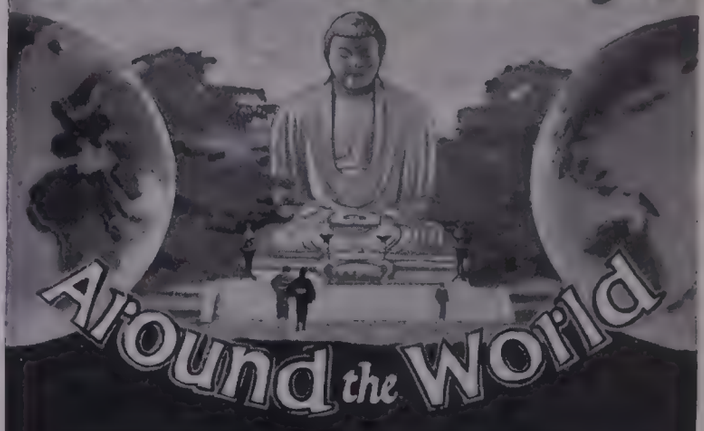
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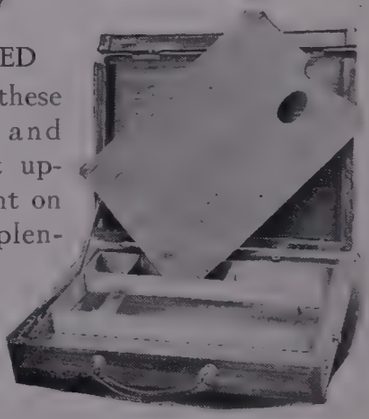


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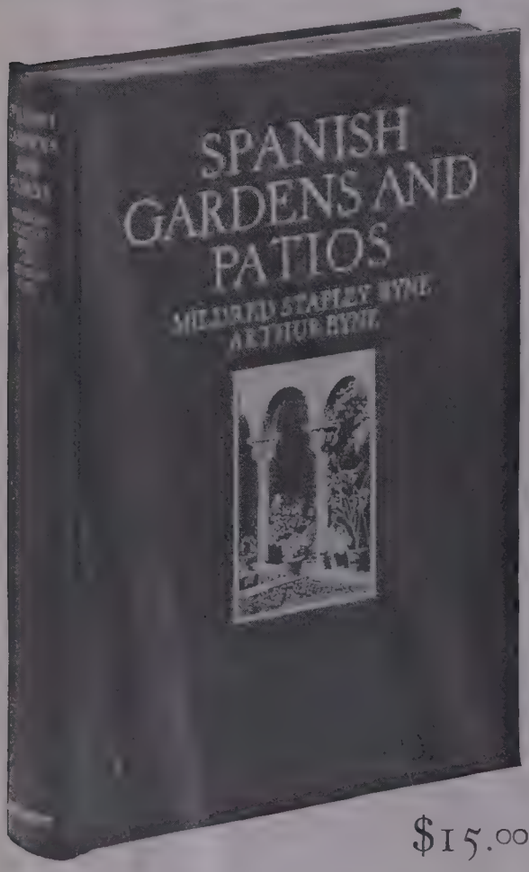


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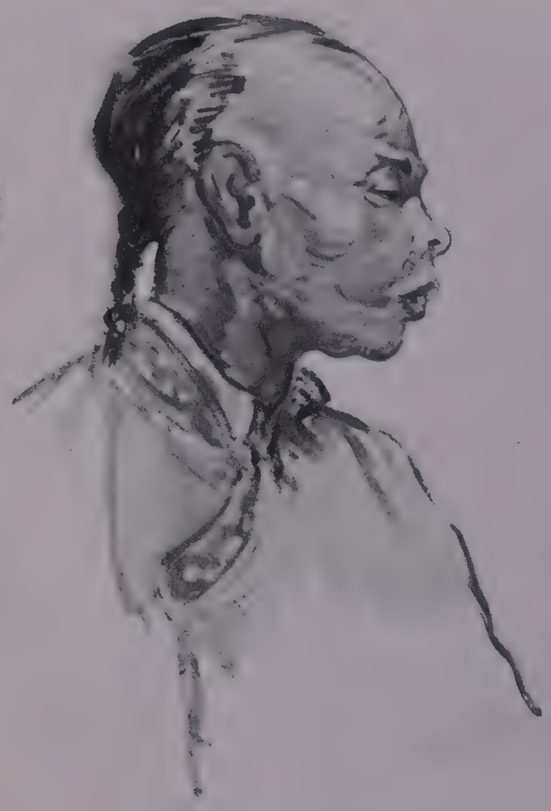
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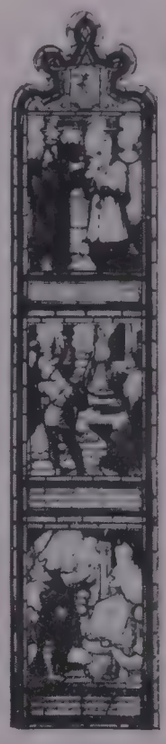
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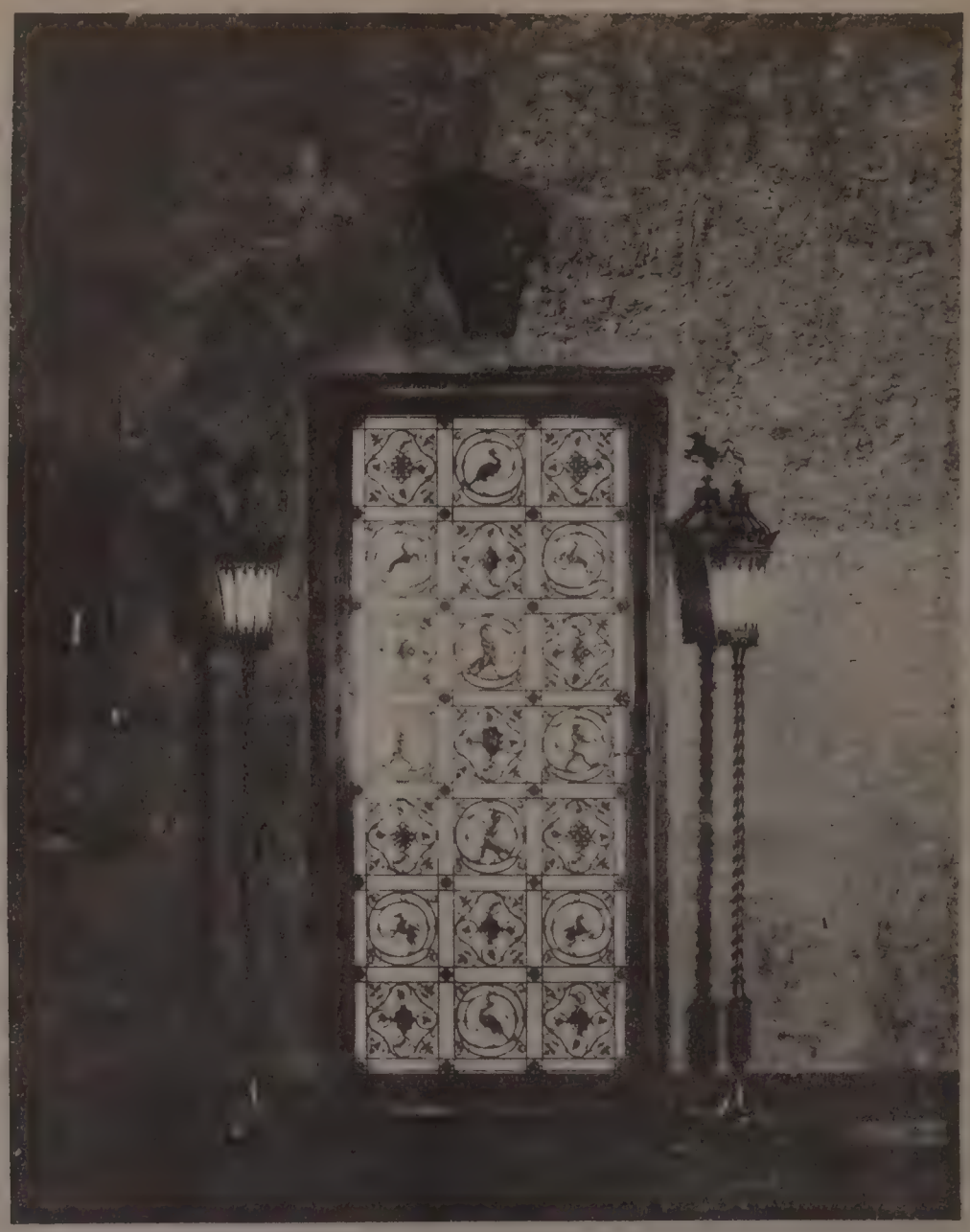
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"STILL LIFE: POLYCHROME WOOD CARVING"

by

Henry Golden Dearth

Courtesy of the Feragil Galleries

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

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HENRY GOLDEN DEARTH

Working unobtrusively and therefore little known, this painter developed an intensely individual art

RENÉ GIMPEL*

LIKE WHISTLER, Henry Golden Dearth expressed a high and precise conception of the American artist's conscience. These two men represent two pinnacles; it would be as absurd to compare one with the other as to compare Velasquez with Rembrandt. These American painters have as little affinity with each other as have the Spaniard and his great contemporary of Holland and although at first sight this may seem an astonishing statement, it is comprehensible, because America in her race for the upbuilding of her country has progressed with such rapidity that succeeding generations have very little in common.

With Dearth's work American art became national. He never attempted to free himself from modern Europe any more than we Europeans try to throw off the influence of the Antique, the Gothic or Renaissance periods. He was far too intelligent to do that. He knew that this dream often expressed by art critics was sheer stupidity. His art, the day he threw off the direct influence of the great American landscape painters, became marvelously personal, so much so that in a very short time a number of artists, some of them knowingly, others quite unconsciously, began to imitate him. He was said to have technical secrets, whereas his one secret was his genius; he had no pupils, yet in spite of his secluded life he created a school! This he never knew and this he never would have willed, for he understood the small value of schools. And now this school, as by another miracle, is scattered, its members do not know each other, each working independently.

Dearth resembles the prophets whose sayings acquire strength by reiteration and with the passing of time. He has had a great influence on many artists who did not realize when they first saw his pictures that he would play a supreme part in their lives. Do they even know that they have been under his influence and that he has been the arbiter of their destiny? This is one of the many proofs of the greatness of Henry Golden Dearth: the masses practically ignore him; he is not even really known to the majority of those who are interested in art, and in spite of this, and he has been dead six years, he has never been so much alive. His friends do not make any propaganda, partly because he himself was above everything else a lover of silence and partly because they guard jealously the great treasure of having known him.

Both Whistler and Dearth spent the greater part of their lives in Europe, but in Whistler's time the United States was more dependent on the Old World than it is at present and the art of Whistler reveals this fact. Dearth on the other hand, more liberal because closer to the new American era, painted for us landscapes and figures such as we had never known, and in judging his work it would be impossible to say that he belonged to this or to that group of painters. He painted almost exclusively in France, though each year he passed a few winter months in New York; but there he continued his travels of the preceding summer, working on the pictures he had painted abroad, for he seldom, if ever, finished his canvases out of doors. In his studio, with the aid of innumerable sketches and studies, he lived over the har-

**The author, who is preparing a book on the work of Henry Golden Dearth, requests that collectors and amateurs possessing paintings by this artist communicate with him at 19 rue Spontini, Paris, in order that proper credit for ownership may be given and the book may be complete.*—EDITOR



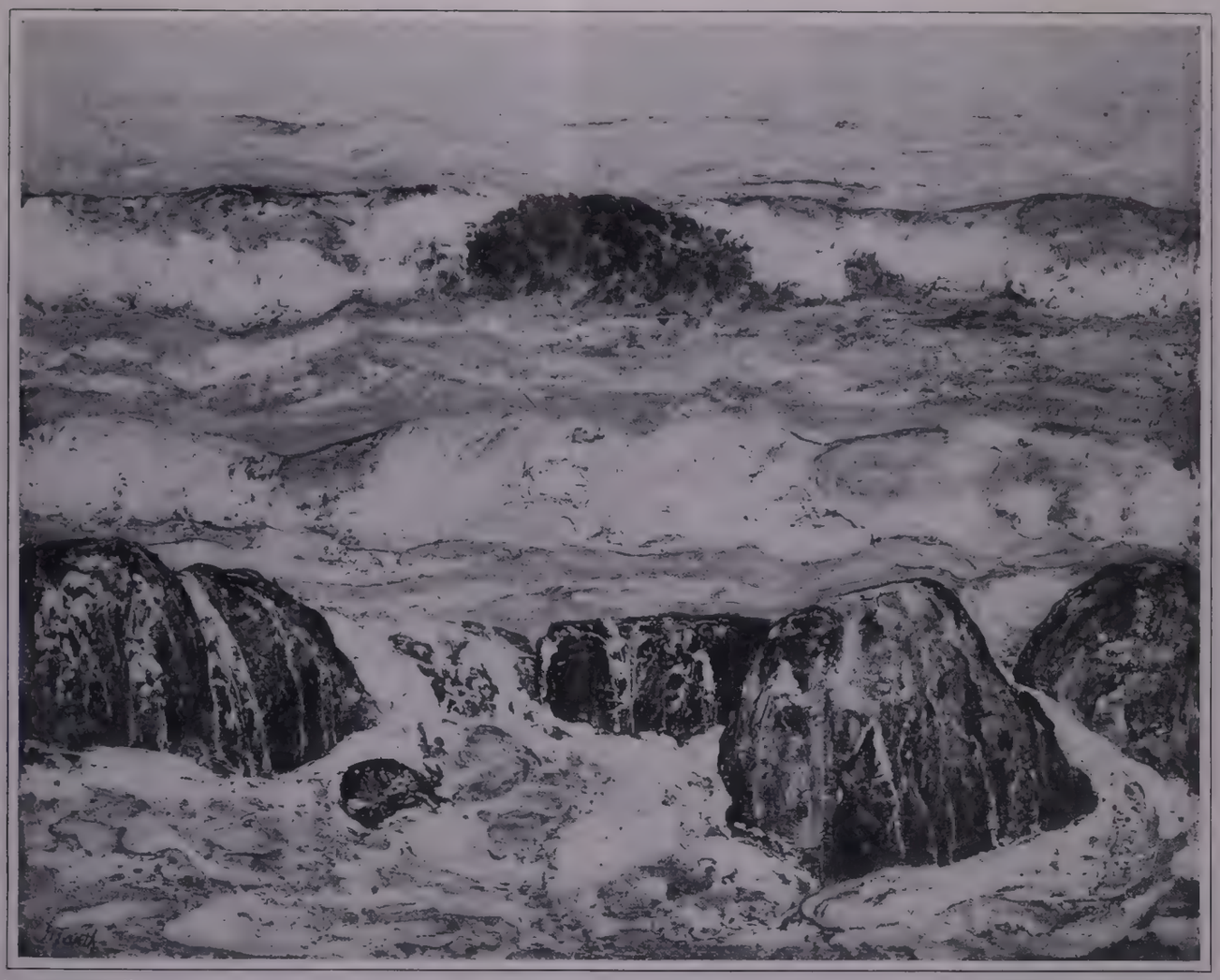
"THE ABANDONED CANAL *In the collection of Mrs. F. F. Prentiss* BY HENRY GOLDEN DEARTH

monies of the seasons he had painted so that he was able to reproduce them in all their variations.

Dearth might well have exclaimed "I could paint with my eyes shut," but he was too deeply in earnest even to have had such a thought. His was a sensitive nature, he was intensely conscientious, and was forever searching in order to learn even from the humblest. He himself was tormented by the progressive evolution of his talent, for with each new development in his work he knew that he would startle the art world, though himself inwardly convinced that his progress was toward his great ideal, the expression of beauty. "What do you think of my last manner?" he would ask. Nine times out of ten the answer would be "I prefer your previous work." "Yes," he would reply, "I thought so; but when I asked the same question at the beginning of my previous work, I was answered as you do today, that what I had done before was the best." And Dearth never insisted, he continued silently his arduous task, he pursued the vision that was ever before him and often endeavored to enlighten us.

His exhibitions were few and far between. He had a small group of admirers and friends who followed his progress with intense interest and who bought his canvases, though he never allowed one to leave his hands until he had studied it from every point of view and knew that he could do no more to it, that as far as possible it was finished. If he was not satisfied, he kept his pictures and worked on them and if he could not complete them to his satisfaction he cut them up. He probably destroyed two out of three of his canvases. It may even be said that he never painted what might be called a sketch, his mere studies are complete pictures, as are all the panels—which to him were merely memoranda—which he painted in France. In all there are scarcely two hundred of his paintings existing and among them how few large canvases! He exhibited as little as possible; a few pictures every few years in a quiet way and in a small gallery. The life of this great artist was that of the good artisan, early at work, never counting the hours or the labor and finding in the comfort and seclusion of his home the strength necessary to carry on the true expression of his art.

What was his art? The man whose art reaches the greatest height and development, is he who has the greatest influence on succeeding generations, therefore this question is a very difficult one to answer and to prophesy is impossible. Such influence as may consist in producing imitators has only a relative value and often merely a commercial incentive. The question which we should like to resolve is what will be the reaction exerted



"BREAKERS" BY HENRY GOLDEN DEARTH

Courtesy of the Milch Galleries

by Dearth's art on some other great mind, and the answer is one that by its very nature is forbidden to us. But we can try to discover how Dearth himself evolved his art.

Dearth is a direct descendant of the Persians. This statement may appear extraordinary, but on being analyzed it becomes comprehensible as we review briefly the history of his life and of the transition of his work from one series of studies to another.

Dearth came to Paris in his early youth, he married and settled there, he worked very hard and studied nature closely and with infinite patience, but at the end of his day's labor he passed his time wandering from one antiquary to another, searching among their collections and thus beginning his education in ancient art. First of all he was attracted by textiles and quite naturally they opened up to his gaze the wonders of the Orient, the cradle of rare velvets and precious stuffs.

He had few intimates among the painters and it is perhaps for this reason that he was never attracted to the Impressionists. Later on in America he found that collectors were accumulating examples of the school of 1830 and he found also in the United States the decline of a flourishing landscape school which had found its inspiration in the work of the Barbizon painters. On young Dearth these influences made an impression, but from the very beginning of his career his vision was so perfect that he escaped the error into which so many artists fall, of painting their native land with a French or Flemish accent.

We will see later with what precision he seized the character of whatever he painted. Friends and admirers surrounded him and bought his canvases and with the money thus acquired he purchased many precious stuffs similar to those he had often handled in the antique shops in previous years. Their tender, faded colors did not inspire him to paint in vivid tones, and having made a trip to the north of France where he purchased a place at Montreuil-sur-Mer near Boulogne he became deeply impressed with the vast grey skies of Flanders. There in silent meditation he studied their grandeur and their melancholy beauty. He loved to depict them in the long fading twilight,



"OFFERING TO BUDDHA" *In the Parrish-Watson collection* BY HENRY GOLDEN DEARTH

often with figures and the characteristic horses of that region in his foregrounds. Dearth liked to paint the order which reigns in France. His soul was of a more secular type than that of Millet.

For many years he continued his studies patiently, always turning his vision toward greater light and at the same time delving more deeply into the knowledge of ancient art. He bought Persian illuminations, which taught him precision of line and how to isolate his colors. At the same time he turned his attention to the study of stained glass of the thirteenth century, acquiring a number of fragments of that period. Their great beauty awoke in him a passion for pure color and the surface of his paintings became that of the faïences of Persia and Rhodes. Every year he



"THE GREEN ROBE" BY HENRY GOLDEN DEARTH

In the Mitchell Samuels collection

made long trips in his car over the highways and byways of France, at each turn stopping to contemplate and absorb, always going on to new discoveries. One of his trips led him to Brittany. There he lingered on the beaches, he climbed the rocks, pausing at times, weary of contemplating the ever changing aspect of the sea and the mysterious horizon. And there at ebb tide, with his feet in the hollows of the rocks where the water lingered, he gazed deep down into their fairy depths. Thousands of precious stones were crowded one against the other, millions of carats of rare beauty, of endless variety and of intense color and form were revealed to his astonished eyes. They seemed to be precious stones nameless in dictionary or geology, and yet they were merely



"THE BLACK HAT" BY HENRY GOLDEN DEARTH

In the John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis

pebbles embellished by their environment, by the clinging sea-weeds and above all by the changing flow of the crystal water. These stones induced Dearth to take up his brush. Nature placed these marvels there for her own ends, and because Dearth was a chosen spirit she gave him the opportunity to reveal them.

At this point of his life Henry Golden Dearth achieved his independence, evolved his formula of art. As was to be expected, when he returned to New York and exhibited what he called "The Pools," he amazed his audience to whom he repeated incessantly "But I assure you that it is just as I have painted it." They who had never seen were astonished. They were certain, knowing him, that he was sincere, but they feared that, spurred by his ardent imagination, his genius might have carried him too far.

At the extreme point of Europe Dearth had rediscovered a phase of nature, owing to his knowledge of the work of the Persian poets. He now inwardly realized their great beauty and being in his own way deeply grateful to them, he wished again to sing their song. To do this he had only one step to take. Before him on a table he placed a jar, a few flowers, a statue with a background of rare stuffs, the same he had so lovingly handled in his early years, and on his canvas he now painted visions of their beauty. He also painted a number of Gothic figures from his collection, in grateful appreciation of all he owed to the beautiful churches of France which he had so long studied and which he so deeply loved.

His audacity was tremendous, for in his choice of subjects he always selected the finest works of art and he had the courage to paint them! How great would have been his sacrilege had he not in interpreting them depicted them in their full beauty. Others had attempted something similar but had suffered utter shipwreck; he, however, was able to accomplish this miracle. The canvases he painted were not only as wonderful as the subjects he had before him, but he succeeded in conveying to us the emotion which they inspire. If he could do this, it was because twenty years earlier he had succeeded in giving to his French landscapes their true aspect, because he had within him the very spirit as well as the power of reincarnating his vision. And after this he made another step forward, alas his final one! He turned his attention toward the interpretation of the human figure and he treated it as if it had been a colossal enamel on a silvery ground and in this phase of his art we find again the ever changing mirrors he had seen on the cliffs and in the pools of Brittany. At the same time he attained a precision of drawing which while very exact still remains flexible and gives to his portraits the aspect of a living image.

He was only granted time to make a few attempts at depicting the female face and figure; but almost instantaneously he succeeded in creating a vision of the type of the women of his country, in a measure a personification of the modern intellectual woman of the United States, she who is so often exquisite, who has need of her beauty in a country where the man is the builder and in many cases roughhewn. She is no longer the saint before whom we bow in prayer, nor the sphinx from whom we implore an answer to our invocations. She soars above us, at times haughty, sure of herself, impregnable; she represents the essence of human knowledge, not only the knowledge of the past but also of the future, because the future is born of yesterday. Such is the portrait Dearth has painted for us, it is his supreme legacy and he does not leave us an unanswered question, as did Leonardo da Vinci, for he looked deep into the future and found the answer. His answer gives us the clue to a better world, a world to which we all aspire; whose dwellers will have the supreme felicity of realizing their progress and rendering thanks to their prophet.

Mens agitat molem.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

OLD MASTERS of NOVGOROD

The Russian artists of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries developed a great but little known art

ALEXANDER KAUN

THE RELIGIOUS art of Russia is still an unknown quantity. It is only within recent years that priceless frescoes have been yielded by the whitewashed walls of old monasteries and churches, and masterpieces in iconography have been resurrected from underneath layers of vandal renovations and heavy soot caused by candles, holy lamps and censers. And it is only since the revolution, which brought an end to the dog in the manger policy of the stagnant church, that this work of discovery and restoration has advanced in pace. To illustrate the absurd conservatism of the former church: After Rublov's "Trinity" was restored in all the magnificence of its color and composition, the clergy had the icon covered once again with gold ornamentation, leaving open only the faces. Whatever one may think of the Bolshevik policy of confiscating church treasures for the famine victims, the lover of art can only rejoice at the rehabilitation of many icons in their genuine unadorned value. There can hardly be any doubt that when the sleeping beauties of Russian religious painting come to life and recognition they will create a universal stir and enthusiasm which may prove epochal.

This paper presents a brief sketch of one golden moment in the annals of Russian art, namely that of the Novgorod school during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Through Novgorod, Russia took an active part in the renaissance of Byzantine art under the Paleologues, which reached its apogee about the period I am going to discuss, and found almost simultaneous expression in Constantinople, Morea, Macedonia, Old Serbia, the Caucasus and elsewhere. Byzantine art, itself a synthesis of Greek, Hellenistic and Oriental tendencies and traditions, became even more synthesized on the soil of Russia, where it met and merged with the composite influences of Greek colonists (who date from the seventh century B. C.), Scythians and Asiatics of the greatest variety, Norsemen and Slavs—fresh, naïve and susceptible. It reached its highest and ripest development in the art of the city republic of Novgorod, whose wealth, lively commerce with the

"VIRGIN HODIGITRIA" EARLY FOURTEENTH CENTURY



"ARCHANGEL MICHAEL" FOURTEENTH CENTURY





"THE HOLY TRINITY" BY ANDREY RUBLOV, CIRCA 1408

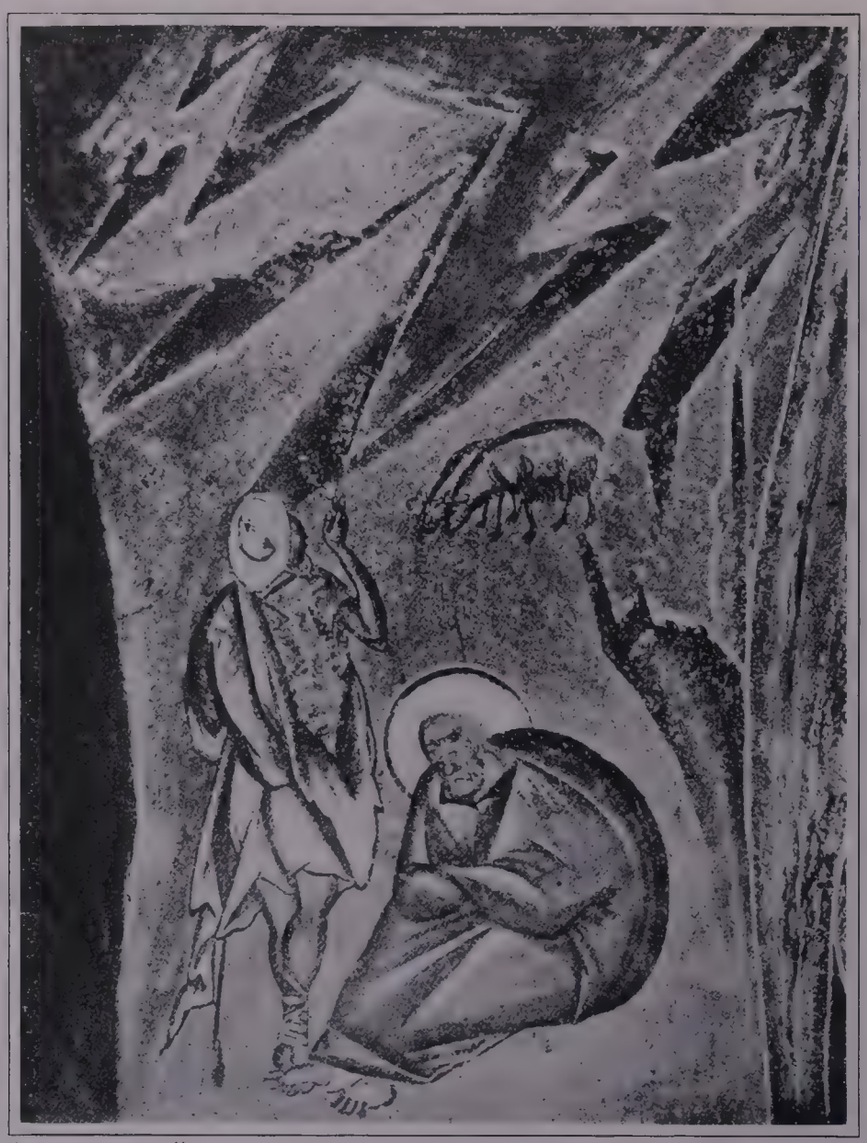
West as a member of the Hansa, and comparative independence from the Tartars (who held the rest of Russia in thralldom for nearly two hundred and fifty years) made it the cultural centre of the East and in some respects an heir to Constantinople. The joyous Novgorodians expressed their energy and vitality in an outpour of a truly national activity, for the most part anonymous, in architecture and painting, at home and also abroad, decorating the walls of Tartar Khans, of Greek Orthodox churches in the East, and even of the Roman Catholic cathedral of the Holy Cross at Cracow. Unfortunately time and tsaristic Moscow destroyed nearly all of their secular art.

Novgorodian frescoes and icons of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, made accessible to

the eye in recent years, reveal a mature art which combines the best Byzantine traditions with a wholesome native simplicity and sincerity. The troubled melancholy of a moribund race, which peers from the eyes of Byzantine faces, gives place in the Russian icons to a solemn sadness almost festive in its tranquility. The austere severity is softened by a Slav naïveté (see the "Elijah"); the imperious Christ "Pankrator" gradually passes into the Man of Sorrows, the Russian Christ of Dostoyevsky's conception. Not that the subjects are nationalized by means of realistic Russian types. The essence of this art consists in all remoteness from visible reality; every feature is highly conventionalized. The painter aims at achieving utter unearthliness, and he spurns everyday conceptions of form, beauty or dimensions. He has a vision of infinity and eternity, beyond space and time, and he strives to transport the spectator into this new reality. The anatomically incorrect Madonnas and saints, with their unnaturally elongated figures draped in fantastic robes, with their immobile faces and pensive, almost introverted eyes, breathe a graceful serenity decidedly not of this world. Similarly the background, those non-existing architectural designs, impossible trees and Hellenistic monticules, fail to bring the subject closer to earth, but on the contrary they help to create a pathos of distance, to renounce the world of appearances, and to as-

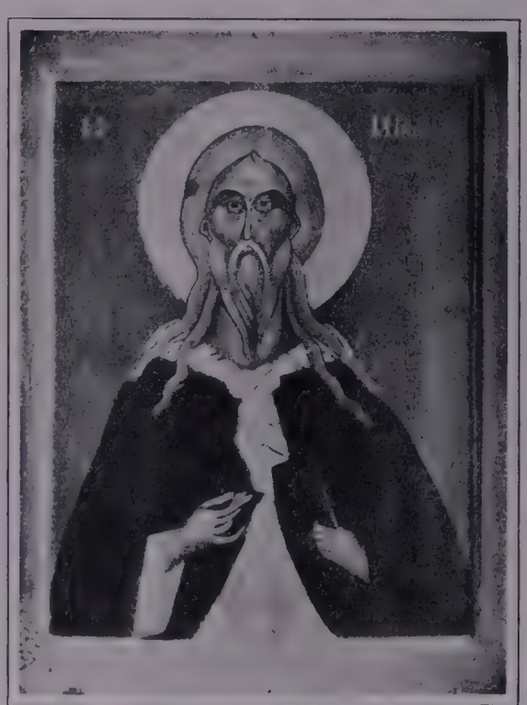


"THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS" FIFTEENTH CENTURY



"THE NATIVITY" FOURTEENTH-CENTURY FRESCO

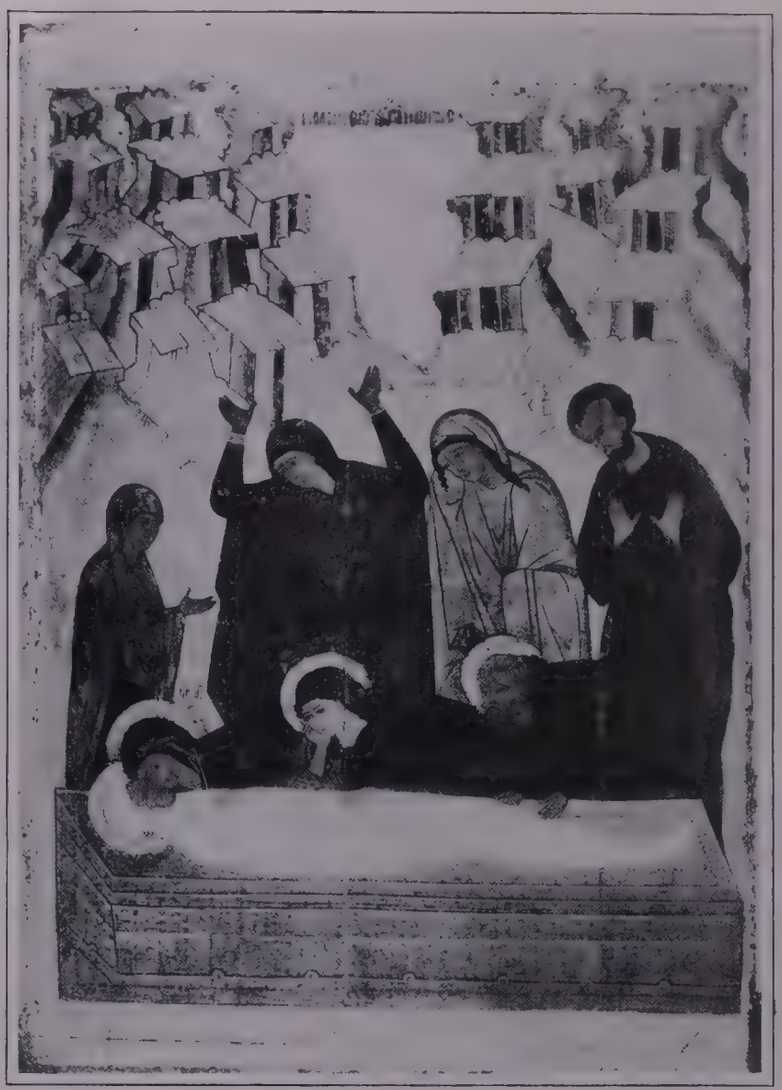
sume a worshipful attitude undistracted by material verisimilitudes. The hushed solemnity of the Novgorod painting is undisturbed by obvious dramatism or gushing emotionalism. The artist's vision and prayerful ardor are so irresistibly contagious chiefly because of the perfect form he achieves. He has preserved the purest classic traditions by his sense of harmony, the flow of his lines and balance of his masses which produce the effect of suspended movement, of dynamic stability. He employs the laconic linearity of Greek vases, the architectural designs of Pompeian frescoes, the reverse perspective of Hellenistic miniatures, the light and shadow of the Alexandrian impressionists; the very technique of the icon is a development of Greek encaustic. But the Russian, even more than the Byzantine, subtilizes the classic heritage by an admixture of the mystic imagination and feeling for design of the Orient. He blends these two determining elements of our civilization with his native propensities and achieves a form which is superb in its simplicity. His composition has an inner continuity, completeness and self sufficiency. There is the three-dimensional illusion, but it is neither the depth of Western perspective nor the Oriental flatness; it is more like a low relief. The use of the line for the simultaneous expression of volume and design and the unrivalled skill in employing the silhouette lend the composition an architectural strength and gracefulness. The Novgorod fresco and icon are hardly thinkable without their living force, color, which is never used fortuitously but possesses the same inner necessity as the line for bringing the artist's purpose to consummation. They remind one of antique frescoes in the striking individuality of their colors though the Russians, to be sure, combine a greater variety of them. This they do by means of bold juxtaposition, not by the transition of one color into another, thus displaying a multiplicity of color with a tonal uniformity. In this respect, among others, the Novgorod masters may serve as a bridge between our ultra modernists and the Greek painters, stretching, perhaps, even to the palaeolithic artist tracing a bison on the wall of his cave.



"ELIJAH THE PROPHET" FOURTEENTH-CENTURY ICON

The illustrations are

fairly representative of the period, indicating the evolution of Novgorod art from the simple austerity of the "Hodigitria Virgin," early in the fourteenth century, to the festive virtuosity of "Saints Florus and Laurus," at the end of the fifteenth century. The peak is reached in the work of Andrey Rublov, some of whose magnificent frescoes were discovered as late as 1918. His "Trinity," painted about 1408, may be regarded as the sublimation of art to a harmonious union between Hellenism and Christianity. The monk's ardent faith is poured into the reserved form of classic antiquity, superbly reflected in the icon's simple and powerful composition—which suggests a circle divided into three vertical planes (the symbol of trinity)—in the rhythm of its echoing lines; in the heads, the monticules, the tree, the architectural design; in the color gamut of the robes softly radiating against the pale gold background. One can not escape the contagious effect of repose and tranquility emanating from the gentle faces bent in contemplation, from the graceful ensemble of Rublov's vision. Severe simplicity mollified by native gentleness is a characteristic trait of fifteenth-century Novgorod icons in which Rublov's influence is unmistakably evident. The unknown author of the "Descent from the Cross" has mastered his complex and perilous task by means of balance and rhythm in complementing



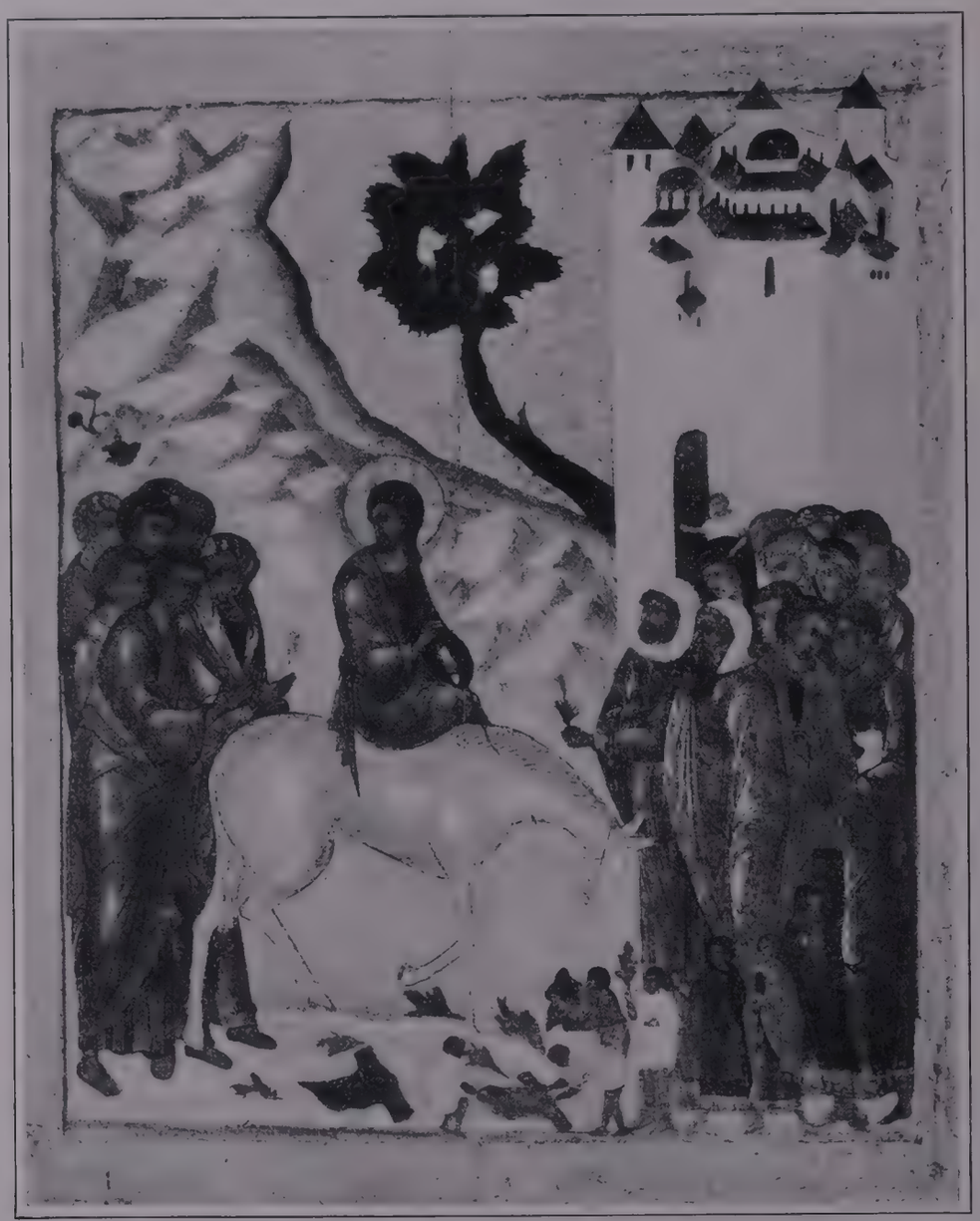
"THE ENTOMBMENT" FIFTEENTH CENTURY

DETAIL FROM "THE ENTOMBMENT"



and echoing lines and colors. He deepens the dramatism of the event by withholding its effusion; the grief is reserved, the gestures arrested in a single effort centered on the curved body of the Crucified. This grief is given vent in the "Entombment," an icon painted probably by the same master. But here too not a single loud note disturbs the atmosphere of divine solemnity. The mourners sorrow quietly, and even the uplifted arms of the woman in bright red, who is unable to contain her grief, carries no dissonance, for this gesture is softly repeated by the running lines of the monticules in the background. As in the "Descent," the whole movement tends in the direction of the centre of the drama, the Crucified, and it dies in the supreme tenderness of the Mother's cheek caressing the pale cheek of her Son.

Toward the end of the fifteenth century Novgorod art displays a maturity symptomatic of approaching decadence. Its swan song rings powerfully in the work of Master Dionysy. The recently revealed frescoes of the Ferapont Monastery, painted by him in 1500-1501, show a Russian Giotto, continuing and perfecting in his composition and color those Byzantine traditions which the Italian embodied in his Padua frescoes. Dionysy attains an unsurpassed majesty and elegance in his elongated figures, classically reserved yet vibrant with divine jubilation. After him comes the inevitable descent to virtuosity, narrative detail, illustration. Novgorod succumbs to Moscow. Iconography becomes strictly reglemented by the church, Western influences creep in through secondary channels (Poland and the Ukraine), and a prosaic outlook supplants the joyous other-worldliness of the Novgorodians who combined strength with simplicity, religiosity with rhythm, vision with proportion.



"ENTRANCE OF JESUS INTO JERUSALEM" FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ICON



"MAINE COAST" WATER COLOR BY WINSLOW HOMER

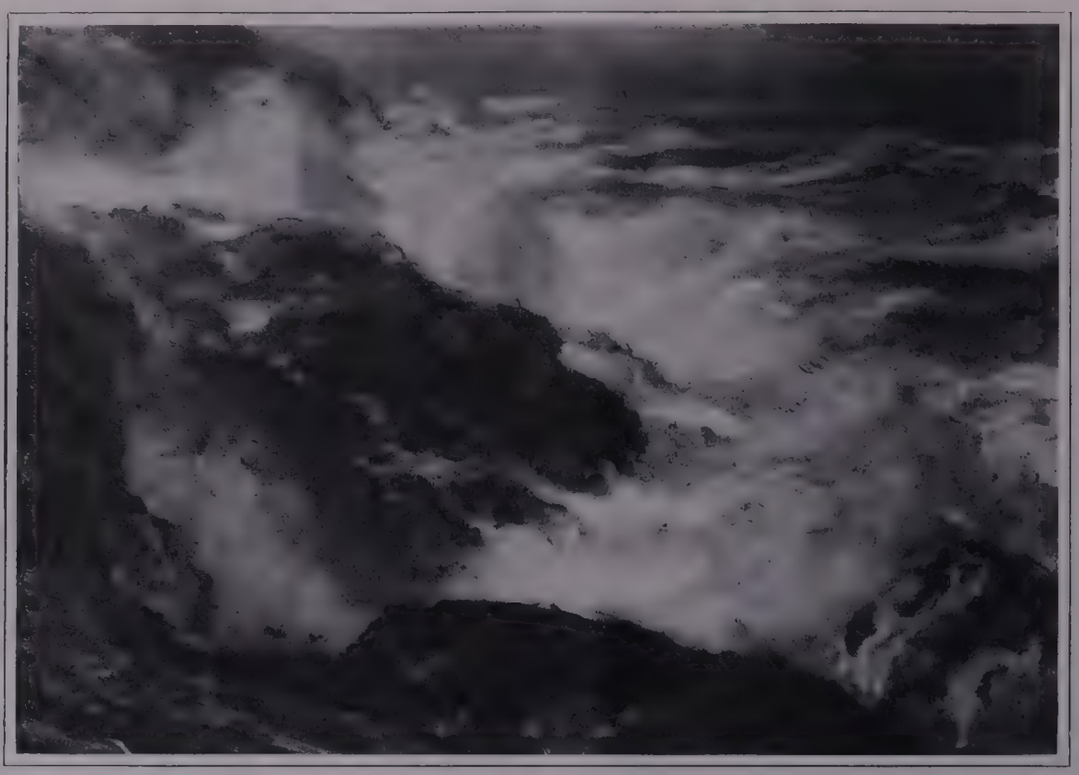
The JOHNSONS of UNIONTOWN

How a collector in a small Pennsylvania city brought inspiration to himself and his community

F. NEWLIN PRIGE

IN THE POCKET of my memory shines a great event. From the first it was as if I had perfect understanding, and a mutual rare friendship with the man. I had wired from Pittsburgh, at the urgent request of Will Hyett, and, being out for the week-end, returned Monday to find telegrams of the most cordial hospitality to come at once to Uniontown and play golf and stay several days. It was like Horatio Walker's words, "If you stay a week, that's a call; every day after that is to your credit." Arriving, there seemed a warm current of goodwill that enveloped. Cigarettes appeared, and our host and hostess were alight with the prospect of picture talk, art, painters; they loved the thought.

This treasure house was no castle. The first room I entered was small and clothed with cloth of gold, the rich frames touched each other, and when I looked I found great canvases by America's most famous masters, accumulated wealth that might have been Aladdin's. Mind you, I felt myself; I had not been beaten down by wealth and butlers and great handsome figures of men that held me back from their millionaire master. Thie collector was not one of *th*s rich, except in his pictures and in the love and appreciation of beauty no wealth can buy. At once things seemed genuine. Here was a dream lived out, the muse won. Crowded, canvas-filled walls greeted you, genial comfort pervaded. We had glorious welcome. "Here is the first picture we bought. We never sell paintings, they seem of ourselves. We love our pictures and hold onto them." This in the distance heard, for I was absorbed by Twachtman's "Niagara in Winter." And yet I got their feeling, the paintings were a part of themselves. If they were immensely valuable, so is one's eye. Poverty or famine were preferable to starving spirits and unfed souls. The Johnsons are like that. As a boy at school, a young man at college, a struggling lawyer, this man saw beauty and drank deep of things beautiful in nature and the arts. Music, literature, he was lifted up by them. Surely as the dawn he



"PILLARS OF THE STORM" BY PAUL DOUGHERTY

grew in appreciation, found stimulus and inspiration. He traveled in Maine, Alaska, Europe, going back to little odd bits of beauty as one calls again on a friend. The galleries of Europe fascinated. He thrilled at age old themes and figures and traced them through art histories, great libraries. It was natural and quite like this fairy story of living happy, that his wife-to-be loved art, had a keen appreciation. When they were married in 1905, some of their friends, feeling this esthetic congeniality, sent works of art, which formed the glad beginning of the Johnson collection.

"The beauty in good pictures so appealed to me and gave me so much pleasure and comfort that I conceived the notion of gathering together a collection of good things, the best I could afford with my limited means, not only for my own happiness and elevation, but for the benefit and pleasure of others as well," is the way Mr. Johnson talked. "I felt that my own family could not be surrounded by beautiful things and fail to be influenced for good by them—that beauty in the home would bring beauty and higher aspirations into the mind and soul of every one in the house. I felt that such a collection surely would help to create and stimulate an interest and a love of art among my friends, arouse in them a beauty-hunger. This end, I am satisfied, has to a certain degree been accomplished. I firmly believe that a collection of good works of art in a community exerts a subtle influence for refinement and is a stimulus to art generally, and that 'a thing of beauty' is not only 'a joy forever,' but a vital dynamic force as well. I want my collection to contribute to the true betterment of this and future generations—to make their lives fuller and richer.

"A WET ROAD" BY CHAUNCEY F. RYDER





"NIAGARA" BY JOHN H. TWACHTMAN

"In assembling my collection I have confined myself almost entirely to works of our American artists, because I believe in them and want to lend them all the aid and encouragement I can, and because I believe they have produced and are producing work as good and as vital as ever has been produced in any country at any time in the history of art."

And so the Johnsons have many visitors to see their pictures. And to know beauty is to become enamoured of life. At times we need beauty, require spiritual stimulant: to quote Voltaire, "The streams, the flowers, and the woods console; too often men do not." So in the warm heart of gentle hospitality I reveled in the wealth of painters American. I gazed at Weir's "Farm" and Lathrop's "Delaware Valley," at Hassam and Hawthorne and Henri; then Thayer and Redfield in winter and spring, and off to the Maine coast with Homer. There were Carlsen and Brush and



"A MAID SEWING" BY GARI MELCHERS

Davies, and Dewing and Tryon and Tarbell. So came the dreams to me. Meeting the finest, I had companionship. In seven rooms they abide, a greater museum than many I have seen.

What are we after? Things to hear pleasantly, friends to know lovingly, hills to see worshipfully, rivers below. Art and the fabric made rich in design, glowing in color. That is life's pageant, a solace to weariness. In the grey spaces we must find masterpieces, bring them into our lives, our homes—something to love, something to speak with us, something to richly appreciate. To hurry by in the mad pursuit of what one covets is to come up astounded at its lack of value, but to use slow patience is to find hidden in the moment new delight and glorious recollection, facts that, dwelling in you a stranger, can be furrowed out in color and in paint.

Today machines make life for many routine slavery as the rule, fools rush in for fortunes which, once achieved, the spirit, dead, knows not what to do with. Pleasure surfeited, knowledge, as knowledge goes, worn out, there must ensue a hostile personal

"A DEWY MORNING" BY HORATIO WALKER





"PORTRAIT HEAD" BY J. ALDEN WEIR



"HARRY WHITING" BY ABBOTT THAYER

"THE ROAD TO PLEASANTVILLE" BY E. W. REDFIELD



INTERNATIONAL STUDIO



"DELAWARE VALLEY" BY W. L. LATHROP

"CAÑON UNDERTONES" BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES



attitude, arrogant, unhappy and unsatisfied. But to stay on a log in the forest, or walk with a child on Fifth Avenue, or sail on a silver river with youth, is life at any age, or, thoroughly



"THE ENGLISH GIRL" BY CHILDE HASSAM

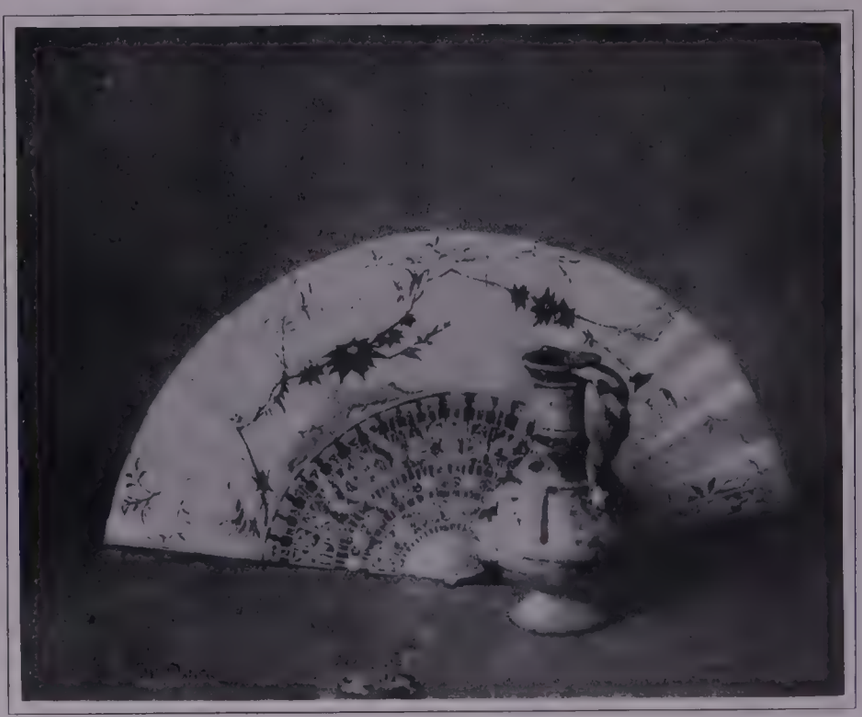
alone, to walk through museums of culture and see the light and the color and the lilt of design, to feel a thrill of sorrow and know the remorse of regret, is life in its deepest color. The artist stops to meet life's beauty. For artists know fear and love and heat and cold and dreams discomfort ridden, and jealousy that bites into their thighs until they ride success. To feel success and on the morrow know they have yet far to go in this film-colored universe of beauty, that is an artist's life.

Nature in its turmoil of grandeur and decay provides a mirage for the artist, so that forms meet, build up, compose, and color dances naked in its beauty; bold characters appear



"THE PALM LEAF FAN" BY THOMAS W. DEWING

and romance writes its story on the mind. Maddened, he rises to employ the brush, perhaps to win, mayhap to lose, the tangled vision of his dream, and all goes into his experience, appreciation. Give time, O casual! Tied in by cells of marble, business detail, words, signatures, elevators, look well and contemplate. It is for you a lode star, a collection of pictures like this of the Johnsons, to bring you into the secluded



"THE FAN" BY EMIL CARLSEN



"SUNSHINE AND SHADOW" BY FRANK W. BENSON



"THE END OF WINTER" BY ERNEST LAWSON

valley of art. Many will guide your open mind, as Robert Macbeth helped to guide that of Mr. Johnson. Thus you may have a triple alliance, artist, dealer and owner, all playing fair for the event—an orchestra in your home, near your heart, and for your fellows.



PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BOYLE JOHNSON BY ROBERT HENRI



ELIZABETHAN LIVING ROOM — CHARLES OF LONDON, DECORATOR

Development in DECORATION

Recent exhibition of the Art-in-Trades Club shows the trend of interior decoration in America

FRANCIS F. FULTON

AN EXHIBITION which "aims to set a standard for a higher expression of artistic ideals and to spread abroad throughout the land a love for honest, conscientious craftsmanship, a desire for the beautiful and an illustration of a practical application of the principles of art to our everyday needs in the home," would seem to have been inspired by William Morris. The goal set forth in the quotation is, however, that of the Art-in-Trades Club whose third annual exhibition was held recently in New York. It is an event not to be treated lightly when a group of America's foremost decorators present their best for criticism. It savors strongly of the craftsman, of the amateur—"Here is what we have done. Come and share our enjoyment."

But it has also another side. These rooms, so carefully arranged, were designed to follow as well as to mould public taste. There were more than twenty of them, each complete, each seemingly part of an actual house. At first glance it seemed that a greatly varied choice of style was offered and yet it is probable that the range was much more limited than a similar exhibition would have shown a few years ago. Many indications, of which this display is an important one, seem to show that American taste is crystalizing.

Style in furniture and decoration is a direct development of architecture, as architecture is of economic, esthetic and sociological conditions. And our architecture has definitely emerged from the fumbling stage which followed the reaction to the "awful forties" and the half century thereafter. We have as completely finished with "art nouveau" as we have with the frantic jig-saw, the indeterminate lumps of "comfortable" chairs or the patent rocker. We have learned that in architecture and decoration a desire for beauty is not a thing to be ashamed of and that comfort and esthetic enjoyment are compatible.



SPANISH-ITALIAN LIVING HALL — RAYMOND ANTHONY COURT, INC., DECORATOR

The modern style of decoration which has taken such strong hold in England and France was doomed to failure here. We are too young to be completely unconventional. This is not a thing for either pride or regret; it is a condition. A child suffers far more for a parent's non-conformity than the case warrants, but he suffers none the less. And it is only the parents—the older generation, or civilization—which can be whole-heartedly radical. And certainly conservatism is infinitely to be preferred to an apologetic freedom. The primary object of furniture is comfort; we know that this is increased if the forms and colors are pleasing, if we know them to be good, and no amount of physical ease can overcome the mental stress of living with surroundings which may be in the most advanced manner but which we are far from sure we really like.

Then, too, the not unfamiliar statement that "we don't know much about art, but we know what we like" is losing its truth. We are beginning to know about art, particularly decorative art, and with that knowledge are gaining a true liking. Styles are something more than names and we see a reason for lopping off some of the frills which made our childhood one long series of accidents.

Of the historic styles there is again a fairly definite limitation of suitability. Modern convenience and the middle ages are an anachronism. And so, in the main, we turn to England and Italy of the eighteenth century, occasionally to Spain and to the Tudor, for our more formal houses and

LOUIS XVI SITTING ROOM — E. A. BELMONT, DECORATOR





ENGLISH EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DINING ROOM — FRANK PARTRIDGE, INC., DECORATOR

apartments and to developments from the products of our own early craftsmen for simpler furnishings. Of course these overlap in many directions, and also, greatly to our credit, we are less insistent on strictly "period" rooms. Perhaps because we are no longer in awe of them.

The developments and adaptations from both American and European examples show another important tendency in decoration. It is by such means that styles are developed and it may well be that this is the beginning of an American "period" which, combining the arts of many countries and many centuries, will become the first great style since the Georgian.

Everyone has been oppressed by strictly "period" rooms, rooms which extended to owner or guest the hospitality of a museum or the "funeral-wedding" parlor of an earlier day. Too often, in the search for correctness of detail, such rooms were treated as a problem in decoration rather than as places in which persons might enjoy themselves. It was from rooms such as these, formal and immutable examples of taste good or bad, that man fled to his "den," a hallowed spot, sacred to disorder. Not an ideal arrangement surely, but one which must inevitably follow the conversion of a home into a series of show rooms.

How far we have come from that unfortunate condition was demonstrated by the "den" arranged by the Tiffany Studios.

ENGLISH XVIII CENTURY SITTING ROOM — HENRY F. BULTITUDE, DECORATOR





MASTER'S BEDROOM — B. ALTMAN & CO., DECORATORS

Here was a room, still masculine, but obviously designed to form part of a dwelling rather than a separate and reactionary unit. So much of the earlier tradition remains, however, that several persons were heard to remark of the rooms that they were beautiful *in spite of* the fact that they were evidently designed to be lived in. Fortunately that is an attitude which is fast becoming obsolete, and one of the triumphs of this exhibition was the fact that all the fine pieces, all the decoration, were used as factors in the creation of homes rather than museums.

The two most formal rooms were the Spanish living hall and the Elizabethan paneled room. The former was an excellent combination of Spanish and Italian pieces in a setting of rough cast plaster walls beautifully stained. The tiles around the base and cornice added a strong color note which was picked up by the brilliant, striped awning which hung beneath the skylight. The Elizabethan room with paneling taken from the ancient "King's House" in Thetford, England, is a perfect example of the Age of Oak. This room was one of importance in the ancient shooting box of Elizabeth and James I and the carved figures of the mantelpiece must have witnessed many scenes from those monarchs'

ENGLISH XVIII CENTURY LIBRARY — JOHN WEYMER, DECORATOR





LIVING ROOM DERIVED FROM EARLY AMERICAN SOURCES — M. L. OVERTON, DECORATOR

lives. Such rare paneling must have been a strong temptation to the decorator to create a room which in all its furnishings would be strictly Tudor, yet he showed remarkable skill in the use of furniture of various types, combining them all in an harmonious and informal scheme.

The English eighteenth century was the inspiration for several fine rooms. Among these were a dining room with beautiful Chippendale chairs and a Sheraton buffet, a sitting room in which various textiles played an important part in the decoration, a master's bedroom with pieces largely derived from Queen Anne motives and a library in which pieces by the Georgian cabinet makers were combined with those of earlier styles.

A fine example of the Toiles de Jouey formed the background of a delightful French sitting room where again antiques and reproductions of several periods made a charming and informal ensemble.

Throughout the entire exhibition the intelligent use of minor accessories was notable. Books and magazines lay where the master or mistress might have left them. Lamps and lighting fixtures were in complete harmony with their surroundings and all combined to give a lived-in atmosphere to the various rooms.

One of the most interesting features of the exhibition was the small apartment decorated with pieces derived from early American examples. There was a combined living and dining room, a hall and two bedrooms. Great care was taken to express in the large room its dual function and yet to leave a room in which the feeling should be one of comfort and repose. A dining room is a place for occasional use and, if that function were emphasized, a combined room of this kind could not avoid a spirit of unrest. But this difficulty was so perfectly overcome that one wondered why it had been thought to exist. The decorator endeavored to do what a group of cabinet makers of the early days of our country would have done under modern conditions. He has realized the value of tradition and that tradition increases in value by being intelligently added to. It is this attitude in decoration, whatever the style employed, which is creating for us so many pleasant homes. It is one of the numerous signs of artistic progress so evident in America today.

MYSTERY *and* MIRACLE PLAYS

Primarily religious they were the foundations, laid and abandoned by the church, of modern drama

JO PENNINGTON

IN THE BEGINNING, there must be definitions. Otherwise one speaks in riddles. We read of miracles, of mystery plays and of moralities We are vague as to their meaning. Hazy images of the Passion Play, of Everyman, of that midnight Christmas Eve performance at an ambitious little theatre in New York—isn't it all something like that?

The haze is traditional—and scholarly. Erudition is divided into many camps of definition; and the faithful rush to the defense of the religious drama frequently and violently. Scholars' definitions are arbitrary, but we must use them for clarity's sake.

Mysteries are plays based on Bible stories—the Resurrection, the Nativity, the Flood, the story of the Wise Virgin, of Cain and Abel—all the dramatic themes both in the Bible proper and in the Apocrypha. *Miracles* are church plays based on the lives and legends of the saints. The word miracles is often used to describe all religious drama and that definition is simplest for our purpose. *Moralities* are of course allegorical dramas, the outgrowth of the miracle and mystery plays.

Holy Church has ever been ingenious in devising ways of giving its children spiritual nourishment in palatable forms. Somewhere between the fifth and the tenth centuries—possibly earlier (dates are as hazy as definitions in this connection)—the fathers of the church awoke to the fact that a service conducted wholly in Latin did not greatly sustain a people unable to understand it. There were no books to make clear the stories of the Old Testament and set forth the mysteries of the New. How could the great dramatic episodes of the Bible be conveyed to the ignorant faithful in a way that would be impressive and intelligible?

Two things suggested a solution of this problem to the priests. The Mass itself, combining Scriptural narrative with outbursts of song, was a holy pantomime, a sacred drama. That was important because the people, then as always, loved drama—loved it so well in fact that the church had already excommunicated many because of their love. At the big trade fairs, lasting many days, to which merchants came with their wares and also with a rout of jugglers, minstrels and buffoons, the people, bored and hungry for amusement, found the entertainments too strong a temptation to be resisted. The clergy attacked, reviled, threatened and excommunicated, without effect. Therefore the church decided that since drama was so dear to the people, it would be better to give them what they wanted in church than out of it. The drama of the Mass might be elaborated and expanded so that what the ear could not comprehend the eye might appreciate. All over Europe this problem had confronted the clergy and religious paintings, carvings, statues, altar pieces, stained glass windows and crucifixes had been part of an attempt to expound the Gospels in picture form. In Germany it had long been the custom for the priests, as they read the Bible stories, to unfold a roll which on the side toward the congregation bore pictures illustrating the text.

The simplest form of religious drama, in its earliest development, was the placing of the Cross in a wooden sepulchre on Good Friday and its disinterment on Easter morning. As the ceremony was elaborated throughout the years, a stone sepulchre was often built into the church itself. The clergy, dressed to represent the figures of the Crucifixion and Resurrection, gave the sacred story life and reality, and the antiphonal singing gave the effect of question and answer, of dialogue.

The presentation of the Easter story was soon followed by that of the stories of the Nativity, presented at Christmas, of Christ's descent into hell to rescue the souls of the damned and of the Adoration of the Magi. With the introduction of this last episode, the ceremony took on new color and new license. Priests playing the part of Herod were stimulated by the unspiritual encouragement of delighted audiences to out-Herod themselves in buffoonery. They raved and ranted so realistically that the decorum of the church was threatened. The Devil, in the representation of the *Harrowinge of Helle*, gave promise of becoming a comic figure rather than one of terror. The north door in many churches was, and still is, known as the Devil's Door, and on that door of a church in Gloucestershire may still be seen the sculptured representation of Christ's descent into Hell.

Among the bishops of that day there may have been a few who could foresee how this would end. There may have been an occasional spiritual father who knew that children value flavor above nourishment; who could look to the time when the play itself, rather than the lesson it taught, would survive. There may even have been one whose



"PRESENTATION OF 'THE TRIAL OF JESUS'" AN EARLY ENGLISH MYSTERY PLAY

horrified eyes closed before the image of altars desecrated by horseplay that turned the sacred dramas into farces. But when that time did come the church knew how to deal with it. She drove the players into the market place, she forbade her priests to act in any dramas save those given in the church itself, and when the miracles became wholly secular, she was quite willing to forego her sacred dramas and limit herself to the performance of the Mass which survived, unstained; as it was in the beginning, the holiest of dramas.

But it was long before the church frowned upon these performances. By the fourteenth century, many new Bible stories had been added and even the lives and legends of the saints had formed the basis of church plays. The most significant change, however, was the introduction of bits of the vernacular into the Latin text because it marked the beginning of a new phase of religious drama.

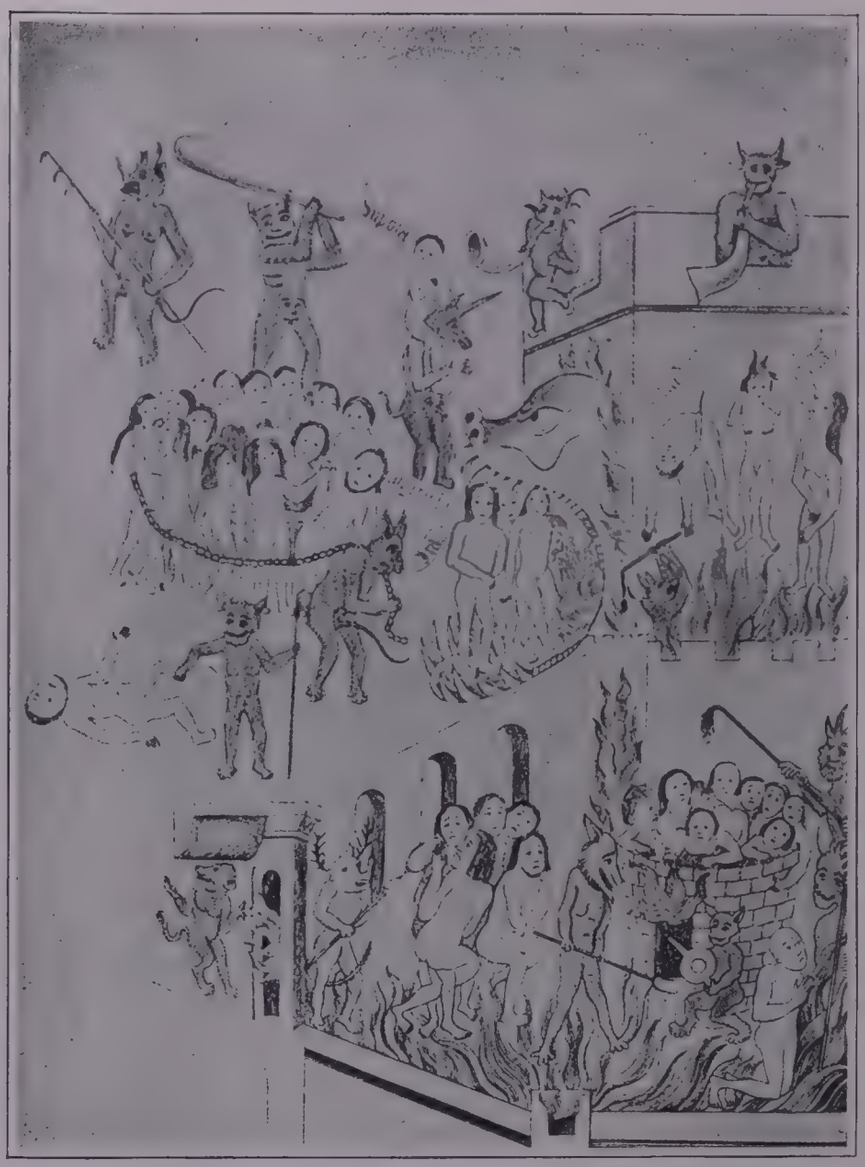
The expanding ceremonies outgrew the confines of the church, both literally and spiritually. The license taken by clerical actors was the source of much uneasiness to church authorities. Herod had first set the pace for comedy, and the eager response of the audience had encouraged the introduction of other comic characters; of antics amounting to horseplay, dialogue that was all but ribald and homely bits of action that were not altogether in keeping with the piety of the theme. The first restriction put upon church dramas was the prohibition of such performances as part of the regular service. They must be given after, instead of as part of, the Mass. The next step was to drive them from the church into the porch or churchyard; and the final severance of the sacred drama from the church was a decree forbidding any priest from appearing in a miracle or mystery play.

The two purposes which had actuated the church in offering its people Scripture stories in dramatic form had been to wean them from pagan plays and unholy performances, and to instruct them in Bible stories. At first both had been successful, but later the religious plays threatened to outdo the pagan performances in license and certainly outdid them in splendor and popularity. It became useless to preach against; it was too late to offer the wholesome bread of unadorned piety to children who had tasted the sweets of spectacular and intelligible drama.

Meanwhile lay societies, cathedral schools and trade guilds were presenting miracle plays in honor of their patron saints or to celebrate holy days. In schools and in fact in most of the parishes of England, there had already been a curious ceremony known as the festival of the Boy Bishop. From the 6th of December, St. Nicholas' Day, to the 28th, Holy Innocents' Day, a boy was invested with all the rights and powers of an actual bishop, with but one or two exceptions. On the 6th a procession was held, and the Boy Bishop led the way to the church, accompanied by his schoolmates dressed as priests. He performed all church ceremonies save that of the Mass; and for three weeks was the ruler of his See. The beginning of this ceremony on St. Nicholas' Day was appropriate enough because that worthy bishop was the patron saint of children and of scholars. Its end on Holy Innocents' Day, in commemoration of the slaughter of the Innocents by Herod, seems equally appropriate.

The Boy Bishop's festival and that known as the Feast of Fools are usually traced to the Roman Saturnalia because during the pagan festival slaves wore the badges of freemen, dressed in their masters' clothes and were served by their owners. Some such subversion of the natural order of

things undoubtedly suggested the Boy Bishop festival when for a time children took the places of their elders. The Feast of Fools reflected even more strongly the license of its Roman prototype. A bishop, abbott or even pope of Fools was elected and is said to have profaned the holy places by mock performances of church ceremonies and, with his fellows, to have sung indecent hymns parodying the songs of the church. The Fools' Morris pictured is probably part of the Feast of Fools. During both of these festivals, dramatic and religious in themselves, miracles were played. At the beginning of the Boy Bishop's reign, for instance, there were plays illustrating that miracle performed by the good St. Nicholas when he restored to life the two young scholars who had been cut to bits and placed in a tub of brine by their evil host. The engraving shows three children, probably, as one commentator explains, because it was more to the saint's credit to restore life to three children than to two. The end of the festival, Holy Innocents' Day, was celebrated by representations of Herod's murderous order and its execution.



HELL AS EXPRESSED IN MYSTERY PLAYS—"HELL MOUTH AND INTERIOR" FROM A MANUSCRIPT IN THE CHAPEL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

It is impossible to achieve complete accuracy in any account of these early miracle plays. The emphasis laid on the horseplay, the vulgarity and the realism of the performances is deplored by the modern Catholic scholars who assure us that these were merely the customs of the time and in no way diminished the intensity or sincerity of the representation. On the one hand we are assured that Cain and his ploughboy indulged in dubious dialogue and rough comedy; that Noah's wife was another source of humor because of her shrewishness; that the shepherds in the Nativity were guilty of many indecencies of speech and action. On the other hand, a young French priest impersonating Christ fainted on the Cross because of the power of his emotion; and the Mater Dolorosa, when the body of her Son was laid across her knees, swooned because of her grief and horror.

When the various trade guilds in the big cities in England undertook annual performances miracle plays entered upon the period of their greatest popularity. The complete divorce of these religious dramas from the control of the church is attested by the fact that they were used for several centuries chiefly as a means of stimulating trade. "Before the suppression of the monasteries," we read, "the city of Coventry was famous for the pageants that were played therein upon Corpus Christi day, which, occasioning very great confluence of people thither from far and near, was of no small benefit thereto." Thus was the liturgical drama, dedicated to the glory of God, diverted to the glory of Mammon.

The only records of these mystery play cycles presented by the trade guilds are in the rare manuscripts which survived the torch of the Reformation. Leland, the antiquary whom Henry VIII engaged to preserve such documents as might serve to guard English history from oblivion, could not refrain from destroying the "crafty coloured doctryne of a rowt of Romayne Bysshopps," and



"FOOL'S MORRIS DANCE" ETCHED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK FROM AN OIL PAINTING

so the records perished either in the flames or as scrap paper.

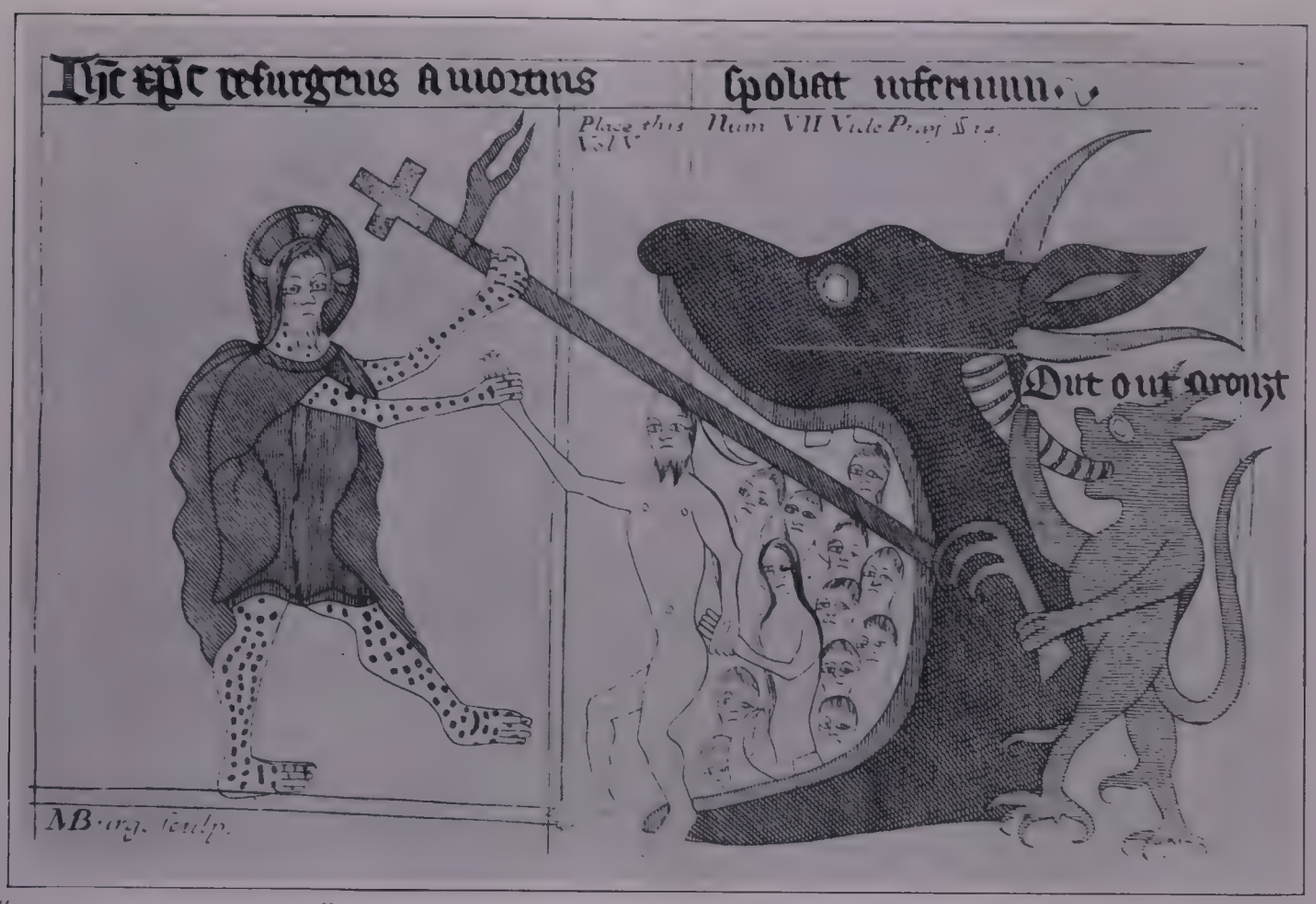
We have now a new word demanding definition: *cycles*. It would ill become the resources and dignity of a medieval trade guild to present but a single play, and so a whole cycle of plays was given, usually relating Bible history from the Creation to the day of Judgment. These plays extended over a period of several days, sometimes a week. Four great cycles are on record, though there were undoubtedly many others; the cycles of York, Widkirk, Chester and Coventry. In giving an account of the means of representation, only comparative accuracy is possible because the erudite fail to agree in their interpretation of the bits of information that remain.

"FOOL" COPPER ENGRAVING AFTER GELTZIUS



Each guild had various companies, and each company was responsible for one pageant, that is, for one of the movable stages or scaffolds upon which the plays were given. This movable stage, known as a pagond or pageant, was drawn from street to street usually by men, though occasionally by horses. It had two stories; the upper one the stage, the lower one curtained to provide a dressing room for the actors. Upon each stage or pageant was represented one episode in the cycle so that a man might sit upon his own doorstep and have the entire Bible story enacted before him. A general prologue was spoken by a herald. The scaffolds had canopies of carved and gilded woodwork, cut into fantastic battlements; they fluttered with banners. Their approach was heralded by hesters and tumblers who ran before them.

Each guild had its own pageant master



"THE HARROWINGE OF HELLE" ENGRAVED BY MICHAEL BURGHERS FROM AN ANCIENT DRAWING
THIS WAS ONE OF THE CHESTER MYSTERY PLAYS

who controlled the money for the performances, superintended all arrangements including the assignment of the roles, the training of the performers, the costumes, the hiring of criers, minstrels and "supers," and the provision of properties, which were both scarce and, to modern eyes, comic. The money was raised by levying upon each craftsman an annual tax to cover the cost of production and this was refunded to the guild from the collections taken at the time of performance. Actors were paid, and paid well according to the standards of the time, for rehearsals as well as performances. An itemized account of expenditures, taken from a manuscript record kept by a pageant master in one of the old cycles, is amusing. Among other notes concerning the production of this group of mystery plays it lists:

It' paid to God .xx d
It' paid to the demon.....xxj d
It' paid to the iij Maryes.....ij s
It' paid to the ij worms of conscience...xvj d
To Fauston for cock crowing..iij d

"THE PIT'S MOUTH" FROM AN EARLY GERMAN WOODCUT



God's traditional costume was of white leather, with a gilt wig and beard. This was likewise the costume for Christ though the latter usually added the red sandals of one who had trod the wine press. Saints wore gilded beards and wigs, angels had gilt wings, the Virgin a crown. The souls of the saved wore white; those of the damned, black or black and

yellow. Herod was clothed as a Saracen in a mask and helmet. Most of the actors wore gloves and probably used some kind of grease paint. The devil wore a grisly mask, was shaggy and beast-like, with horns, cloven feet and a forked tail. His attendant demons were similarly dressed with coats covered with horsehair to make them look like awesome monsters.

Hell was usually represented as an enormous dragon painted on linen with jaws that opened and shut. A light within gave the effect of flames. When the devil carried off a soul, there was a great noise in the beast's interior, made by the rattling of pans and kettles and thick smoke issued from the dragon's mouth. Among stage effects recorded in old manuscripts we find a gilded cross with a rope to draw it up; trumpets and bagpipes and pulpits for the angels.

The realism, probably gross enough, of these performances is frequently deplored by scholars and commentators. They seem to think it a profanation of Scripture stories when, for instance, a shepherd in the Nativity play wore his ordinary clothes and spoke with a Yorkshire accent. It is more usual, however, to see in these realistic touches a natural concomitant of the growth of this form of drama; to admit quite simply that in those days it was not the fashion to be refined. Just as the painters of the Florentine school represented holy persons in the garb of their own day, so the performance of the miracles by rustics and tradesmen in their everyday attire brought the Gospel stories nearer to the hearts of the people. As a rule the different episodes were assigned to the various guilds arbitrarily, with no thought of fitness, but we do read that in the York cycle realism was assisted by assigning the plasterers' guild to the episode of the building of the ark; the fishmongers and mariners for its voyage; the "goldbeters and monemakers" to the Adoration of the gift-bringing Magi; the vintners to the turning of water into wine at Cana; and the bakers to the Last Supper.

In France, miracle performances were undertaken by a whole town instead of by trade guilds. Everyone wanted to take part in them. A trumpet summoned the ambitious volunteers for "try-outs" and when the parts were assigned the actors swore before a magistrate to study the role and to be on hand on the day of the performance, under penalty of death or forfeiture of property. Those too ignorant to learn parts might still aspire to perform as "supers," becoming part of the horde of Israelites in the wilderness or the group about the Cross. The French scaffold or stage, unlike the English pageant, had three stories or platforms. The uppermost was appropriated to the Heavenly Father and His angels; the second to saints and glorified men; and the lowest to mere man. Beside this lowest platform was a cavern for the devil and souls in hell.

Perhaps one of the most curious phases of the growth of the religious drama in England was its use as a weapon of the Reformation. John Bale, Bishop of Ossory in Ireland, was the author of about a dozen sacred dramas which attacked Catholicism and helped to promote the Reformation. Surely the Roman Church found it a bitter irony that the very weapon it had forged for the defense of its children should now be turned against it. But by the time this had come to pass, the day of the miracle play was almost over and by the beginning of the seventeenth century they were becoming things of the past.

Yet not wholly of the past. Curious bits of them survived—still survive in almost unrecognizable forms. Puppet shows, known as "motions," presented religious dramas during the eighteenth century. The story of Punch and Judy, popular with the "motions," is variously traced to an Italian origin in Punchinello, to the English provincialism "punch" meaning fat, and, with some reason, to the miracle plays. Punch is perhaps a survival of Pontius Pilate and certainly the stick he carries is identical with the "mall" which invariably accompanied Pilate in the Coventry mysteries. Judy is a nominal survival of Judas, though her temperament is more reminiscent of the shrewish Mrs. Noah. The killing of the baby is a comic and condensed version of the slaughter of the innocents, subject of many miracles. That at least is one theory. Maurice Sand in his painstaking history of the Harlequinade assures us that Punch came to England from Italy in the latter part of the seventeenth century. How then can we account for the representation of an English puppet theatre, plainly showing Punch and Judy, in a fourteenth-century manuscript? The simple truth seems to be that Punch as we now know him is a composite and international figure with a bit of the Italian Punchinello, a bit of the French Ponche (from whom at least he got his red, green and gold costume), a bit of Pontius Pilate and a bit of the character of Vice from the morality plays. Powel, the famous eighteenth-century puppet-showman, did much to confuse the story of Punch. Setting up his booth opposite the Cathedral of St. John, he used the church bells as a signal for the beginning of his own show and many of the pious were wooed from the legitimate and holy drama of the church to the ribald performances of the puppets. Nor did he scruple to



AN ENGLISH PUPPET THEATRE — FROM A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY MANUSCRIPT

place Punch in the lap of the Queen of Sheba or to have him thrust his head between the curtains, in the play of the Flood, and remark to the venerable and pious builder of the Ark: "Hazy weather, Mr. Noah." It is not strange that Punch acquired many untraceable characteristics.

The sober performances given at Coventry introduced from time to time an allegorical figure, foreshadowing the morality plays which followed the miracles, and the moralities linked medieval religious drama to that of modern times. This does not mean, however, that the spark kindled on the altars of the church has been completely extinguished. In Italy and southern France Bible stories are still piously performed, and of course the Passion Play at Oberammergau most nearly reproduces the spirit of the old mystery plays. In a delightful book about Mexico, Mme. Calderon de la Barca, wife of the Spanish minister to that country, tells of a Good Friday performance that has all the characteristics of a medieval miracle. And even in these United States, in the latter part of the last century, a religious group in New Mexico performed the Crucifixion with so much realism that he who played the part of Christ actually died after he was taken from the Cross.



"SAINT NICHOLAS" FROM THE SALISBURY MISSAL (1534)

It is possible, of course, to lay the heavy hand of the scholar or antiquarian upon the old records of the miracles and trace with learned fingers the growth of the modern drama from its beginnings on the altar of the church. But it is perhaps equally permissable to point with reverent amusement to the singular growth of an institution which was conceived as a means of counteracting the pagan influences of pre-Christian drama and of teaching the Gospels, which developed into a licentious and possibly sacrilegious secular performance, was debased to the purposes of trade and transformed into the weapon of anti-Catholicism and finally became the foundation of modern drama in which surely there survives small trace of the dignity, the beauty or the power of the sacred drama from which it sprang.

Although written in a somewhat pharasaical vein, intending to glorify eighteenth-century piety above that of earlier times, the following stanza is not altogether inapplicable to modern times in the theatre.

When friars, monks and priests of former days
Apocrypha and Scripture turned to plays,
The Festivals of Fools and Asses kept
Obeyed Boy Bishops and to crosses crept,
They made the mumming church the people's rod
And held a grinning Bauble for a God.

MODERN AMERICAN PRINTS

American print-makers are producing work equal to that of their great French contemporaries

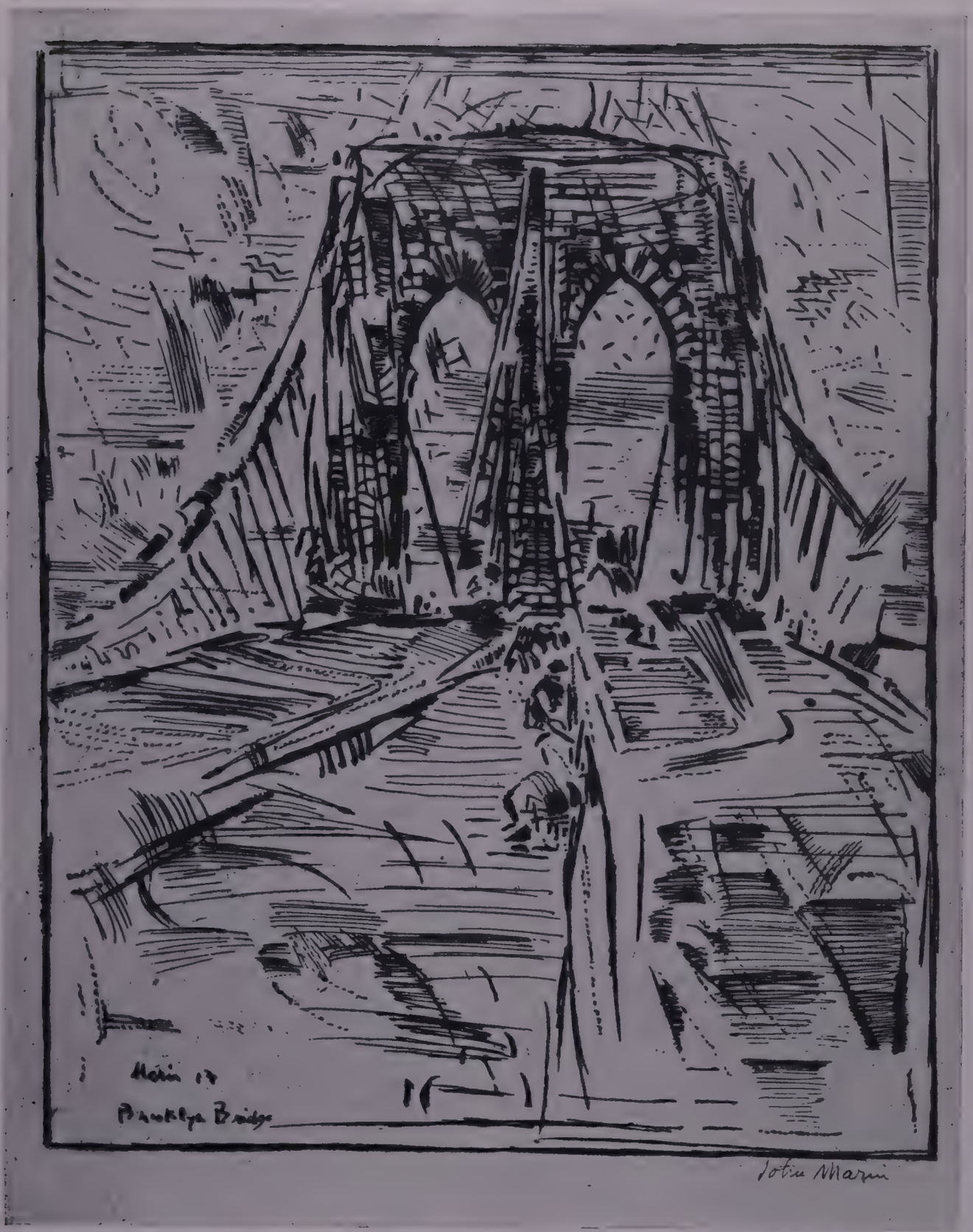
Elizabeth Luther GARY

CALL TWENTY YEARS a fair allowance of time for new ideas to seep through, and we shall see that quite a number of ideas that were not in the minds of graphic artists as long ago as that are now illustrated by examples of American work in museums and libraries. In comparison with the French work the examples are amazingly few—perhaps, though, it would be more amazing if large institutions had succeeded in moving with rapidity along the unbroken trails which always seem so much more dangerous in your own country than in foreign lands. You are thrilled by wild adventure when you skid down a clay hillside in Greene County, New York, yet take an Alpine pass without a tremor.

John Marin is one of the safest, and while many an artist calls him "the crazy man" he walks unchallenged through the doors of museums. He is in the Metropolitan Museum. Naturally with more of his Paris subjects than of others. Paris held his hand while he made the perilous crossing from his early to his late manner. It was a slow and cautious progress. Marin's mind is essentially cautious and sure, there seem to be no unconsidered judgments. Other men of genius have had the same tendency in evolution from an almost dull painstaking to a brilliant flashing spontaneity. After one has taken pains to be so sure rightness comes with a burst of sunlight. Fireworks rather than sunlight would seem to be the obvious symbol to use for Marin's pyrotechnic later methods; but if his work has been followed patiently, as he produced it, a relation to nature is established and you think of natural not of artificial phenomena in looking at his plates. There is a Catherine Wheel effect about his etchings of the Brooklyn Bridge but many a time there has been a Catherine Wheel effect in the skies seen from that artistically useful structure. If he changes natural relations Marin does so with the clearest possible idea of what he is doing and with the clearest intention of thus revealing a deeper and more essential relation. In order to reveal he must re-create, not imitate, and his later work quite literally is re-creation. Movement he must have, he, the Marin who did such stupid little static plates of streets and houses at the beginning. Synthesis he must have, he, who used to show us every window in the buildings flanking Notre Dame. It requires not so much imagination as knowledge of what is left out to appreciate Marin's daring eliminations. Unquestionably he never eliminates for the sake of emptiness, but to see how much he can say with one word. In the museum collections his work makes an impression so strange and puzzling that it takes a moment or two to disentangle it, to comprehend its unlikeness to any other work. You find it has avoided contacts with the work of others as skilfully as a savage in his boat paddles between intrusive shores. There it is as it has come to life in Marin's brain, as completely his own as any created thing can be the property of its creator. It is worth while to consider this quality somewhat thoughtfully, since much has been made of the connection of the so-called "new art" with Chinese or Byzantine or African or other ancient art, the makers of which were strong enough not to lean heavily upon representation. This strength is really the only important connection in the case of modern art which reaches the level of Marin's. Unless it is an evolution of the artist's own reaction to nature and intellectual attitude toward this reaction, it must be swept into the imitative class, with the miserable substitution of imitation of other arts for the respectable imitation of nature.

An etching of St. Germain, Paris, made in 1906, is at the New York Public Library, delicate and careful, and to compare it with the etching of the Woolworth Building or that of the Brooklyn Bridge is to see presently its likeness to these, the kind of likeness one finds in a charming daguerreotype of a young mother of the 'sixties to a stern modern drawing of her athletic daughter in the nineteen-twenties.

Arthur B. Davies is another who must be called modern in spite of the considerable number of years to his credit because, like Marin, he has the seeking spirit and continually moves beyond his earlier boundaries. Unlike Marin he is tethered by the longest rope imaginable to a personal conception of physical beauty, and however far he moves along the new path you feel in his work the insistent tug of that tether. Some early lithographs are at the library, tenderly experimental. There is also an interesting sheaf of three versions of a lithographic drawing, one the original done in white lithographic chalk on black transfer paper, the white crayon having been for the most part lifted off of the paper in the process of transfer;



"BROOKLYN BRIDGE" BY JOHN MARIN

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

another, the version printed in white ink on black paper, and a third, a version printed in black ink on white paper; none of them very engaging except as technical documents. The recent lithographs and etchings at the Museum show the artist's increased freedom in design and his constant concern with linear rhythms. All the work is personal, and again you can find no clear prototype, only a fused rush of hurrying influences from which Davies takes what serves his momentary purpose. Even in the little etchings that bear the strongest stamp of Cubist formulæ there is a gesture and pose that separate them completely from anything recorded in the history of Cubism, a flick and fillip of lines as though the little wooden animals of a Noah's Ark had started a playful game and found they could move freely within their angular casings.

Hunt Diederich's game is less playful than sporting. His jockeys ride to win, his hounds in leash strain at the leather thong and pant with eagerness, his dancers are intent upon the pattern of their step, through the grace and elegance of his line displaying an energy and earnestness beyond anything seen in the work of most of his contemporaries. It may be fantastic to seek the difference between his energy and that of Rockwell Kent in the fact that he is apt to move with greatest force in horizontals, as when his leashed hounds rush with immense speed across country, while Kent lets loose his energy in a line that aspires and leaps skyward.

No public collection fears Rockwell Kent. He is the artist of the great open spaces upon which the imagination of the American people at present is working to its limit. He puts into his broadly cut blacks and whites the sentiment of men who live in cities and wish, or think they wish, to live in the wilderness. He shows them the wilderness in terms of black and white romance. No color can be so romantic. He is more modern than the most modern of us all in his conception of the wild. If his conception is that of a deeply sophisticated mind it is none the less sincere, all the more sincere and of his time. If his design is more striking than constructive it is perfectly adapted to his simple message, an invitation to weary people to breathe more ozone and drop unnecessary tasks.

A discussion recently has been carried on by contributors to the excellent little *Bulletin de la Vie Artistique* as to the importance of subject in art. The sculptor Emile Gaudissard summed up the opinions of the majority in saying: "There are no good or bad subjects, there are good and bad painters." The unimportance of the subject apart from its suitability as material for art is quite clearly apparent in the wood engravings of John J. A. Murphy. Mr. Murphy has shown us laborers at their tasks, worshippers and characters from the Christian drama, men bathing, women lounging on the beach under spread umbrellas, riders, gossipers, sleepers. His religious subjects are almost isolated in contemporary art by the profound sincerity of his sentiment. His laborers and idlers alike are richly and truly expressed. None of these are in the public collections of this city. Instead some brochures celebrating a great hotel and a great industrial plant. The artist has placed his talent incorruptibly at the service of these sublimated advertisements and has produced designs every bit as fine as for his independent themes.

Observe the cover for the *Why and How of a Great Plant, etc.*, how the flat faces of the buildings are contrasted with the loosely heaped clouds, and how the men below carrying a heavy burden, the crowd looking on, the priest standing at one side, are given a certain solemnity, a sacerdotal aspect. But, most of all, observe the extraordinary building up of the design within the exactions of the material. His material and his tool work with the mind of the artist, his mind with them. There is none of the straining of the medium to do the wellnigh impossible which recently was the modern thing and is so no longer. Murphy hardly is the most stimulating of our designers but no one has surpassed him in control of his tool and his knowledge of its legitimate resources. He never permits it to be dominated by an inappropriate aim. On the other hand he subordinates his technique to the just demands of subject, and whatever his subject may be, it receives from him fullest acknowledgement of its intrinsic character and respect for its individuality. That is the way in which most of the sincerest modern artists regard subject, if we may judge them by their works. Respect without subservience. They recognize no difference of rank between one subject and another. Each is treated with precisely the same consideration as another. That explains, perhaps, the new beauty of objects, formerly considered "inartistic," under modern treatment; why a locomotive is given its character as exquisitely as a bed of violets would have been given its different character; or a New York business building is seen with a detachment and devotion equal to that awakened by a cathedral.

Walter Pach's etchings at the Metropolitan Museum illustrate this combined dedication to the subject and detachment from it which makes the modern artist often so puzzling and interesting. To him a shot tower has as much sacredness

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO



"FESTA" BY HORACE BRODSKY

In the New York Public Library



"SAILING: PROVINCETOWN" BY WILLIAM ZORACH

In the New York Public Library

as a Lady Chapel and his work betrays this attitude. It is not an attitude of indifference but exactly the contrary. Both shot tower and Lady Chapel command his full devotion as subjects of art, and one as deeply and richly as the other. nature is almost disguised for the casual observer. Not quite disguised, however, and this is the reason for the shrinking of the casual observer from these distinguished designs. What we recognize as a perversion of what we believe to be truth



"HOUNDS IN LEASH" BY HUNT DIEDERICH

In the New York Public Library

Horace Brodsky's woodcuts are at the Public Library. They express an ineradicable realism and an unusual gift for generalization. The "Bather," for example, is almost as anatomically real as one by Degas, the only difference being the greater penetration of Degas to anatomical sources of movement. There is no distortion or disturbance of relations, but the generalization prevents immediate recognition of the likeness to nature. The rivers of white that run down the black background are so uninterrupted in their swift course by any incident of detail that at first glance they seem merely rivers of abstract line. The "Festa," on a smaller scale, has more in the way of recognizable units, the Virgin carried through the street under a canopy, crosses, banners, people, all sufficiently represented to command recognition.

William Zorach, also at the Public Library, on the contrary distorts natural forms in favor of decorative arrangements until their relation to always awakens a livelier horror than a pure invention in which we see no truth at all. In the woodcut "Sailing: Provincetown" we have the very best of Zorach as a designer for flat surfaces, although not, of course, his third dimensional best which is more impressive. His changes of direction in stroke and variations in scale lend great vivacity to his pattern, a vivacity only less than Matisse achieves; but they are not imitations of the changes of direction and variations in scale practised by Matisse. They are organized on quite a different plan producing an effect of greater dignity, a sense of order solemn beneath its animation, as a vivid speaker may discuss a profound subject in a way to enliven it without reducing its importance. Margaret Zorach, also represented, has a gift for decorative arrangement certainly not second to that of her husband, but lacking this quality of depth. Her textiles, embroideries, rugs and batiks are especially distinguished.

ARABIC and PERSIAN Bindings

After the decline of the Arabic geometric art the Persian miniaturists produced beautiful book covers

GUSTAVUS A. EISEN

THE MOSLEM art of book covers, like most Moslem art, passed through three distinct stages which can hardly be said to have originated one from the other, but which arose under outside influences acting upon a common artistic principle or core. At certain nodes these stages or types were connected and related, but at the apices or points of highest development they were centuries apart in time as well as miles apart in principle.

The first of these styles was discussed in the latter part of my article in the November number, in connection with the naturalistic tendency and execution of an Arabic book cover that was decorated with the façade of a palace or mosque, covered with mosaic tiles, adorned with pillars, and with the openings between the arches and arcades shielded by drooping or folded curtains, as on the famous mosaic representing the palace of Theodoric in Ravenna. This naturalistic style was fashionable and beloved by the Arabs of the sixth and seventh centuries A. D., before their art had developed features of its own.

The second style of Moslem art is known as the geometric. It had already been foreshadowed while the naturalistic style was in vogue, having been developed from the use of mosaic cubes and mosaic patterns of more or less regular form. This style was favored in its development by the aversion of the Arabs, as of the Jews before them, to reproduce the animated form of animals and man. But whereas the Jews satisfied themselves with the artistic style of their neighbors, the Moslems after the Hegira set to work to develop a substitute of their own, basing it upon geometrical instead of naturalistic principles. The idea arose, perhaps, from the use of rectangular units instead of the square ones employed by the Romans and the Goths. The elongated and rectangular pieces favored the designing of stars and other geometric patterns suggesting in turn new and complex combinations, undreamed of when square cubes alone were used in the work. By this method arose an intricate system of star combines, which, while they retained individuality and were, so to say, self-existent, they at the same time formed a part of other combines. The result was that when they first were caught by the eye, they appeared under one form, but when, held in view some little time, they revealed to the gaze different and most varied combinations of figures, stars, shields and net work, in which the curved line had no place.

This art type engrossed design in the eleventh and twelfth centuries almost to the exclusion of any other type. It reached its perfection before the twelfth century, the finest designs being those formed by glazed tiles in the palaces and mosques of Alhambra, Tunis, Cairo and Damascus.

The earliest and simplest design, whether in tiling or in book covers, consisted of superposed squares, turned around their axes so that their points separated and formed a star. Connected with similar stars, of the same or different sizes, they constituted the units of a pattern. This pattern was later developed by the use of rectangles and triangles instead of squares, resulting in wonderful combinations when an inventive and patient artist put his mind to the job. It is said that those who produced the most intricate patterns became confused and bewildered and sometimes even raved as lunatics—haunted by the intricacy and mockery of their own designs. A similar tale was told the writer of Central America, where it is said the most intricate traceries of the ceremonial shawls or ponchos were created by those who had lost their minds.

The geometric star pattern was emphasized by a coloration applied to certain of the numerous areas produced and enclosed by the interminable crossing lines. By staining all the areas of one form the same hue and other areas with other colors, a pattern of great beauty sprang, so to say, into life by itself. This technic was used to a certain limited degree in decorating book covers. It produced upon the eye the sense of astonishment, often holding its attention as in a snare from which there was no escape. In the time of the Egyptian Mamelukes (1250-1517) the geometrical art overshadowed all other themes. At first the star pattern was made up of eight pointed stars, later of six-pointed ones, interspersed with pentagons and other geometric areas, until now unnamed and, perhaps, unnamable. The design was varied by intervening free areas, borders, bands and frames, as in Oriental carpets. The results were charming in conception, stunning in their complications and noble in effect. The book covers, however, developed along lines of their own, substituting, where possible, lines for areas, and evolving such details



LEATHER BOOK COVER, MOUNTED ON PASTEBOARD. Persian Seventeenth Century

From a Berlin Collection



LEATHER PERSO-TURKISH BOOK COVER

Seventeenth Century

In a Berlin Collection



PERSIAN BOOK COVER, 1557 A.D. LACQUERED PASTEBOARD IN POLYCHROME WITH SILVER AND GOLD

In a Berlin Collection

as tooling, pressing and pointing, all impractical in the major mosaic art.

A noteworthy and highly important feature in this geometrical art when at its highest development under the Mameluke sultans is that the designs, while apparently regular to the eye, when closely studied and measured are found to be irregular, having been designed by free hand. The modern artist attempting designs of any set style or theme is apt to consider absolute regularity a virtue, and the commissioner of the work would insist upon regularity as a matter of necessity. Not so, however, the Moslem artist who, with great feeling, in natural simplicity, varied the design on each side of the mathematical center to a sufficient degree to acquire line quality and area refinement, a subject which the writer has discussed in detail elsewhere. Unable to introduce in his work, or rather in his geometrical combinations, such curved refinement as Goodyear discovered in the finest specimens of medieval and especially in the Gothic cathedrals, he had to content himself with introducing aberrations into his formed and specially colored areas. This was accomplished by drawing the design by free hand, without use of the now indispensable contrivance of tracing the two halves of a design from the same model pattern, by simply reversing the paper holding the design. Irregularity lends charm and softness, whereas regularity produces that peculiar harshness which characterises most modern work of the academic type, and which unfailingly brings weariness to the eye and indifference to the feeling. Such occulted irregularity is apparent in almost every specimen of book-covering of this period, and, to the writer, constitutes its greatest charm.



FRONT COVER OF AN EGYPTIAN BINDING, FOURTEENTH-FIFTEENTH CENTURY
LEATHER TOOLED IN DESIGNS SUGGESTING WINDOW BLINDS
Islamic Museum, Berlin

The Moslem bookbinders and artisans made a practical contribution to their craft through the invention of the flap attached to one side of the cover, which folded over the edges of the leaves of the book or manuscript when closed. This flap was, of course, a forerunner of the clasp, a later invention and made of metal, whereby the two covers were firmly held together, sometimes with the addition of a lock.

Another practical as well as artistic invention was the beveled edge, which was produced by paring the edge of the cover so that it sloped and thinned outwards, thereby preventing wear and tear when the book was slid over the table or desk top. The thinning of the edge contributed also to the beauty and elegance of the book, as is quite apparent when a twelfth-century masterpiece is laid side by side with certain specimens of professional modern bookbinding, in which force is substituted for charm.

Sarre in his magnificent work on Moslem book covers, so often quoted in our previous article, introduces us to various specimens of this charming style. The reader should notice the fourteenth-fifteenth century Egyptian pasteboard cover lined with leather decorated in "blind" and in gold tooling in imitation of carved wooden window shutters. A more elaborate design of decidedly sumptuous nature is illustrated by the fourteenth-

century Egyptian binding in which the artist has introduced tendrils, petals and flowers as well as Arabic fretwork with splendid result. The blind tooling is relieved by gold lines on deep blue ground.

Much of the finest bookbinding of the pure period of the Mamelukes was probably imported to Egypt from Damascus, until then the greatest seat of Mosaic art. After the destruction of that city and a great part of Syria by the Mongols and Tartars, Egypt had to fall back on its own artistic resources, with the result that in and after the fifteenth century bookbindings overflow in richness and gorgeousness until the art finally became surfeited and thus decayed. Blue and white backgrounds with tooled arabesques and yet more intricate lines supplanted the older simplicity. The corners of the covers were filled with curtain-like areas, tiring the beholder even before the book was opened. Some of these covers resemble elaborate trays for golden dishes.



CENTRAL PART OF AN EGYPTIAN BINDING, FOURTEENTH CENTURY. LEATHER TOOLED WITH FLORAL ARABESQUE

By this time Arabic-Moslem art had filled its place of usefulness. It, like all other art, died of its own efforts through internal satiety and from too great external splendor. It was like the embroidered and costly covering of a corpse. The task and privilege of supplying books and manuscripts with a suitable and attractive covering fell upon another race, the Persians.

Many indications point to the Far East, to Turfan in China, as the original home of the peculiar style adopted by the Arabs and Persians when they began their journey to the pinnacles of art. This most interesting circumstance has been bared by recent explorations in that province. These, like other things of the Orient, have sprung upon us more than one unexpected and surprising revelation. The art of Turfan was a Mongolian art, Tartar in soul as well as body, with original development which we now know extended its ramifications and enclosing meshes far into medieval Spain. By the time of Tamerlane or Timur the art of Turfan had decayed, and Timur, who was an art-loving barbarian, quickly decided to introduce to his realm, Turkestan, art and artisans wherever and whenever he could find them. This opportunity came when his armies swept Syria and Asia in the early fifteenth century. He, as the Sassanian kings had done more than a thousand years before, carried away the best artisans and artists and bid them continue their work in his own domain. Among these artisans were many bookbinders, especially favored by Timur's successor, the yet greater art connoisseur, Baisanqur. This sultan, about 1433, founded an academy of art, literature and science in Herat. One of its aims was to foster the painting of miniatures, an art which soon culminated at the hands of the great Behzad, whose works have never been equalled in line quality and delicacy of conception. Next in importance to the miniatures came the artistically designed book covers of the Herat school. The oldest covers are in the style of the Egyptian Mameluke art, but the transplanted Herat art is richer in colors. A second type of Persian bookbinding arose after Behzad, and, influenced by him, was a miniature art, depicting men, animals and plants, drawn with exquisite feeling, unerring hand and a harmonious color combination superior to anything of earlier date. These figures often supplant older geometrical designs.

The earlier of these two styles in bookbinding greatly surpassed the Mameluke art. It is characterized by richness of detail and by the surprising

number of its decorative units, sometimes as many as half a million being embodied in one single work. Such an enormous number of tooled impressions must have taken a workman at least two years of constant labor to produce. But this wealth of unnecessary detail brought with it its own downfall, or rather deterioration. It resulted in a technical invention, one of those mechanical improvements which are the bane of all art and the corruptor of artistic sense. This invention consisted of a single metal plate containing all the design, whereby innumerable covers could be stamped as readily and as quickly as a single point, line or band by the slower method. But this labor-saving device made individuality impossible, and the art of stamping book cover designs left the artist's hand and became mechanical, with its attendant vices of symmetry, regularity and precision, like a modern government bond. The work became less mobile, but for a time, if not absolutely holding its own, it at least did not fall flat. Dr. Sarre in his work introduces us to the best Persian book covers so far discovered, reproduced with skill and fidelity in a manner beyond praise. The first color illustration illustrates a cover made in the manner just described, a single stamp having produced the whole design, with its absolute duplication on each side of the center. In this cover we see also a distinct influence of the oriental lacquer workers' craft in two kinds of gold and deep brown. The effect is rich, but lacks airiness and diffusion, being too concentrated and perhaps a little too reserved. But the chiseling of the relief is fine and the animals are drawn with exceptional spirit and sureness.



BENGAL BOOK COVER, 1600. WOMEN BEARING OFFERINGS

This technic was often emphasized and enhanced by the use of a painted background in plain and primary tints, the colors most cherished being lapis lazuli, cinnabar red and emerald green. The surface of the leather between the designs was often tinted and grained, yellow, red, brown or violet. Landscapes with animals composed the main feature, but simpler floreate themes were also in use. The flower motif is always the anemone, which in the spring covers the Persian steppes with a brilliant carpet of red and white; in the cover designs they are connected by tendrils, leaves and sprays in a repeated and rather regular fashion, heightened with gold tooling. For borders a twisted cord served as motif, just as in the old amuletic frames of Constantinean art.

Another type is represented by the beautiful cover, illustrated in color, dated the year of the Hegira 964 (A. D. 1557), decorated with leopards chasing deer, leaping rabbits, resting pheasants and flying swans, all of them designed with a surprising fidelity to life, formed from the artist's fantasy.

A delightful feature of many Persian covers are the city and court scenes in which the perspective is produced by placing the most distant parts close to the upper margins, so that the beholder seems to look down on the scenes as from the sky; but with this the common, modern perspective is often combined in a curious but pleasing manner.

A type of sixteenth-century book cover is illustrated partaking of the nature of a sixteenth-century Persian miniature with all its charms and defects. It covered once the oldest copy of the poems of Djami, famous in Persian literature.

Here too the arrangement of the perspective is in the style of theatrical stage wings, one set behind the other, in which princes, servants and flowers mix in stately intimacy and mutual confidence.



PERSIAN LACQUER BINDING, SIXTEENTH CENTURY

The line quality in these Persian designs, whether on covers or miniatures on parchment, is characterized by a peculiar rhythmic rise and fall, in accordance with a constantly repeated scale. Regular lines follow thicker or thinner ones, and still others fade into mere dots, like the steps in a formal dance. An attempt at irregularity is apparent in every detail, from corner to corner, from margin to margin.

The Persian style of decoration was adopted by the Turks, who varied it to their taste and introduced simpler designs in which isolated flowers on tall, but bent, stems connected and crossing, gave the viewer a reminiscence of a flower garden. From the Turks this type of design spread to other parts of Europe and became a peasant art in Sardinia, Sicily and Spain, where it is continued to our day. It also forms the base of the late Syrian, Greek and Slavonian peasant embroideries and paintings. The Oriental style of bookbinding extended also to India where in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries we find book covers executed in lacquer work with large figures in garden scenes.



WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL — FROM THE ARCHITECTS' DRAWING

Frohman, Robb and Little, architects; Cram and Ferguson, consulting architects

Vaulting Bosses in Washington

Conceived in the Gothic spirit these thousand bosses are a return to the expression of symbolism in stone

William B. M'GORMICK

In Gothic architecture ornamental details are used in extraordinary numbers and bewildering variety, the classical example of this profusion being the statues atop of the Milan Cathedral which, the books say, comprise four thousand four hundred and forty representations. After preparing the reader with this statement he will not be made breathless by the one led up to, the reason for this article, that in the National Cathedral in Washington there are to be one thousand vaulting bosses, each of which is to be an example of the telling, intensely human realism of the Gothic *imagier* of France.

On that low ridge of hills which swells up to the skyline northwest of the city of Washington the apse of the National Cathedral of the Protestant Episcopal Church rises on Mount St. Alban, catching and holding the eye through its commanding site and graceful outline, a presage of what is to come in the completed structure. In the beginning a place of pilgrimage for religious and artistic reasons the apse of the National Cathedral now has another and wider appeal, for in the Bethlehem Chapel in the crypt lies the body of Woodrow Wilson. But in the special field of American architecture this cathedral occupies a significant position since it carries to closer approach to the greatest period of the Gothic the long line of religious edifices in America designed by Richardson, Renwick, Hunt, Goodhue and Cram. Richardson's chief monument is his Boston Trinity Church, pure Romanesque—the style that Huysmans described as "a convert, a pagan turned monk"—and yet part of the steadily expanding architectural movement in which Renwick and Hunt chiefly devoted themselves to the English as Goodhue and Cram have done to the French Gothic manners.

In the earlier designs of our churches, of which St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York by Renwick



D. F. LANE CUTTING A BOSS IN WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL

French *imagiers* for the Gothic cathedrals and churches, figured extensively in our American religious buildings. And it is from the animal kingdom chiefly that the inspiration for these vaulting bosses in the National Cathedral in Washington is drawn. In looking at them the spectator may not feel what Elie Faure says of Gothic sculpture, that it "is an image of freedom, uniting man's future with the far-away memories which he had saved from the shipwreck of the ancient world." But he will appreciate the spirit of high good humor in which the medieval cathedral builders worked, the whole-souled fun entering into many of their little figures, typical examples of which are found in two of the bosses reproduced here, Pride in his luxurious fur-trimmed coat suffering a fall and St. Dunstan tweaking the Devil's nose with the pincers, implements with which he conquered Satan after his legendary struggle with the chief of fallen angels.

Since the roof of the cathedral will be ninety-three feet above the floor of the nave, the modeling of the figures on these vaulting bosses must necessarily be distorted in order that the visitor may take in the whole at once. The Nicene Creed will furnish the primary theme for the principal bosses in the vaulting of the nave. The subsidiary bosses will symbolize the Apostles, the Fathers of the Early Church, the nine orders of angels. Above the choir aisles

may serve as an illustration, architectural ornament was based solely on floral forms. It was not until the days of Goodhue and Cram that the animal kingdom, drawn on so liberally by the

"SAINT DUNSTAN" MODELS FOR BOSSES IN WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL "PRIDE"





PLASTER MODELS FOR BOSSES IN WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL

the symbolism of the bosses will be devoted to the seven Sacraments and the seven Gifts of the Holy Spirit. In the first bay of the north aisle of the choir the Eucharist is typified with a chalice and paten surrounded by ears of wheat and clusters of grapes which are also symbols of the Holy Eucharist, the True Body and Blood of our Lord under the appearance of bread and wine. The Sacrament of Penance is the central theme of the bosses in the second bay of the same aisle. This is symbolized by the delivery to Peter of the keys by Our Lord as the "story" of the main boss, while those around it picture Pride, Envy, Anger, Covetousness, Gluttony, Lust and Sloth. In these sculptures is to be caught the full note of the homely, everyday vivid realism of the Gothic spirit as has been mentioned in connection with the figure of Pride. On other bosses a poorly dressed youth looks longingly upon the fur coat of a modern Babbitt; Anger flails the cathedral vaulting with clenched fists. There is enough stony evidence to convict a covetous youth of larceny from the person. A glutton forgets his book of etiquette and gnaws a hambone handily, one arm affectionately encircling a bottle. Fires of passion consume a man and woman entwined with the serpent of Lust. Sloth is represented by a gardener, asleep with the weeds of poison ivy growing rampant around him. In the third bay of this aisle will be a central boss and six others devoted to the Sacrament of Holy Orders, the main boss, of which the plaster model, illustrated herewith, shows the spirited character, representing the descent of the Spirit at Pentecost while the others picture Aaron's rod, Phineas with the incense, Samuel warning Eli, the mitre and crozier and the open Bible.



PLASTER MODEL FOR BOSS OF "PENTECOST" IN THE WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL

Four of the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit—Strength, Knowledge, Godliness and Holy Fear—are recorded in the south choir aisle. Holy Fear, the theme of the first bay in this aisle, is symbolized by the six-winged seraph of Ezekiel. One boss shows Moses taking off his shoes in front of the burning bush. Another pictures the woman who wiped Christ's feet with her hair. A third reveals Isaiah and the angel with the burning coal. Mary of Bethany with the alabaster box and Mary Magdalene at the Resurrection are included. St. John falling on his face in Revelation completes the group. Strength is a soldier, and St. George, St. Stephen, St. Alban, St. Pancras, St. Agnes and Bishop Ken help to symbolize it. St. Sebastian symbolizes Fortitude. The Venerable Bede looking up from a book of prayer on a prayer desk symbolizes Knowledge and Godliness. The Cross is Faith, the anchor is Hope, the heart is Love. Wisdom, Understanding and Counsel will go into the next bays.

The floral surroundings of the Cathedral will be used as motives for some of the sculpture as has already been done in the Bethlehem Chapel. Here the Glastonbury thorn, which blooms at Christmas, has been used for the sculptured border of the reredos. A gargoyle representing Evil will wear a wreath of poison ivy, and, as shown in the group of four small bosses illustrated herewith, willow, maple, oak and chestnut leaves will be carved in stone and wood.

Photographs by courtesy of the National Cathedral Foundation

FOUR GOBELIN TAPESTRIES

A series of four "Seasons" from cartoons by Lucas Van Leyden recall the subtle humor of the middle ages

KARL FREUND

THE FORTUNATE art lovers who were admitted to see at the Anderson Galleries the Rochefoucauld-Rockefeller Tapestries depicting the romantic legend of the Unicorn will never forget a sense of liberation, of an exultant gratitude for these cascades of untarnished color which enlivened the lovely episodes of mirth and sorrow. Past art which has survived in its youthful splendors, so vital as to enchant us without the reminiscent and melancholy charm of wear or patine, rejuvenates interest in art and multiplies the number of its adepts by captivating those who can not recognize beauty in fragment or decline.

Another set of tapestries has just come to enrich this country. While nearly two hundred years younger and vitally differing in mood, spirit and craft from the series of the Unicorn, it fills the onlooker with the same warmth of youth, eternal. These tapestries from the collection of Lord Wimborne (now the property of Richard W. Lehne of New York) represent the Four Seasons after Lucas Van Leyden, woven at the Gobelins by Pierre Lefèvre, probably under the direction of Mignard between 1685 and the end of the seventeenth century.

Much has been written about those intensely imaginative cartoons of "Lucas," the "Four Seasons" and "The Twelve Months" which were originally woven into tapestries at Brussels for Charles V and Isabella, also about a set encrusted in gold and silver presented to Mazarin by the Spanish Ambassador, and the incomplete and fragmentary series existing in America, in France, Austria and Russia, but to our knowledge the "Wimborne Seasons" merely have been referred to in guide books of Dorsetshire as "Gobelins Tapestries at Canford Manor."

And still their interest is manifold, and their importance in the world of precious textiles superior to many others more widely known. But this seclusion may have saved tapestries and borders from division and mutilation and their colors from undue exposure to sun and moisture.

The Wimborne "Seasons" are as fresh today as when they left the Faubourg Saint-Marcel. The colors are of the intrepid value established by Lebrun for his heroic Alexander series, disregarding the tones of gold and yellow, blue green and splashes of crimson of their sixteenth-century models which were adhered to in other "Lucas" Gobelin tapestries known to us. The archaic angularity of the drawing acquires a peculiarly seductive quality by the unexpected flamboyancy of color values. It seems as if the master weaver had used every conceivable device to overcome the prejudice of his patrons against things they contemptuously called "Gothic," and not merely by using the vibrant tones of his epoch, but by the careful definition of every detail (so difficult in tapestry weaving), he tried his propaganda for the subtle, melodious humor of the vanishing middle ages—at the time of the *Grandes Tentures Historiques*, devoted to tumultuous battles, fastidious hunts, and glamorous pageants; the histories of the King Louis Quatorze, of Turenne, of Alexander, Constantine and Artemisia.

One may fathom the gusto of the Gobelin weavers with which they followed the comely imageries of their forefathers. To the casual observer the adoption of the "Lucas" designs by the pompous *Grand Siècle* might appear like a sudden return of the simpler ideals, or as a sign of an organized art campaign like the vogues of Chinoiserie or Grecomania of the eighteenth century. But the early Dutch painter's admission to the illustrious looms seems exceptional in its kind and —like the peace of Trinity Churchyard in the heedless torrent of Broadway—has the added attraction of singularity. The Wimborne tapestries compared with other known examples of the "Lucas Seasons" have the great merit of completeness. The enjoyment of each little episode is so keen that one would dislike to be deprived of the smallest detail, a group of these gorgeously attired rustics, a dance of the Pavane, a magnificent town gate or even a bit of comically shaggy landscape with a farm cart in the far distance.

The beautiful borders one might take as a delightful and naïve concession to the taste of the time. These richly fruit-laden and densely floriated garlands intertwined with animals of the chase add to the alluring anachronism of Lucas Van Leyden at the Court of Louis Quatorze.

Each of the tapestries, illustrated on the following pages, depicts a characteristic scene from one of the seasons, and in each is evident a homely humor. The fallen couple in "Winter," the fishermen in "Spring" and the groups in "Summer" and "Autumn" were drawn by no sad formalist.

GOBELIN TAPESTRY FROM A CARTOON BY LUCAS VAN LEYDEN

"WINTER: ICE SKATING"



GOBELIN TAPESTRY FROM A CARTOON BY LUCAS VAN LEYDEN

"SPRING: FISHING IN THE TOWN MOAT"

GOBELIN TAPESTRY FROM A CARTOON BY LUCAS VAN LEYDEN

"SUMMER: VINTAGE SEASON"



"AUTUMN: HARVESTING"

GOBELIN TAPESTRY FROM A CARTOON BY LUCAS VAN LEYDEN

Photographs courtesy of Richard W. Lehne

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

DANTE ALIGHIERI *and* BLAKE

Better than any other to make the attempt Blake succeeded as a true illustrator of the Divine Comedy

GUY EGLINGTON

I HAVE DISCOVERED, I believe, the ideal way to read Dante. On a row of chairs before me I ranged the illustrators, Botticelli, Signorelli, Blake, Flaxman, as many as I could lay hands on. Then, settling myself down comfortably before them, I read. Three days long, with pauses only for eating and sleeping. Inferno, Purgatorio, Paradiso. The whole journey in three tremendous days.

The book closed, I am half dazed, and my mind a battle-field of conflicting emotions. Masefield once said that to read Macbeth through at a sitting left mind and body as exhausted as if one had tramped for twenty miles. Not so Dante. I do not seem to have been tramping but rather to have flown, and such tiredness as I feel proceeds less from the speed of my motion than the suddenness and unexpectedness of the halts, from the constant variations of tempo, the lightning changes of focus.

The world of Shakespeare proceeds from vast to vaster, driven by a force at once irresistible and pitiless, the insistent hammer of his verse. One is conscious that behind the anvil stands a giant, whose strength has not yet been tapped. Though his blows already resound like thunder, one knows that he has barely begun to unlimber his shoulders, that soon his giant frame, extended to its full height, his arms, swinging their full circle, will bring down the great hammer with a force to which this is but the tapping of a woodpecker. And the fear of that hammer drives one forward, like leaves before a storm in autumn. Shakespeare, the giant, partakes of the nature of the elements.

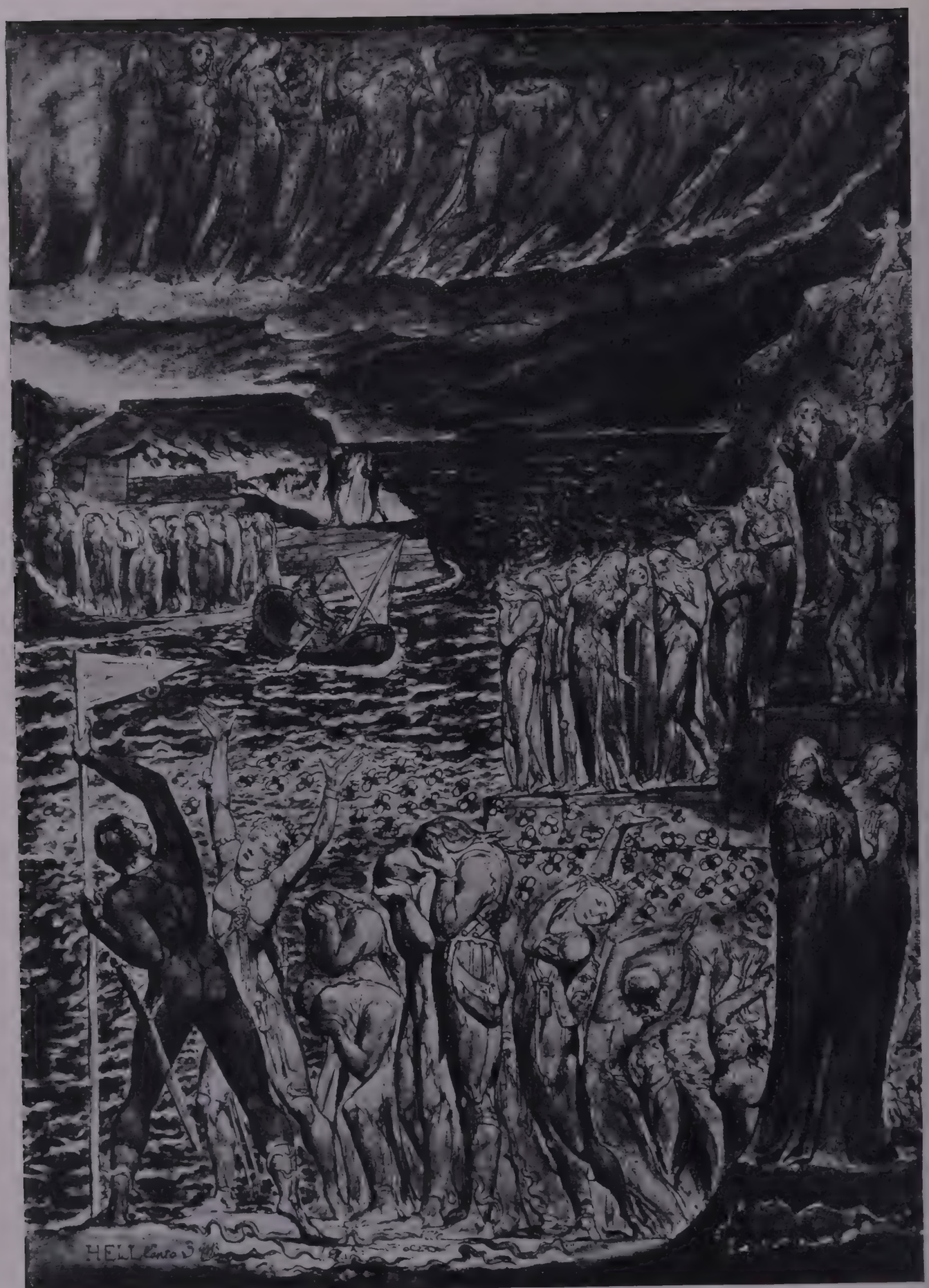
Dante, on the other hand, is Man. Giant man. Man with wings, if you like, but still man. Always man. Man in his affections, his aspirations, his loyalty, his fearlessness. Man still more in his pride, his anger, his bitterness, his denunciation of evil. Man even in his spirituality, his mysticism. Man-built, the several worlds of his imagining, through which he bears the traveler, are, like the human heart, capricious. Now they broaden to an undreamed vastness, now shrink to a point, as the mind of Dante broadens and contracts.

It is a strange journey, this with Dante. Theologians have lauded it as a spiritual exercise, interpreting his most worldly disquisitions in the light of their own theology. One would be bold to contradict them point blank. Yet the impression which the sensitive traveler will find most deeply graven on his memory will hardly be one of spirituality. Blake himself, Donne, Herbert, Crashaw, Vaughan, even Milton with all his preoccupation with affairs of state and the preaching of his own private heresies, if they do not outsoar him in spirituality, yet the mean level of their flight is, in the mystical sense, higher. And judged by the standard of S. Francesco he must appear a very pagan. The last of the pagan gods, I had been tempted, his Christian theology notwithstanding, to call him, but that his godhead would fit him ill. He is for that too much a man, a man of his own time, a Moody Florentine, and a Ghibelline to boot.

Blake, less troubled by his politics, though he reproached him with making heaven and hell in the image of Italy, populating it with Italian broils, whereas he, Blake, was striving to remake England in the image of Jerusalem, imputed it to Dante as his worst sin that he was an atheist, meaning thereby that he set Nature above the Spirit.* It is an accusation which must be read in the light of Blake's own mystical works. To Blake, the mystic, all art that smacked of things earthly was anathema. He loathed Rubens, because Rubens, he said, made Christ look a brewer's servant. He worshipped Michelangelo, because Michelangelo, of all the artists he knew, was the most impersonal, with all his precision utterly unearthly, supernatural even, the only one who moved at ease in a supernatural world of his own creating, even as he, Blake, did. And because Dante, who held as it were the freedom of this city of the spirit, willingly contracted his vision to indulge personal animosities, or worse, to impose on the celestial habitants his own part astronomical, part astrological theories, Blake gave his irritation a high-sounding name and dubbed him atheist.

But indeed, whatever its chief cause, Blake's

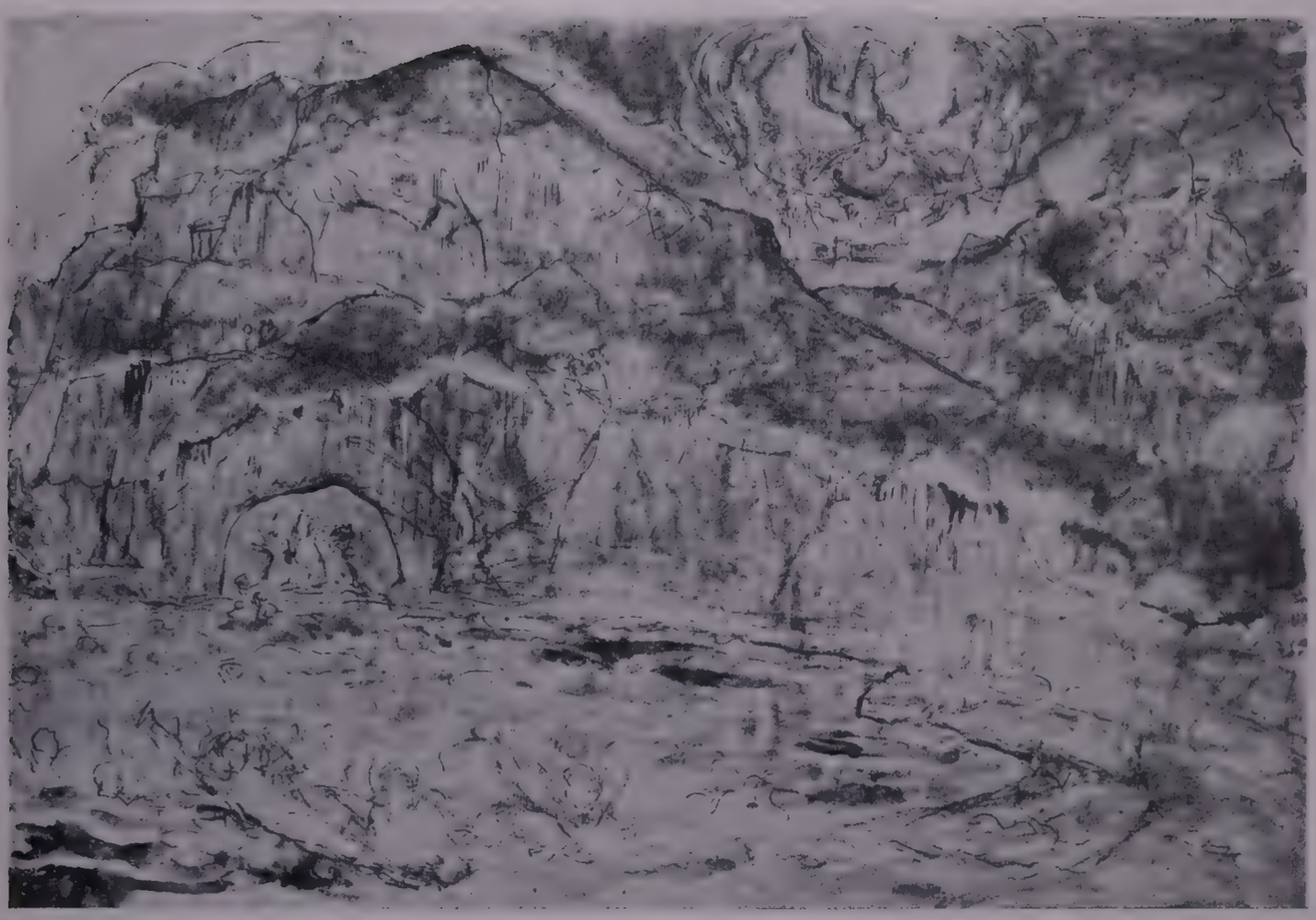
**Across one of his unfinished designs (to Inferno, Canto IV) Blake scrawled: "Everything in Dante's Comedia shows that for tyrannical purposes he has made This World the foundation of all and the Goddess Nature and not the Holy Ghost his Inspirer. Swedenborg does the same in saying that in This World is the Ultimate of Heaven. This is the most Damnable falsehood of Satan and the Antechrist."*



HELL: CANTO III

DRAWING BY WILLIAM BLAKE

"Then looking farther onwards I beheld
A throng upon the shore of a great stream:"



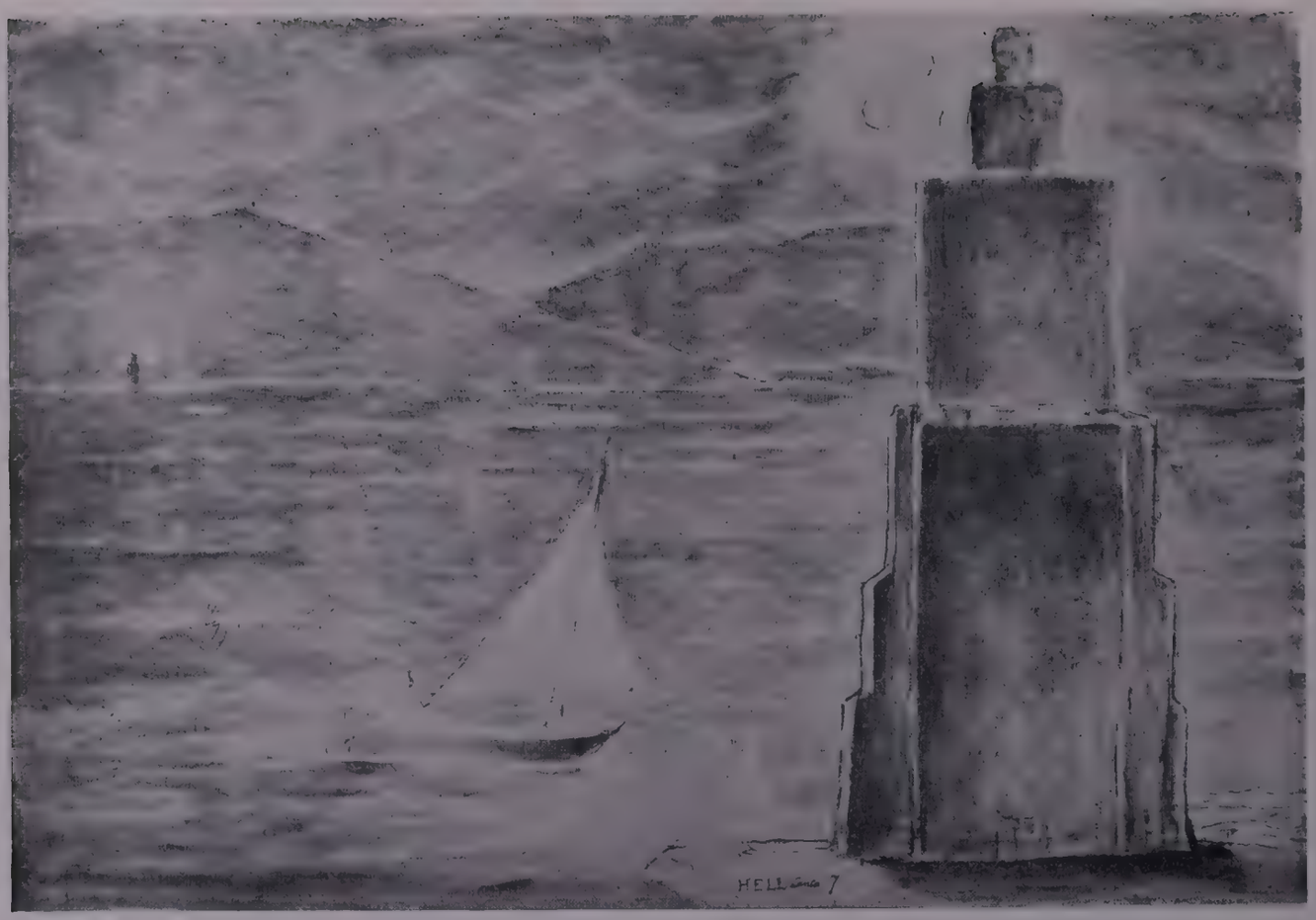
HELL: CANTO IV — DRAWING BY WILLIAM BLAKE

"Cerberus, cruel monster, fierce and strange,
Through his wide three-fold throat, barks as a dog
Over the multitude immersed beneath."

irritation is easily understandable. Side by side with an authentic vision and challenging it at every step one can not but feel stamped over the whole poem, the Paradiso no less than the Inferno, the image of the man Dante. A magnificent image, if you will and one would be rash to wish it away. The overwhelming pride of the man, his terrific anger, his fury of denunciation. There is barely an inch of Italy that he had not crushed out of existence had the power lain in his condemnation. He was the world's greatest hater and he rejoiced in the fact. But his pride, his anger and his hatred, if they are powerless to obscure the intensity of his vision, yet interrupt it constantly. Even his splendid fearlessness, respecting neither birth nor office, but reserving for the highest his most tremendous thunder, must, from the standpoint of the poem's spiritual content, be taken as negative. Strive as it will for impersonality, it has the air of a personal defi, another Fucci "making the figs" against the world.

Dante is then and remains, even in his highest flights, a man, and not a man only, but his very self. He will never let you forget for a moment that it was he, Dante Alighieri, witnessed these marvels, the punishment of the Wicked in Hell, the long atonement on the Hill of Purgatory, the spirits of the Blest distributed throughout the nine Heavens. Even in the Ninth Heaven, when he has passed through the fire, when all memory of sin has been washed away in the river of Lethe, when his body has passed through eight Heavens of light to the attainment of an almost incandescent purity, even in the Empyrean he is still the noble Florentine, exiled by Guelph intrigue. It is incredible that a man so personal, so little I had almost said, should have been so tremendous a creator. He defies all the rules of creation and triumphs. Leaving Shakespeare and Homer aside, how many times does the author of the Apocalypse remind you that he was the favorite disciple? Or the author of Paradise Lost that, like Homer, he was blind? And these were egoists and proud men. But beside Dante they might be sculpted in the wall of the first cornice in Purgatory for an example of humility. Not Nimrod, not Saul, nor yet one of the instances of Pride with which the rock of that Hill was carved were more proud than he.

But if Dante's preoccupation with his own



HELL: CANTO VII-VIII — DRAWING BY WILLIAM BLAKE

"Never was arrow from the cord dismissed,
That ran its way so nimbly through the air,
As a small bark, that through the waves I spied."

personality limits his vision, it also sharpens it and lends it definition. Whereas to Homer or Shakespeare a few words let fall casually suffice to evoke a city—a city in which all men can move at ease and yet none describe exactly its architecture—with Dante, though his descriptions are hardly longer, the image received therefrom is exact and palpable. The reason is that Shakespeare, and with him the vast majority of great poets, rarely describe. His cities are built out of the merest suggestions. "Thin air," as Prospero said. A happy collocation of sounds, colors and scents decks out a world whose foundations are laid and proportions fixed in the very structure of the verse.

"Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses."

says Duncan—and behold Macbeth's fateful castle, built. And Lorenzo has but to sigh:

"The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise. . . ."

and the setting is laid for one of the most romantic scenes in all literature. Or, in the realm of mysticism, take Vaughan:

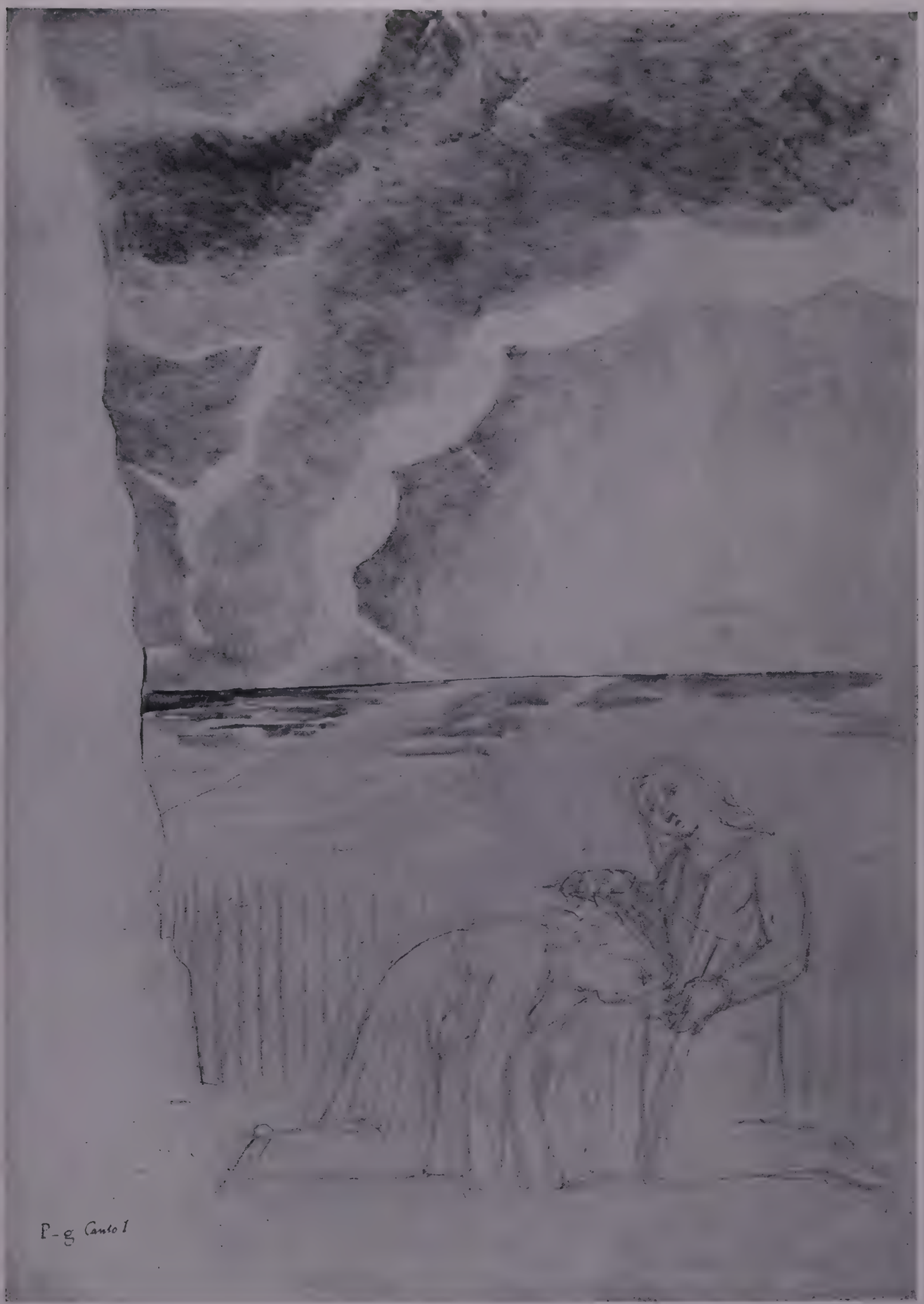
"I saw Eternity the other night
Like a Great Ring *of pure and endless light,*
All calm as it was bright."

Or Blake himself:

"Rintrah roars and shakes his fires in the burdened air;
Hungry clouds swag on the deep."

One could multiply examples indefinitely. But Dante proceeds quite otherwise. Alone of visionary poets he combines with the perception of a seer the passion for detail of a police reporter. Nothing is too small to escape his eye. Colors, shapes, features, costumes, all are set down with an exactitude that amazes. The very heights and distances are measured and the ground laid out in parcels. As one reads the Inferno with the illustrators at hand, it is hard to believe that Dante did not write with them in mind, so amazingly pictorial are his images.

But if he is a grateful subject for the illustrator, he is none the less a treacherous one, the more so for his seeming simplicity. A scene from Shakespeare may seem at first blush easy to the



PURGATORY: CANTO I

DRAWING BY WILLIAM BLAKE

"Thence issuing we again beheld the stars."

—HELL: CANTO XXXIV

sanguine illustrator, but he will soon discover that to paint a conventional scene of two lovers on a moonlit bank, or a castle wall with martlets nesting in the masonry, is not to paint Jessica, nor yet evoke Macbeth. The problem is best stated if one take a passage like that which I have quoted from Vaughan. Show that to an artist and he will tell you at once that such a passage is beyond the possibility of illustration. He is perhaps right, but if so, then no poetry worth the name can be illustrated, for in its essentials all poetry is as bare and vast and abstract as that. The only difference is that some poets hide the fact by the richness of the garment in which they clothe their thought, the sharpness of its definition.

Such is the case with Dante and hence it is that despite its seeming simplicity the *Divina Comedia* is one of the most tremendous subjects an artist can tackle. It is not alone a question of rendering the vastness of the scene, the elemental tortures that make up the Inferno, heat, cold, mud, filth, devils in all their guises, nor yet the gradual crescendo of light as the journey continues up the Mountain of Purgatory, through the eight lesser Heavens into the Empyrean. The real problem begins only when this problem is overcome—to give these physical things their spiritual significance. Illustrate Dante literally and with all the talent in the world you have a grotesque. You have grotesque figures, clambering laboriously up a hill, bent almost to the ground under a load of rocks. But you do not have, what Dante painted, Pride. Or you have figures, no less grotesque, who wallow in mire under a rain of filthy water. But you do not have Gluttony. Or you have a theatrical figure, swelling his chest like a tenor taking the high C. But you do not have Blasphemy. And until you have, in place of grotesques, spiritual forces—even leaving aside, since none has dared to tackle it, that vastly important part of the *Divina Comedia*, the soul of Dante himself—you may have pretty pictures, but they will not be illustrations* of Dante.

I have placed the standard thus high because, if one is to discuss illustration, it is necessary to define what one means thereby. I am far from claiming that either Blake, or for that matter any of Dante's illustrators, though they count amongst their number many of the greatest artists Italy produced, were consistently able to effect this translation of physical into spiritual fact. Probably in Giotto, if, as seems likely from his friendship with Dante, he treated the *Divina Comedia* in frescoes now destroyed, Dante may have found his ideal illustrator.

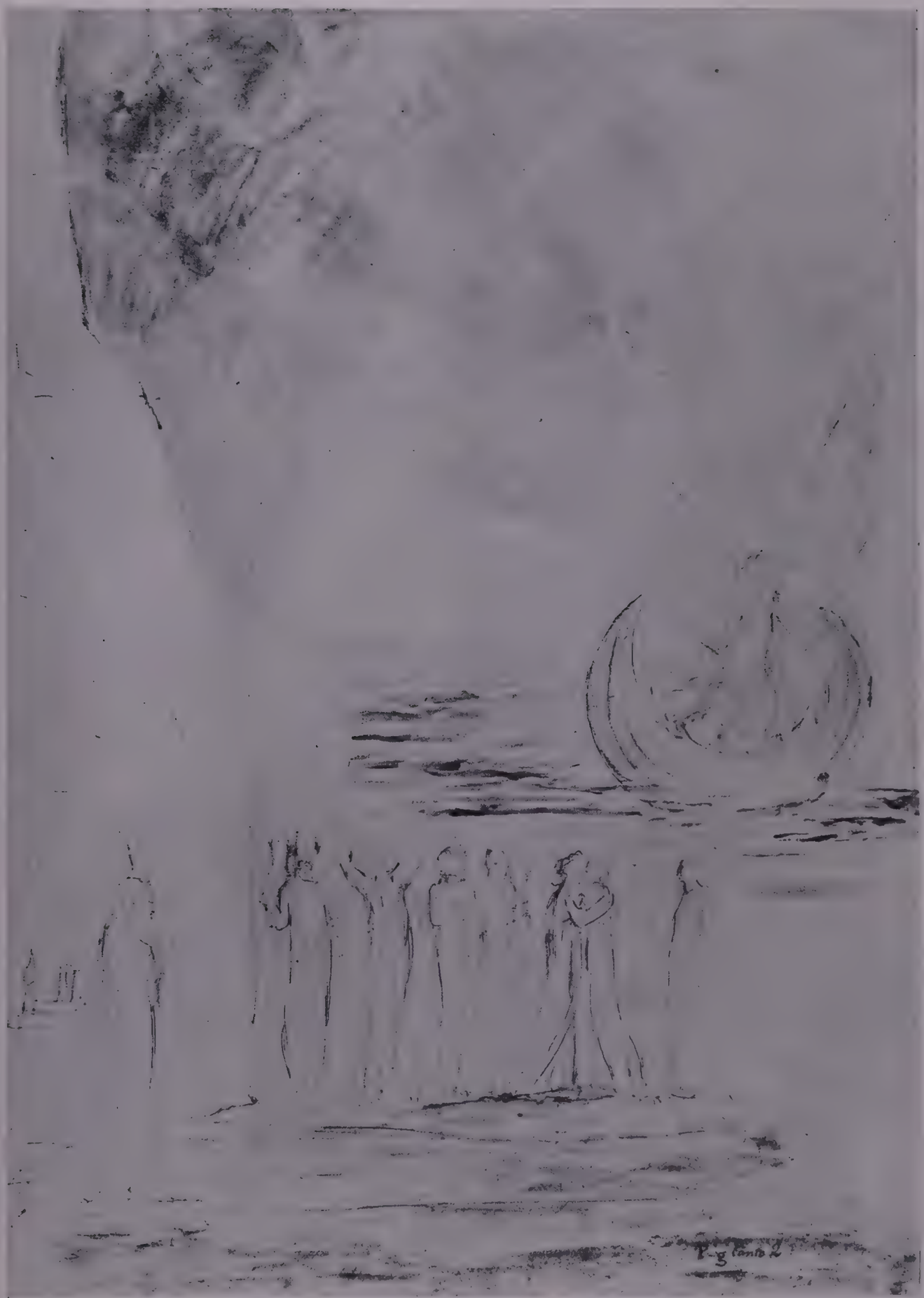
I have often wondered whether the frescoes in the Church of S. Francesco in Ravenna, fragments of which have been discovered, including a portrait of Dante, may not have treated this subject. For Giotto, of them all, possessed the greatest mastery of the abstract. Yet even he, as the Arena frescoes prove, could sometimes lose his grip. Side by side with the lunettes, in which abstract virtues and vices stand personified, made living as never before or since, are occasional frescoes in which the thought has gotten lost in the process of translation and only the bare husk reached the wall, a magnificent grotesque.

Blake's Dante series is a torso. It could hardly be otherwise, considering the circumstances of its composition. A man of sixty-seven, already sick and never to be strong again, starts to learn Italian so that he can illustrate Dante. Not only that, but succeeds. Almost completes the Inferno set, has seven already engraved. Tackles the Purgatorio and the Paradiso. His health gets worse. He takes to his bed, yet continues his work. Finally, less than three years after he first undertook the task, he dies, leaving 102 drawings. It is nothing to the point that many of them are unfinished. Merely to conceive a hundred such designs is itself gigantic labor.

For my own part, I am more than content that he left the series unfinished, for in the most fragmentary of the drawings, those which represent his first conception, I find qualities which in the more finished are lost, qualities which bear witness to a more intimate response of artist to poet. A conception of Blake's, it must be remembered, went through at least three stages. First, a rapid pencil drawing, setting down briefly and sharply, with as few lines as possible, the vision as it presented itself to his imagination. This drawing he would then lay aside, only returning to it when he felt able to push it forward to completion. He would then work over his pencil lines with a pen, strengthening and accentuating them, filling in details, rounding his forms. Finally came brush and water-color and the second stage was complete. The third stage was one of elimination. With his completed water-color before him, Blake was then in a position to see clearly which were

**Illustration in relation to contemporary life has become unfortunately a synonym for superficiality. It is, I fear, too late to reclaim the word, so I have elsewhere been content to use it in its derogatory sense. When, however, one speaks of a man illustrating a poem, one must surely mean that he has done more than paint a pretty picture to accompany it. He has presumably succeeded in translating something of that poem into his own plastic medium. Perhaps for this one should use the Italian word* Interprete. *On illustration in this sense Mr. Bernard Berenson writes most illuminatingly in his* Central Italian Painters of the Renaissance.

STUDIO



PURGATORY: CANTO II

DRAWING BY WILLIAM BLAKE

"... 'Down, down; bend low
Thy knees; behold God's angel: fold thy hands:'"

the vital parts and transfer these—and only these—onto his copper. The first stage represented therefore Blake's original conception, the second that conception in a transitional or experimental state and only the third the final product of both artist and craftsman.

From the standpoint of expression the three stages are very important. The first, being born complete in the imagination and set down at white heat, is nearest to the spiritual content of the poem. The second is liable to be more external; too often the material form in which the thought is clothed overpowers it. In the third a new balance has been struck between thought and form. Place one of the drawings from the Job set beside the completed engraving and the contrast will be plain. Or, better, place the Mission of Virgil, illustrating the second canto of the Inferno, beside the sixteenth plate of the Job; Hell is naked before him and Destruction has no covering. A contrast of the drawings and plates for the Dante is only less illuminating since the latter are unfinished. The effect of the one is muddled. In the drawing the giants to right and left are violently overaccentuated and bear no relation to the figures of Virgil and Dante, still less to the angels flying between heaven and earth or the figure of Lucia as she looks down on Dante from her seat above. Even the figure of the Almighty loses in impressiveness through over-emphasis. But in the Job engraving, the drawing for which, of an equal complexity, suffers from the same faults, the parts have been drawn together, nothing of emphasis has been sacrificed, but the plate makes one single impression.

That is why, to me, the slightest sketches are the most precious: the figure of Dante in the drawing illustrating Inferno 17, the outline sketch illustrating the story of Ugolino in the Tower of Famine, from Inferno 33, the stairway leading up into the Empyrean from Paradiso 21, the old man asleep with his head upon a book (no canto number). These show how simple yet how profound was Blake's immediate response to the poem. The figure of Dante—no, it is not Dante truly, for Dante is perhaps of all men in the world the most incomprehensible to Blake, rather has Blake lived himself into Dante's part—is a perfect realization of the emotions which must overcome such a pilgrim on such a journey. In one simple gesture the very soul of the man is revealed. Nor could the story of Ugolino, dying of famine with his children in a tower above Pisa's streets, be told more completely, yet the lines how few. As for the stairway—a ladder Dante called it—though it is the merest sketch I would not ask another stroke.

And there are many other drawings, not much more advanced than these, save that there are here and there ink strokes and light touches of wash, which show how complete could be Blake's first visualization. The Condemned Souls being swept into Charon's boat (Inferno 4), the Circle of the Gluttons (Inferno 6), The Centaurs and the River of Blood (Inferno 12), Dante and Virgil emerging from Hell (Purgatory 1), The Angelic Boat wafting over the Souls for Purgation (Purgatory 2), Beatrice in her Car (Purgatory 19). Before drawings such as these I have no fear of overpraising. The Circle of the Gluttons, for instance. At a glance one would say an indeterminate scumble of wash. But look at it longer and see how firm a hold Blake had. For all his seeming reckless use of wash, that renders so perfectly the rain-sodden desolation of the place, there is nothing muddy in his mind. Every tone is balanced and controlled, every line firm. And not only firm but expansive. Beneath the mud the place has vastness.

For a contrast the three Purgatory drawings.

"Thence issuing we beheld the stars."

Never was line—it is the closing line of the Inferno—more terse, yet full of significance. And Blake has rendered it with a like simplicity. Still upon their knees—half climbing, half crawling they have made their way painfully out of that "vaulted tomb" of Hell—they look now upon the sun in an almost childish amaze. With the second, the Angelic Boat, Blake's task is even more difficult, for in its description Dante rises to tremendous heights.

"Down, down; bend low
Thy knees; behold God's angel; fold thy hands. . . ."

It is an evocation of angelic light and swiftness that only an Angelico or a Botticelli, surely, would attempt. Yet Blake is bold and his angel too, I think, arrives to the music of Dante's line:

Trattando l'aere con l'eterne penne.
Winnowing the air with those eternal plumes.

Of the last I am almost afraid to speak. But read and read again the last four cantos of the Purgatorio, which describe the arrival of Dante at the river of Lethe and how he was led by Matilda to meet Beatrice, where she came, veiled and under a shower of roses, in her Gryphon-drawn car, the seven virgins with the seven candlesticks before, three nymphs to right, four to her left, dancing, and behind the Four and Twenty Elders. Read these, and then, if the Blake content not wholly, you will know the cause.



PURGATORY: CANTO XXIX — DRAWING BY WILLIAM BLAKE

"Whenas the car was o'er against me, straight
Was heard a thundering, at whose voice it seemed
The chosen multitude were stayed; . . ."

When one leaves the sketches for the more elaborate drawings, magnificent as many of these are, one can not but feel that something is lacking, or perhaps has gotten buried in the process of elaboration. Of the Mission of Virgil I have already spoken. But take that other tremendous composition, the Souls mustering to cross the Acheron (Inferno 3). So impressive is it in scale that one would say it had been composed to fill the wall of a great chapel. And yet it is not wholly successful. Some of the parts are not related, or if they are it is by a strained, almost baroque gesture. Why? Why, when Blake succeeds so marvelously elsewhere, does he fail here, where the difficulty is almost purely one of execution? One reason I have already suggested—that this is but an intermediate step. The faults in this he will correct in his engraving. But that does not explain why the water-color, when it is carried to the point that this is carried, so often contains such faults. The explanation lies, I think, in Blake's relation to the men, whom, in painting, was proud to call his masters.

Blake was very conscious that he, eighteenth-century Englishman that he was, was the last of the great line of Italian painters, the lineal descendant of Raphael and Michelangelo; with these he classed, curiously enough, Giulio Romano. Separated by two centuries from the only artists to whom he would do homage, and still more by the fact that, since he had never set foot out of England, he knew of their major works only by hearsay, this desire to continue their tradition was a continual brake on his own genius. Someone has said that Blake was the only artist strong enough to master the Michelangelesque canon. The statement leaves out of account the fact that to Michelangelo the Michelangelesque was not a canon. Nor are all of Blake's works, which seem, by reason of the amplitude and expressiveness of their form, to challenge comparison with Michelangelo, Michelangelesque. Blake would have drawn like that had he never heard of Michelangelo. Indeed, for a great part of his life he paid very little attention to what others had done or not done and it was only the constant reproach that he could conceive and not execute which drove him to defend himself by referring his detractors to the work of his master.

So it came about that while his first pencil



PARADISE: CANTOS XVIII, XIX — DRAWING BY WILLIAM BLAKE

". . . I e'en thus perceived,
Of my ascent, together with the heaven,
The circuit widened; noting the increase
Of beauty in that wonder. Like the change
In a brief moment on some maiden's cheek"

drawings are most sensitive and unconstrained, so soon as he gets brush in hand he is self-conscious. Tags of Michelangelo's compositions haunt him. He exaggerates gestures, over-develops the muscles of his figures, until balance is lost. Never having seen a great fresco, the word comes to haunt him, so that he fancies he is decorating a great wall and crowds his narrow paper with figures. Happily, with the transference to copper, sanity and his own craftsmanship reassert themselves. Graver in hand, he can snap his fingers at them all.

Where Blake failed, it was not because he knew too little, but because he had seen too much.

Pah! I speak of failure. Show me another, since the Italians, who, in his own field, and theirs, can stand up against him.



LATE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY STONE FIREPLACE, KENT, ENGLAND

A FRAME FOR THE FIRE

The fireplace, no longer generally needed for heat, has become the modern altar to the household gods

ROBERT FISHER

MAN IS DISTINGUISHED from the other animals by the fires he builds. In some day forgotten in the onward roll of milleniums a dry stump smouldered, flamed. And when other creatures fled one stayed. The flame became his symbol; this was the sun, from which came life, come to earth and around and of this heavenly fire he built his gods.

They were cruel gods; gods of wrath. For of all the mysterious forces which surrounded him fire, the greatest of them all, was the most destructive. But as the altar became part of the home as well as of the community kindlier, homelier attributes attached themselves to the flame until at last the hearth, shorn of its religious significance, became the center of hospitality and good cheer. The legends of the domestic fire and fireplace are a part of the culture of all races and, coupled with the atavistic lure of fire, the strongest of instincts, they make domestic happiness and comfort almost impossible without a spark from the ancient altars. Steam or hot water will not do. They keep us warm but we must also see the blaze. For most of us the day has passed when the fireplace is a utilitarian necessity, but with that passing it is possible that the fireplace has gained rather than lost appeal for there is no denying the fact that as a heater the open fire is far from satisfactory. One eighteenth-century writer, describing fireplaces and their "cure," attributed many of the ailments from which Londoners suffered to the "ill heat afforded by many fireplaces whereby one is at once scorched before and chilled behind" although, "modern domiciles are so well constructed as to doors and windows that when these are shut the wind has small opportunity to enter thereby." And, although our own "modern domiciles" are even better arranged for



DETAIL OF A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CARVED OAK CHIMNEY PIECE

the exclusion of draughts, many of the practical disadvantages of the fireplace are inherent. And so fireplaces were sometimes blocked up to make way for stoves; then we luxuriated in that often empty boast of the small French hotels *chauffage centrale;* then steam and hot water. But, though it is no longer needed to keep us warm one of the few things which almost everyone who rents or builds insists upon is a fireplace. It is again the family altar, the center of the home. In the face of an intricate and complicated civilization which has made servants of the fiercest elements, the fire burns as it did for our caveman ancestors' forgotten parents, unchanged. And with it come dim memories.

Since the fireplace has become with us a thing of tradition rather than use we have a bond of interest with the builders of earlier days. Spits and cranes are delightful when we do not have to depend on them for the roast; and while it is amusing sometimes to brew tea with water from the pot on the crane it is enjoyable in large part because we do not have to do it that way.

The earliest English fireplaces were developed as an improvement over the ancient custom which prevailed in the keeps built in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The keeps were of stone with walls so thick that small rooms and stairs were contained in them and were several stories high with one great room on each floor. The narrow slits which served for windows were unglazed, a custom which prevailed for many years, and the fires were usually built on the stone floor without benefit of chimney. Following the Norman conquest the fires were built against the wall with a hood, from which a flue led out-of-doors, above. Few of these old hoods remain although their architectural form has been frequently used for the chimney pieces of great halls. From these was developed the fireplace as we know it today, an opening cut into the wall with a chimney leading to the roof. At first they were built of stone and were little more than rectangular holes in the wall. With the coming of the Gothic influence to England the characteristic low, pointed arch framed the fireplace and the use of carving, both in the arch and in the chimneypiece above began. The first chimneypieces were probably of stone, but oak lent itself more readily to the decorative scheme of the paneled rooms and for that reason



ELABORATELY CARVED SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY FIREPLACE IN A PANELED ROOM

and because it was more available and more easily worked it was generally used.

The Tudor chimneypieces were elaborately carved, divided into panels which were separated by carved figures of men or women or of allegorical beasts and the panels themselves were arched and decorated with carved heraldic or pictorial motives. Many of them carried, in addition to the arms of the householder, the date of building and homely mottoes cut into the strapwork with which the carving was elaborated. These chimneypieces usually extended from floor to ceiling and often carried brackets or columns which, though they gave every appearance of great strength, really supported nothing. The weight and strength of the decorative features was, however, perfectly in keeping with the oak paneling with which the walls were covered.

When papered or plaster walls came into vogue these chimneypieces were too heavy for the rooms and, although at first massive structures were still raised and an attempt made to tie them in with the room by a dado, the revival of classicism, fostered by Sir Christopher Wren and other architects, brought into existence a modified and simplified form. Then, too, the use of coals in a grate which began at the close of Elizabeth's reign, made the huge fireplace with its opening designed to take large logs no longer necessary. Many of the older fireplaces were filled in to accommodate the grates and when new ones were built their scale was reduced to fit the smaller opening.

The great cabinetmakers of the eighteenth century, and particularly those remarkable designers the brothers Adam, still further refined chimney- and mantelpiece design. Several splendid mantels were carved by Grinling Gibbons and many more were inspired by his work. It was these, some of which were imported to America, which furnished our own Colonial builders with the models for the beautiful fireplaces found in so many eighteenth-century houses.

The history of the fireplace in America is, in reality, a condensed version of the English. The earliest ones were built to meet conditions in dwellings which were almost as primitive as the ancient keeps. Whether for cooking or heat wood was often the only available fuel and, though the rooms to be heated were smaller, the cold was much more severe so that a return to the huge fireplaces of pre-Jacobean England was necessary. Other and artificial conditions such as taxes on dwellings according to the number of chimneys were responsible for the huge square chimneys with enormous fireplaces to be found in parts of New England. As the settlements developed into



DRAWING OF A FIREPLACE IN AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY AMERICAN HOUSE

cities, with the increase of convenience and availability of coal, the change from the large fireplace to the smaller, more delicate Georgian was quickly made. The large fireplace, however, never went entirely out of fashion, for wood was plentiful and easily obtained. The details of the Georgian style were modified and increased in scale to make splendid mantels framing wide fireplaces.

There are many differences between the Colonial architecture of the northern and southern states. In the north, and particularly New England, there was a greater austerity in design and classic forms of the greatest refinement prevailed. The bolder Jacobean style left a strong imprint on the southern builders and their great houses were more closely allied to the ancient English manors.

So, whether a room be Tudor or American Colonial, large or small, there is a fireplace hallowed with a wealth of association to fitly complete it; a setting for the altar fires of our household gods.



BALUSTRADE IN BRONZE AND IRON

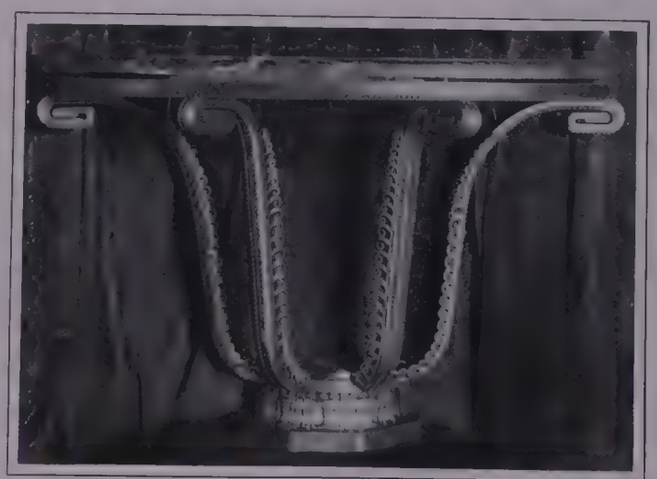
BY EDGAR BRANDT

BRANDT, *Master* IRONWORKER

A great French craftsman whose productions are perfectly suited to the modern architectural forms

PAUL EISENBREY

IT IS TOLD of a teacher of pantomime that she once asked her pupils to throw themselves on the floor and "be chaos." A similar command must have been given the decorative arts some years ago, for certainly a more chaotic state than these got themselves into it would be difficult to imagine. The great art which underlay much of even the most extreme painting and sculpture was completely lost sight of in decoration; the mannerisms and techniques only of the *fauves* became sources of inspiration and decorators and craftsmen gave birth to a misshapen homunculus which paraded its inadequacies under the title of *art nouveau*. Like many of the "Heights" in Long Island whose distinction from the surrounding plain lies in not being a hollow the name was probably chosen because the product had nothing to do with art and was not new. It was a different form of bad work from that of the worst Victorian and is as dead as the antimacassar.



IRON CONSOLE

BY EDGAR BRANDT

The movement in art of which this unfortunate style was a degraded camp follower was, however, a natural development and, largely because of its very violence, an influence for good. It came about as the result of a strong reaction to the atrophied standards of academicism, a standard which had been set up in days when the complexities and speed of modern life were undreamed of. And artists, sensible of the spirit of the new age, were not content to work with the old moulds. So, being passionate men, they shattered them. But it was for an art expressive of the time, not for something new and strange to attract a jaded eye, which they sought. And though that seeking often led them far afield, into realms which to the lay mind seemed to have little relation to art, we are just beginning to realize the extent and importance of their discoveries. Most valuable of all they made us see that art is not a matter of formulæ and that the value of tradition lies in its use rather than in blind submission. An apostle must always overstate; he must shout his message to be heard above the roar of contemporary life.

Modernism has broadened our horizons. Some



FIRE SCREEN, "DEER" BY EDGAR BRANDT

of its exponents claimed the Byzantines as their masters and we had, therefore, to learn of these. To many it must have come as a revelation that those ancient frescoes and mosaics were something more than old, that what to the casual modern eye seemed stiff became filled with moving forces on longer acquaintance. Others extolled the beauty of the arts of primitive races and again our knowledge of esthetic possibilities was increased. And some of us got angry and turned to the old masters for thunder with which to refute the arguments of these "crazy men." To our great benefit. For the more we know of art, art, that is, as distinct from history and pictures, the more we realize that old master and modern *fauve* were each saying the same thing although in different languages. It is no more ridiculous for one who knows only English to say that *je suis* has no meaning than for one who knows only the Barbizon school and its derivatives to say that a Cézanne is not art.



FIRE SCREEN, "FOUNTAIN" BY EDGAR BRANDT

In the decorative arts the need of a new approach is more obvious in connection with architecture than in any other field. For of all the arts the architecture of the present day is farthest removed from the traditional forms. The traditions of building are linked with stone and wood and this is an age of steel. True, we have only begun to express the new material. The tradition of stone—strength represented by bulk—is still so strongly fixed that the slender construction made possible by steel still impresses us as too light for great edifices. But one has only to look about to see that that feeling is passing; on every hand are buildings with façades so shallow that, were the structures of stone, they would topple with the first wind.

With this change in architectural forms, made within the last few years, a need for details which



FIRE SCREEN, "FRUIT" BY EDGAR BRANDT

shall be appropriate to modern structures has arisen. The old ornament, designed to embellish stone construction, must be modified. None of the traditional forms of ornament, by reason of their very tradition, is directly applicable and attemps to use them have always resulted in at least partial failure. The truth of this is best illustrated by a comparison between the Woolworth Tower and the Shelton Hotel, both in New York. In the former, beautiful as it is, the Gothic ornament seems out of scale and unrelated to the structural form, like a beautiful but unessential frosting. In the Shelton, however, where the ornament has been derived and adapted from many sources, it is an integral part of the architectural scheme.

This need for a new spirit in design extends to the accessories as well as to the elements of modern buildings. But it is not enough that it be merely new. The cabinetmaker and the ironworker must, like the architect, be men well grounded in tradition, with a keen appreciation of the beauty of all that has gone before and they must also be sensitive to contemporary conditions. The distinction between what is suitable and what is not is extremely subtle and often does not depend upon beauty alone. A Renaissance screen, for example, no matter how fine in itself, would be out of place in a modern office building, yet one which would be perfectly fitting might vary from it only slightly. Hence the need for an artist and for one with a background.

America has long known the work of those two great craftsmen in iron, Samuel Yellin and Oscar Bach. We have heard and seen little of Edgar Brandt and yet in Europe he is regarded as the foremost ironworker of the age. He is the creator of the great iron doors of the Verdun Monument; the receptacle for the eternal flame at the tomb of the unknown soldier in Paris; the new balustrade for the grand stairway in the Louvre; the stairway and lamps of the Palais de Justice. The *Theatre Municipal* of Nancy, the *Grands Magasins du Printemps*, the Church of St. François de Sales at Paris and many other important French buildings have been adorned by his work.

He represents the highest type of artist-craftsman. Well versed in tradition with the gift of interpreting the older forms in the modern spirit, he has at the same time the skill to carry his



FIRE SCREEN, "VINE" BY EDGAR BRANDT

dreams to beautiful completion. His iron is never cold. There is a color and lustre to it which recalls the work of the ancient armorers who inlaid steel with gold and bronze. Brandt, too, combines the metals. One of his screens seen from a distance glows with warm, rich color. You wonder whether the artist has painted his metal and you hope not. Closer inspection reveals bits of bronze, some burnished, some left dull, welded into the iron and hammered with it. So that the color is not transient as gilding, paint or enamel might be, but is a component part of the screen which will increase in beauty with the passage of time.

Brandt sometimes uses bronze alone for the details of his iron screens and balustrades as in the door, "Les Cigones," illustrated here. In these doors the figures of the birds are of a golden bronze which adds rare beauty to the whole design. For another work, "The Gate of the Ages," in which the motive of the design was afforded by the mechanism of a clock, he has created a series of beautiful figures in bronze symbolic of childhood, youth and age. These figures, modeled in low relief, leave no question as to his rank as an artist, and supply ample reason for the appellation of "the Benvenuto Cellini of the twentieth century" given him by a French critic.

Unfortunately, owing to the difficulties of



BRONZE AND IRON DOOR, "LES CIGONES" BY EDGAR BRANDT

transportation, only a few of his works and those for the most part small were included in his recent exhibition in New York at Cheney Brothers. But these were so fine that the impression which they made could hardly have been increased by a much larger showing. Here was a man, you felt, who was a master and therefore unlimited; that, no matter what his problem, the smallest detail as well as the most monumental design would be perfectly executed.

Because he is primarily an artist and a craftsman Brandt long delayed exhibiting in America. This, he understood, was the land of quantity production, where speed was an essential element of all our work. And, although he himself uses the most modern methods, he feared that we would demand works of art turned out like Fords. Not that he had any intention of changing his methods or of lowering his standard of craftsmanship, but simply that, like all artists, he preferred to create for those of whose quick appreciation he was sure. And it is no small credit to America that the commissions he has received have been given in the spirit in which Brandt creates, that of a search for beauty perfectly expressed in modern terms.

ART *and* OTHER THINGS

By GUY EGLINGTON

As we go to press—one must observe the proper form in these matters—the burning question of Earl Carroll's nudes has not been settled. Are they or are they not artistic? Mr. Carroll asserts that they are, and calls Mr. Howard Chandler Christy—to say nothing of the artist himself—as experts. The police has no opinions on the subject, but observing that they portray members of the cast of Mr. Carroll's entertainment in a state of complete undress, has had them removed for safety's sake to the police station, where their unadorned loveliness is free to corrupt—if it can—the Force. Meanwhile Mr. Carroll, following the illustrious example of Dr. John Donne, sometime Dean of St. Paul's, declares himself, not Love's but Art's Martyr.

On the off—exceedingly off—chance that I should be called in as expert for the prosecution, I have been rehearsing my evidence. One ought to be ready for all emergencies. Supposing that the right questions are asked, the following will probably be my answers:

After the usual formalities, name, address, age, where born; father's address, age, where born; other relatives, age, address, where born; whether American citizen, married, single or polygamous, views on the constitution, views on the Eighteenth Amendment, views on the K. K. K., oaths, etc.

Counsel for the Prosecution (is that what you call him?): You are an expert on art? (Here the editor will whisper International Studio to the judge, who will then overrule the protests of Mr. Christy.)

C. P. You have seen the pictures in question?

Witness. I have. (This is not true, but in such a case one would doubtless have to, for form's sake.)

C. P. As an expert, would you say that they are artistic?

W. That depends on whether you give the word *artistic* its strictly grammatical or everyday sense.

C. P. Is there any difference?

W. A very great difference. Grammatically the word *artistic* is the adjective of the word art. Actually a thing may be *artistic* and have no connection whatever with art.

C. P. Explain yourself.

W. The word *artistic*, as it is commonly used, has to do with a vague thing called taste, which again is largely controlled by fashion. Sixty years ago, it was artistic to have your drawing room littered with Dresden china shepherdesses. Thirty years later, the golden age of William Morris, the artistic thing was sweet simplicity, flowered wall-papers and willow-pattern plates. Today, the acme of the artistic is to have nothing at all in the way of decoration, except perhaps one Persian prayer mat. So far from having any connection with art, one could search the most artistic homes in New York City and never find one work of art. The finest are indeed so perfectly artistic that the introduction of a single work of art would ruin them.

C. P. Kindly explain just how.

W. To put it briefly, the *artistic* is always static, whereas art is essentially dynamic. In other words, the artistic is concerned with the arranging of discreet shapes and colors according to a chart which taste, that is to say fashion, has drawn up for the guidance of refined people. Now you will observe that the great point about this chart is that it guarantees the non-inflammability of any shape or color combination that may be constructed thereon. A lady decorating her home can employ this chart in the calm assurance that however boldly she may mix her colors, she is in no danger of creating—pardon my loose phraseology, concocting—an explosive atmosphere, or one which might in any way disturb the complacency of her acquaintance. Art on the other hand is so far from discretion and refinement that it draws its power from this very explosiveness which it is the aim of every artistic person to avoid. Instead of choosing his colors from a chart guaranteed non-inflammable, the artist, reckless fellow, takes delight in harnessing the most violent teams. It is his job as artist, so to control these antagonistic forces that out of their very antagonism a third and more potent force may spring.

Judge. I must ask you to refrain from attempting to mystify the Court by using art jargon. Unless you can so express yourself as to be comprehensible to the layman, your evidence can not be taken. Can you explain to the Court how two antagonistic forces can produce anything but chaos?

W. Most certainly. And were the proposition a scientific rather than an esthetic one, the lay mind would have no difficulty in grasping it. Thus I, despite profound ignorance of engineering, have no difficulty whatever in accepting the fact that an automobile is propelled by the force generated by a series of explosions in its cylinders, which, as I take it, is a parallel phenomenon. So far from

the conflict of antagonistic forces resulting always in chaos, it were an easy matter to show that all methods of propulsion, all *life* in fact, is derived from forces generated by such conflicts. Only it must be remembered that these forces, if they are to be put to productive ends—the opposite, I take it, of what Your Honor means by chaos—must be controlled and directed. In the material sphere this direction is the task of the scientist, and, under him, the engineer. In the non-material—if one may cling to an obsolete distinction—of the artist. Your Honor will remember that Havelock Ellis——

J. This is doubtless most enlightening, but I must insist that the witness be brought to the point.

C. P. Certainly, Your Honor. Now, accepting the distinction you draw between the strictly grammatical sense of the word *artistic* and its use in everyday conversation, will you please tell the Court whether in your judgment the word in either of its meanings could be applied to the pictures exhibited in the defendant's theatre?

W. Perhaps I may be permitted to answer the two questions—they are in fact two—separately. The defendant maintains that the pictures are artistic. Taking the word first at its face value, the question may be put more exactly as follows: Do the pictures conform to the current standard of good taste, or rather that branch of good taste commonly known as the artistic, which obtains in the field of nude painting? And here I am at once up against a problem. As I have more than hinted, the artistic is, in America at least, an exclusive perquisite of the feminine sex. It is a faculty with which, it seems, every woman is born—and no men, unless we except M. Paul Poiret, M. Erté, Baron de Meyer and a few other eccentric Frenchmen. Certainly I never before heard an American-born man dare to make such a claim either for himself or for his work, and in a court of women it would receive, I am sure, scant consideration. Of the truth of this Your Honor, as a married man——

J. I must insist that the witness draw his examples from his own experience.

W. Willingly. An excellent instance comes to mind in a mixed luncheon club to which I once belonged, in which a five-cent fine imposed on the use of the word artistic kept the entire club in cigarettes. I assure the Court that the women members were the only offenders. In view of this fact I should certainly plead non-competence, did I not see a loophole of escape. Without being so bold as to usurp a feminine prerogative, I think I can confidently assert that a nude painting is debarred from being artistic by the very fact of its nudity. The thing went out of fashion with the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment. The disappearance or shall we say fading from public view—of the saloon killed it. So long as competition was fierce, the sight of a fine Bouguereau was thought to stimulate thirst. Now, with the present boom in that commodity, such adventitious aids are unnecessary and the most flourishing saloons find that a row of shapely bottles answers the purpose admirably. Mr. Carroll finds himself thus in the position of a man reviving an ancient and honorable craft. Certainly his pictures are in the best tradition. As to whether the aim of that tradition was the *artistic* I venture no opinion.

Counsel for the Defence. On behalf of my client I must protest. Mr. Carroll's pictures are the work of a great artist, and not to be classed with saloon pictures.

W. Pardon, I had no idea that the implied comparison with M. Bouguereau could be taken as anything but a compliment. I chose to speak of saloons because the only case I know of nudes being introduced into a refined American home ended in a lamentable tragedy. A young painter——

J. Is this story relevant?

W. Most, Your Honor. As I was saying, a society lady commissioned a young and promising painter to decorate her home with murals. The painter, who had been trained in the Paris *Beaux Arts*, followed naturally the French tradition, to the great consternation of the good man of the house, who had been accustomed to associate the undraped with the—er—shady side of life. However, on his wife's assurance that the artist was received in the best society, he reluctantly gave in and tolerated, though he could not bring himself to approve, the decorations. Until one day, chancing to enter his wife's private bathroom, he found one entire wall decorated with a life-size Birth of Venus—the traditional composition will no doubt be familiar to Your Honor. The good man was by now so inured to shocks of this kind that the presence of another naked female in the house—the phrase is not mine—would not have troubled him greatly had not the Venus born a striking resemblance to his wife, a resemblance which I may say precluded—but perhaps I had better not finish that story.

J. I think not.

W. Your Honor is right. The ending is altogether too sad. But it bears out, as Your Honor will see, my point, that these pictures can hardly be considered artistic, there being no artistic canon to judge them by.

C. D. I must protest against this hairsplitting. When my client claimed that these pictures were artistic, he meant quite simply that they were works of art.

W. Then he should have said so and shamed the devil. He would none the less have been mistaken. (Violent protests from the experts for the defence.) I beg their distinguished author to believe that this is a much less severe criticism than he imagines. Works of art are, even in these enlightened and progressive days, comparative rarities. They are in fact not much more common than they were, shall we say, in the days of Giotto. For the most part, when we speak of works of art, we refer less to their absolute value than, in a more or less complimentary sense, to their intention. We imply thereby that the painter has attempted to get under the skin of his subject, to render not only its surface but its inner mechanism, in a word, to cast his work along the same lines and endow it with the same quality of life.

C. D. May I observe, Your Honor, that the witness' testimony on this point is a strong refutation of the case for the Prosecution. The police's objection to these pictures is precisely that they are too lifelike.

W. An excellent objection, Your Honor, and one which does infinite credit to the Force's profound esthetic sense. Art has to do with life, not with the lifelike. If it were otherwise, the waxworks were our greatest sculpture, an opinion which not even the Defense would, I believe, indorse. And yet they are in point of fact basing their plea on what one might term a waxwork esthetic.

J. Can you explain to the Court in what way a waxwork differs from a work of art?

W. As an eunuch, if I may be permitted a homely comparison, from a man. A perfect waxwork of a dancer, for example, looks very like a dancer, but it can't dance. Nor, you will say, can a work of art. I differ. A Fra Angelico Paradise is made up of hundreds of dancing angels, who not only dance, but the whole of heaven dances with them. Or Botticelli—why, the incomparable Pavlowa herself would give her immortal soul if for one hour she could approach the grace and swiftness of an Announcing Angel. Even in our own day, Degas. . . .

I am astonished, Your Honor, that the dancers themselves did not protest against these pictures, but seem on the contrary to wish to defend them. For they are a very travesty of the dancer's art. The life of a dancer is a life of long study, of hard and continued practice. The dancer's body must be continually fit, the muscles resilient. But these pictures show an exterior of face powder and lipstick, and an interior of ice-cream——

(Here the entire chorus of *Vanities* will begin to pelt the witness with vanity boxes, lip-sticks and Sherry's candy. The court will adjourn in an uproar.)

By way of compensation Putnam's have sent me Rockwell Kent's new book, *Voyaging Southward from the Strait of Magellan*. To my mind it is a somewhat less thrilling narrative than its predecessor, *Wilderness*, but my judgment may be impaired by the fact that I resorted to it for relief from the strain of day-long battles with Dante. Certainly, after the latter's breath-taking frankness, Kent's reserve—I put it mildly—is exceedingly exasperating. I laid the book down with the firm conviction that though the facts of his voyage as he relates them are doubtless accurate so far as they go, the truth, the *whole truth*, of what took place during the considerable period that he was not voyaging has not been told.

I am not at all clear just what was the distance that Kent covered. His maps are, it is true, provided with lines of latitude and longitude, but since the use of the globes was not included in the Shrewsbury curriculum, these mean nothing to me. It may have been fifty miles, it may have been five hundred. But one thing is clear. The entire adventure—Punta Arenas to The Horn and back—lasted in the neighborhood of eight months, from May to January. The number of days spent in actual sailing is less easily computed, but I should place the maximum at fourteen.

Now the days of actual sailing are fairly fully described. We know, for example, that the *Kathleen I*, despite her baptism of mock champagne, nearly sank the first day out. We also know that the mate, when struck by a squall, "kept her off," with almost fatal results. But what happened the rest of the time? True, it is recorded that the mate got riotously drunk twice. That Kent visited the barber—once. That he paid his respects to the acting governor of Tierra del Fuego. Christened two boats and one baby—the latter a half-breed. Concocted a violent punch, see recipe page 149. And for the rest carried out to perfection the Napoleonic maxim, "live on the country." But, my dear Kent, is that all? In eight months of adventure—all? Why, stay-at-home bug that I am, Third Avenue provides me with more excitement than that in a week.

Or—terrible thought—have your adventures been expurgated? If so revenge yourself now on the prudes.

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

THE NATURE, PRACTICE AND HISTORY OF ART. *By H. Van Buren Magonigle. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $2.50.*

THE APPRECIATION OF ART. *By Eugen Neubaus. Ginn & Co., Boston. Price, $3.*

HERE ARE two books of similar intent, one written in New York, the other in California. Mention is made of the locality of their authorship only to indicate the widespread recognition of the need of the enjoyment of art, which, after all, is something to be fostered by knowledge; individuals are not so lavishly endowed with the esthetic sense as with that of sight or touch. Mr. Magonigle is one of our foremost architects, a former president of the Architectural League of New York, and it was during his tenure of that office that one of the heads of a school of design expressed to him a regret that young men and women in high school and college were growing up without realizing the source of pleasure that comes through contact with art. It was in consideration of this idea that the book was begun and he has been careful never to write above the grasp of the mind that is at the threshold of the history and significance of art, although those to whom the subject is not new will enjoy the expression of so trained a taste as Mr. Magonigle's. He divides his book into two parts, the first treating of the technique of architecture, sculpture, painting and the graphic arts, and the second presenting an analysis of classic and Renaissance art, bringing his subject up through the Impressionists.

An interesting part of the book consists of four maps which form the lining papers in the front and back of the book in which the currents of influence in the Greek world, the Roman world, the Romanesque, Byzantine, Gothic and Mohammedan styles and the Renaissance period are presented in diagram.

Dr. Neuhaus, who is associate professor of art in the University of California, has less to say of technical processes than Mr. Magonigle although in one chapter he does discuss the technical aspects of the art of different periods, but only as they may be apprehended by the layman. He does not pretend to write a history of art and does not make a chronological order the starting point of his discussion. There are plenty of books stressing the "who, where and when," he says; it is his wish to consider the "why and how." He regrets the stigma attached to the words "esthete" and "esthetic" which after all express their meaning vividly and completely.

It is that phase of esthetics which consists of a "critical objective examination of works of art in an effort to discover the qualities that constitute beauty and cause pleasurable feelings" which is the subject of his attention. He does not, however, sail too high into the region of the abstract to consider such subjects of practical interest as that of art patronage in America, which he finds to be in the hands of private individuals who as a group are comparatively small but are nevertheless able to furnish the financial support for our more than five thousand artists. American artists, he says, are so firmly entrenched in public estimation that they are not suffering from the increasing immigration since the war of European artists who are in search of the economic support which is lacking at home.

WANDERINGS THROUGH ANCIENT ROMAN CHURCHES. *By Rodolfo Lanciani. Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. Price, $7.50.*

AFTER a half century of most concentrated research among the archeological treasures of Rome, Professor Lanciani stands fully qualified to write authoritatively of ancient Roman churches, the subject of his latest volume on the Eternal City. The study of Roman churches, considered from almost any angle, is a difficult one owing to the vast amount of material at hand. Even at the present time there are as many edifices of worship in the Italian capital as there are days in the year. Therefore Professor Lanciani has wisely kept his present investigations within strictly defined limits.

The volume is composed of six chapters. The first deals with the fate of pagan temples and of their artistic treasures after the promulgation of the Edict of Milan in A. D. 313; the second and third with the basilicas raised by Constantine over the graves of the Apostles Peter and Paul; the fourth and fifth with the Church of the Saviour at the Lateran and its appendage, the Hierusalem; the sixth with the minor Constantinian basilicas of Saint Agnes and Saint Lawrence. The vast storehouse of notes made during Professor Lanciani's long labors in this field is the basis of these observations on ancient matters and so the volume preserves a fresh and personal viewpoint which commends it to a larger circle of readers than might be the case were the facts delivered statistically and without enthusiasm. The volume is handsomely printed and profusely illustrated.

THE PLEASURES OF ARCHITECTURE. *By C. and A. Williams-Ellis. Houghton-Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. Price, $3.50.*

IT IS STILL the fashion to take a crack at the Victorian era. Few, indeed, are the products of that distressing time which have not come in for scathing criticism until it seems as if the subject must be well-nigh exhausted. And it is probable that no book or treatise which confined itself to destructive criticism of that age would find a large audience.

When, however, the faults of our immediate ancestors are as wittily pointed out as in this book the rehearsal of their shortcomings becomes pleasurable reading. And the authors have that to say about Ruskin which makes it a matter of regret that the sturdy defender of the "natural" in art is unable to unloose his thunder in reply. Ruskin would not like the authors of this book. They are too civilized. But they are much more of our age than he and bring a saner message.

For only a small portion of the volume is devoted to the Victorians. The ground once cleared the authors erect a study of modern architecture in England, tracing its foundations and its present trend. And although written of England the book is quite as applicable to America. Our interest in architecture is growing and for the lay reader as well as for the architect this book will prove an informative and entertaining guide.

SMALL FAMILY HOUSES. *By R. Randal Phillips. "Country Life," Ltd., London. Price, $3.75.*

A TIMELY volume on small scale housing comes from the pen of R. Randal Phillips, editor of *Homes and Gardens*. Not only in England but throughout the world the tendency toward smaller and simpler living quarters is one of the marked results of the changed economic conditions brought about by the Great War. While the present volume presents the problem of the small family house in terms that are best understood by British homemakers, there are hints and practical suggestions for anyone embarking on so important an enterprise.

The small house is taken up by Mr. Phillips in a variety of lights, with particular reference to the practical requirements of cost and materials. Some three dozen houses located in various parts of England and Wales have been chosen for discussion and analysis, and have been put in six classes according to estimated building costs. The first class includes dwellings estimated to cost from £1,000 to £1,250, and the most expensive run up to £3,000. This volume is profusely illustrated with exterior and interior views, touching upon such items as mantels, kitchen furnishings, garden layouts, etc., as well as the more architectural considerations of mass and general style of design. The houses chosen for examination range from the thatched roof type to the half-timbered, from the modern concrete and plastered structure to the older brick and stone mansions. Simplicity and good taste mark these examples of modern British architecture, and the volume should serve as a most useful guide to prospective builders.

THE MANORS AND HISTORIC HOMES OF THE HUDSON VALLEY. *By Harold Donaldson Eberlein. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price, $10.*

HISTORY which concerns itself only with great names, wars and politics is often a cold subject, but when the record concerns houses which we pass along the road and those who built them it at once becomes alive. With their homes before you the patroons and governors of early New York seem no longer shades who did various things on certain dates for the sole purpose, apparently, of making life harder for the schoolboy. And so this book, which is primarily a history of New York State before and during the Revolution, is a fascinating story whose characters are as real as the houses they left behind.

It is far from being all history, however. Mr. Eberlein has too great an interest in architecture to permit that. These were simple houses, however, of which he writes, and the numerous illustrations are adequate to furnish the greater part of the architectural criticism. And where the original house has been disfigured by Victorian "improvements" Mr. Eberlein wastes no time and no words in disposing of them and in recreating the house in its pristine form. "Silly gables burst forth above, where gables did not belong and could do no real good. Sillier barge-boards, fretted with jig-saw contortions and begotten of a besotted imagination. . . ."

It is an intimate history. Schuyler, Livingston and Fulton become persons at whose doors we might well knock and the valley of the "Great River" is again a succession of hospitable homes inviting us to share their great tradition.

BRIDGMAN'S LIFE DRAWING. *By George B. Bridgman. Edward C. Bridgman, Pelham, New York. Price, $5.50.*

THE NAME of Bridgman has become synonymous with instruction in drawing. During the more than twenty years in which he has taught and lectured his influence upon the art students of almost a generation has probably been greater than that of any other one man. It is not his claim that he makes artists; he teaches persons to draw. Having given them the fundamental tools of their art neither he nor any other can do more.

It is not, therefore, as instruction in art that this book is offered, but one must be able to put down his vision before that vision can be seen. A mastery of drawing is essential whether one aspires toward the sacred walls of the Academy or not. Neither is this book an exercise in "drawing made easy." This most difficult craft is presented simply and with such complete instruction that its principles are readily grasped; methods of working are suggested which can not fail to aid the student; as far as the teacher can go in helping his pupils Mr. Bridgman has gone.

ENGLISH DECORATION AND FURNITURE. EARLY RENAISSANCE, 1500-1650. *By M. Jourdain. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $25.*

FOUR VOLUMES, *The Library of Decorative Art*, of which this is the first, form an analytical and historical survey of English decoration and furniture from 1500 to 1820. The first and last of the series have been written by Miss Jourdain; the second and third by Francis Lengyon. In this present volume, dealing with the sixteenth and first half of the seventeenth centuries, the chapters which will most appeal to readers are those concerned with decoration. The author's task has been more difficult in this book than in the others of the series, for it was incumbent upon her to trace the development of decoration and furniture up to the time of which she treats as well as to discuss that particular period. She has succeeded in doing that briefly and well. Especially she has called attention to the various foreign influences upon English styles both before and after the sixteenth century, showing not only the results of these importations but the reasons for their popularity as well.

The chapters devoted to woodwork, carving, decorative painting and coloring and glazing contain much information which has hitherto been so widely scattered as to make a complete study of these branches of the decorative arts extremely difficult. And to a collocation of factual material which must have entailed a vast amount of scholarly research Miss Jourdain has added much valuable observation of her own. The more than four hundred illustrations are in themselves a compendium of English decoration of the period.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORIC WALL-PAPERS. *By Nancy McClelland. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price, $25. (To be reviewed.)*

SPANISH GARDENS AND PATIOS. *By Mildred Stapley Byne and Arthur Byne. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price, $15. (To be reviewed.)*

ART IN EVERYDAY LIFE

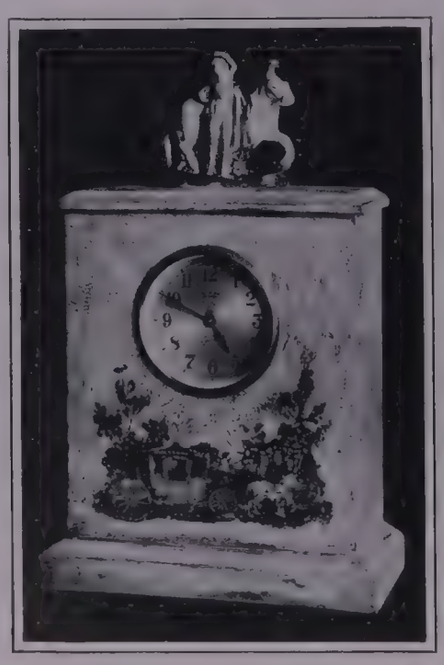
LEONORA R. BAXTER

IF THERE is anything more delightful than to wander leisurely along the crooked streets and among the musty shops of Paris, it is to return from such a stroll with a real "find," as the Empire clock illustrated here. It was discovered in the Quai Voltaire by an acquisitive American, and now gaily ticks away among charming sur-



roundings at the McMillen Studio. It enjoys the close companionship of a beautiful Directoire candelabrum, recently brought from Versailles, and together with many other choice gleanings from the old world, they do their bit toward making this Studio a place to linger.

AN INTERESTING contrast to the French time-piece is this excellent reproduction of an early American clock. It is made of wood finished in antique ivory, and in the face of it is set a quaint and colorful old print. On top the little Staffordshire figure is serenely sure of its charm and worth. This clock can be had in any finish, but no two are alike, as the prints and Staffordshire figures are from limited collections and can not be duplicated. It stands seven and a half inches high, by five and a half wide, and will strike a perfect note in any early American interior. It is exhibited by Jane White Lonsdale, whose collections of this period are well known and unusual.



SO RARE and valued are Apostle spoons, so permeated with age and tradition, that to collectors and connoisseurs it is an event when a stray one is found. Those illustrated here are made of satiny olive wood, the handles surmounted by silver figures of the Apostles, fragile symbols of an intensely religious era which have survived since the early fifteenth century. Occasionally, upon the death of a collector, a few of them are released, and thus were the three examples illustrated acquired by the Clovelley Gallery. In 1923 there died in New York the mysterious Russian portrait painter, Princess Vilma Lowff-Parlaghy, who left behind an amazing assortment of art treasures, gathered from all over the world. Some of them are now in the possession of the Clovelley Gallery, including a canopied bed of Marie Antoinette's, in which the painter-princess died.



THE GALLERY of Mary Coleman has on exhibition an unusually varied collection of paintings, sculpture and old furniture, with a uniform and definite note of excellence running through all the examples. Of great interest is an example of the work of Bryant Baker, an article on whom appeared in INTERNATIONAL STUDIO in 1917. Mr. Baker, who is first medalist of the Royal Academy, and who has done busts of King Edward VII, Woodrow Wilson, Lloyd George, Chief Justices White and Taft, and other notables, is represented by a number of his small bronzes, one of which, the "Son of Pan," is reproduced here, standing upon one of a pair of exceptional cabinets of the Louis XIII period. This gallery is further enriched by a group of drawings of Milton Bancroft's. Bancroft will be remembered for his superb panels in the Court of Seasons at the San Francisco Exposition, and

when he sallied forth to war he returned with what have been recognized as the finest drawings of the American sector. They have not been exhibited before, save at the Corcoran Gallery, shortly after the armistice, and they range from brilliant studies of war scenes to charming delineations of France in quieter mood. Another medalist of the Royal Academy, John Young Hunter, called by Sargent "one of the best English artists of the day," is represented by his portraiture and landscapes of the far



"THE SON OF PAN" BY BRYANT BAKER

west. As a final touch, old furniture, chiefly eighteenth-century English, lends to this gallery, in addition to true elegance and charm, a livable quality difficult to surpass.

La Tapisserie Ajourée, or Transparent Tapestry, a French innovation, is just being introduced in America, and aside from its beauty is interesting as a distinctly new idea in weaving. The motif, showing the same on each side, is woven as in the Aubusson stitch on parallel flax threads or warps which are left unwoven according to the design to give the transparency, in a harmonious blending of wool, silk, silver and gold which give transparent tapestry the infinite richness of color and design of the old tapestries. It was first made shortly after the armistice and has since then attracted general attention and much favorable criticism and received an honorable mention at the Lyons Fair, in 1923, and an "Hors-Concours" at the French Exposition in New York in 1924 where it was exhibited. Many of the tapestries follow the old masters in design and color but the piece illustrated is a conception of a young artist. Placed against light the lordly peacock reigns, apparently in a real out-of-doors garden. The charm of these new transparent tapestries,



shown by J. R. Herter and Company, is that their transparency makes it possible to use them as window and bed valances, curtains and portières, as well as wall hangings, and the extreme lightness of weight adds to their adaptability.

Occasionally, it seems, the possibilities and fascinations of ceramics have lured the painter away from his canvas, and such is the story of Carl Walters. He was a painter for quite a span of time before he began to delve into the mysteries of flame and clay. At Woodstock,



New York, he has his own kiln and burns fagots, because they give the longest and most intense heat. Illustrated is a striking piece of his recent work, done in the Egyptian blue glaze, and exhibited at the Little Gallery. The size of the head is twelve by nine inches.

THE EDITOR'S FOREGAST

THE WORLD of art does not generally know that, when the artists of Japan were inventing the color print in the eighteenth century and bringing it to a state of such exquisite perfection that it was later to become the inspiration of painters and the passion of collectors, all the technical niceties of their art had already been discovered by the Chinese and that a century before the Japanese turned their attention to them the Celestial Empire was producing woodblocks in color that are immortal masterpieces. Connoisseurs do not know, because these ancient Chinese prints are almost the rarest things in the world. They were not prized by the Chinese themselves, who regarded them as an unworthy reflex of the art of painting, and as a consequence they perished as being of no value, whereas in Japan they became, as it were, a cult of the people, an expression of the nation itself. China refused to see in the woodcut an artist's medium, and this made impossible a creative outburst such as occurred in Japan. However, from the early years of the seventeenth century some remarkable examples have survived, poems in the shape of flower studies that express the elusive souls of their subjects. Guy Eglington has written about them for the January number, and several have been reproduced. Two, in color, are sure to be treasured by the lover of Chinese art.

THE JANUARY INTERNATIONAL STUDIO will in fact be largely a Chinese number, because there will be several articles devoted to different phases of the art of the Celestial Empire.

AT NINGPO, in a street back of the post-office, are the shops of the woodcarvers. Clever little images are displayed at the windows, and inside, at benches covered with chisels of all sorts, the artist-craftsmen work all day long. The product of their toil is truly an "art of the people," for it goes into the humbler homes of China and has to do with the every-day life of the citizens. A collection of Ningpo carvings comes very near to describing the whole economic life of that part of the nation. For instance, a plowman at work driving his temperamental donkey, a native turning a winnowing box, another grinding rice, a woman at her table embroidering, a man operating a rice pounder which is precisely a see-saw, a coolie pulling a jinricksha, a man in a boat fishing with cormorants that dive into the water and bring back their prey—everything done with plastic accuracy and inimitable expression. A collection of photographs of these figures, with explanatory text, will afford much amusement to readers.

THE TOMB figures of the Chinese correspond to the *usbabti* that acted as servants to the Egyptian dead or to the Tanagra figurines found in Greek graves. The Chinese figures, however, are the merriest and most human of them all and, with the exception of a definite company of mourners, seemed to ignore the grief that is associated with the tomb. The reason for this was that the Chinese believed that the soul remained in the tomb with the body and hence had to be entertained, served and protected just as the physical man was in life. To this end there were gay musicians, charming ladies of the harem, a staff of servants and a soldier guard, all modeled in clay and placed around the dead. Sometimes the images were made of straw, wood, paper, or even copper, but the clay figures were the most common. The origin of the use of tomb figures goes back to barbarous times when living men, women and animals were immolated at the funerals of the great of the earth. As humanitarian principles took possession of Chinese ideals, particularly under the influence of Confucius, these little effigies began to take the place of the living. Helen Comstock will write on this phase of Chinese art in the January number.

TO THE OCCIDENTAL mind, a dragon is a horrible monster, a fierce and terrible enemy of mankind. Perseus, Jason and St. George all won their D. S. O.'s by fighting with it and slaying it, and St. John had quite a lot to say, inferentially, about its wickedness in the Book of Revelation. For this reason it is difficult to appreciate the dragon's universal appearance in Chinese art, and our first reaction is to wonder how that nation ever could admire so wicked an object. When we find, however, that the dragon is a symbol of great good in China and that it is just as nice in its attributes as a winged angel is with us, we are set right in the matter. Mr. and Mrs. G. Glen Gould have written about the Chinese dragon in the January number.

"RESTRAINT and plan are the rarest qualities to be observed in the average art collection," says William B. M'Cormick in the January number. "Given money enough, the collector may generally be counted on to buy and buy and buy until he finds his walls, cabinets and floors hung and crowded with pictures, furniture and groups of art objects whose schematic idea is so faulty and incongruous as to make him realize that instead of creating a good collection he has been making a succession of horrible mistakes. Rare indeed is the private collection presenting so complete and perfect an antithesis to this, particularly in the elements of restraint and plan, as the little group of paintings assembled by Otto Kahn of New York in two rooms of his Fifth avenue town house." Then the reader is taken by Mr. M'Cormick on an intimate tour of the Kahn collection, the masterpieces of which are presented by means of reproductions. This is another of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO's series of articles on American art collections.

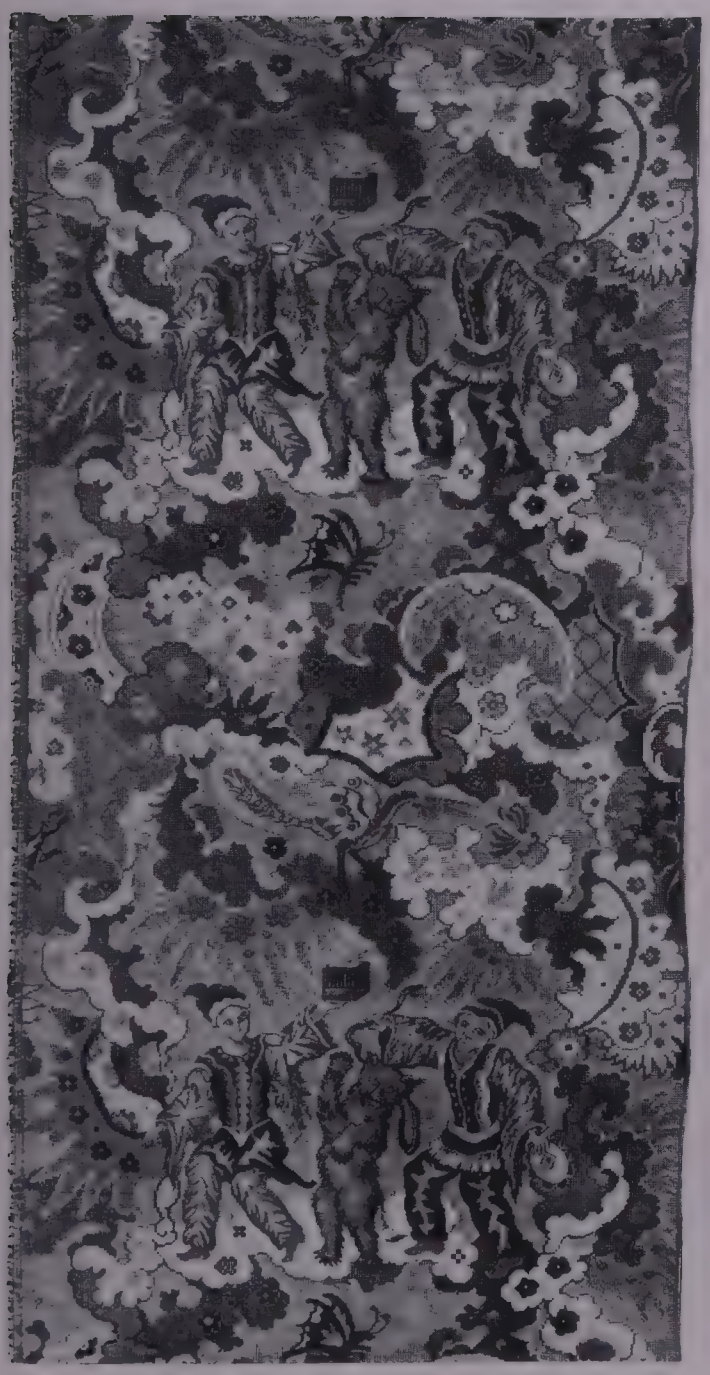
THERE is too much isolation in the art of California. Many worthy painters are producing there each year pictures that, if known to the East, would make national reputations for their creators. California knows them and loves them, and it is the misfortune of the rest of the country that knowledge of them is circumscribed. INTERNATIONAL STUDIO is doing its best to remedy this by introducing from time to time California artists to the whole nation. In January there will be an article by Rose V. S. Berry on the work of Guy Rose, who stands in the first rank on the coast. A color plate of "Rocks and Sea" will be among the reproductions.

THE painting of the "Madonna and Child," reproduced on the cover of this number, appears by courtesy of the Klienberger Galleries.

Peyton Boswell



The Genre Designs of an Old French Needlepoint *are reproduced in this Tapestry Covering*



Like its original, this tapestry, a reproduction of an antique French needlepoint, is filled with animated vignettes



INTERWOVEN with homely humor and acute observation, replete with popular anecdote from edge to edge, the genre tapestries of the 17th and 18th centuries have a variety of interest that makes them unique not only among tapestries but among all decorative textiles.

This fine modern tapestry recreates the same abundant and interesting forms which patterned a superb antique French museum piece. The original was done not on a tapestry loom, but in the still older fashion of needlepoint. The modern replica shows the tiny, charming figures of the original, mountebanks of old French countrysides with their dancing bear and fortune-telling bird. Flying insects, peacocks in pursuit, richly filling every space, are all framed and held into the composition by a winding ribbon suggestive of a Chinese cloud-band.

Like the original, it records in soft wools and reds and yellows of primitive freshness the rise of democratic taste. Far from mediaeval themes of chivalry, from the sumptuous classicism of the Renaissance, it faithfully follows the example of the peasant scenes later popularized by Teniers and Goya.

While this tapestry contains all the merits and charm of the original, modern developments in textile weaving have made it quite available for today's interiors. Other tapestries representing the genre traditions of France, of Flanders, and of Spain are in the Schumacher collection, while the whole range of tapestries, reproducing the best of the great periods, is unusually comprehensive.

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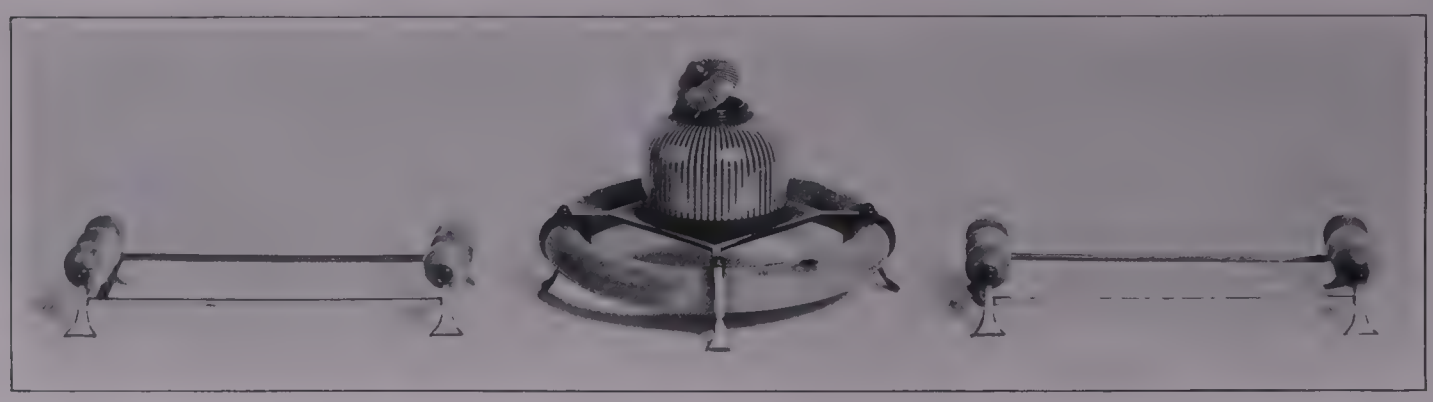


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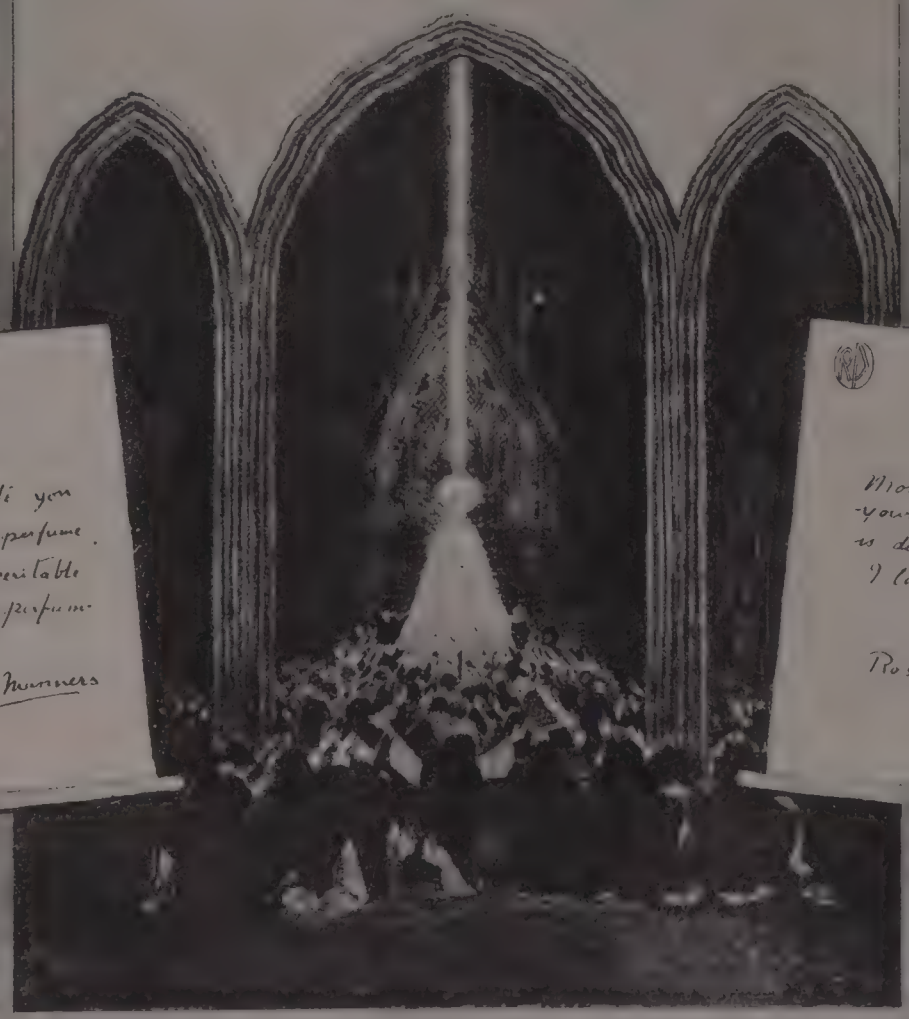
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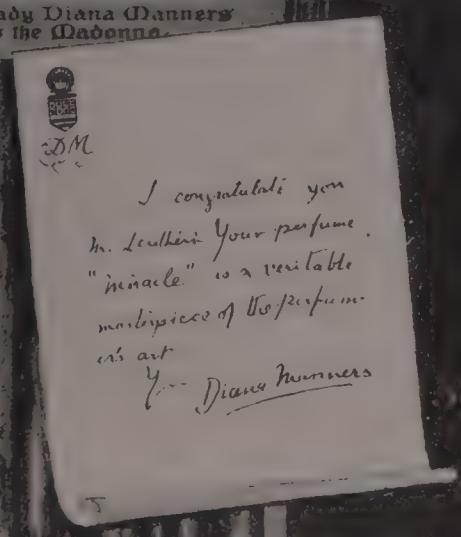


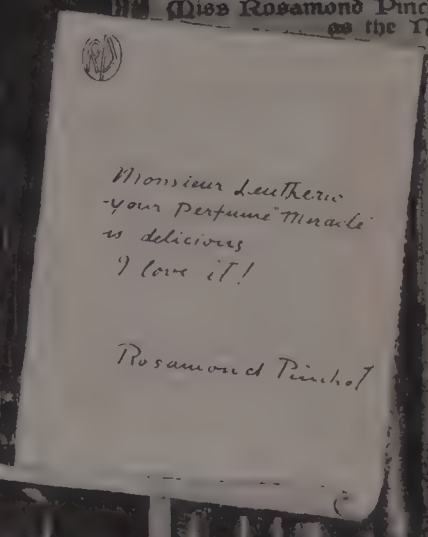
Lady Diana Manners as the Madonna



Miss Rosamond Pinchot as the Nun







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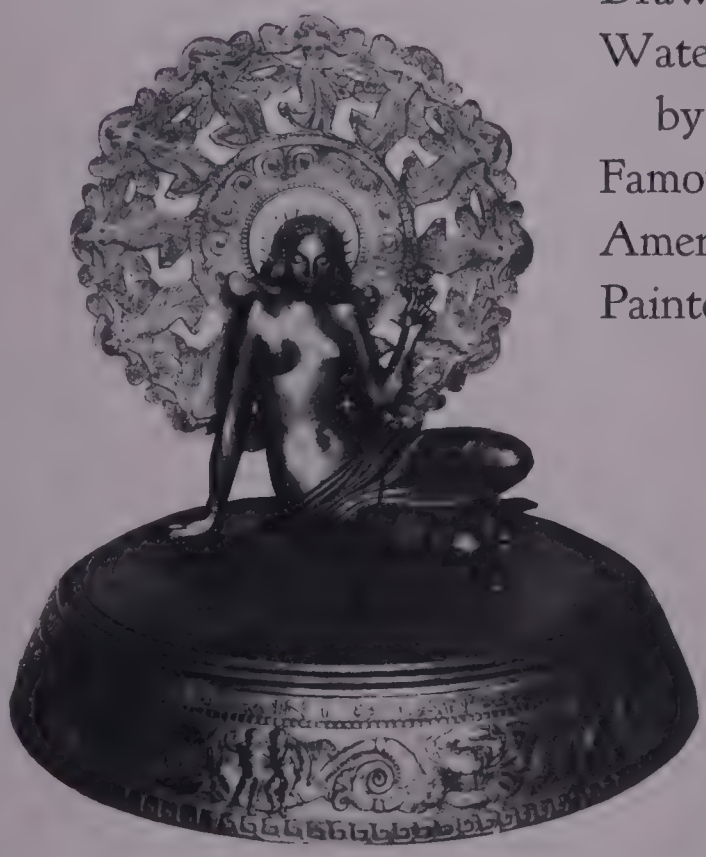
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Sculptors



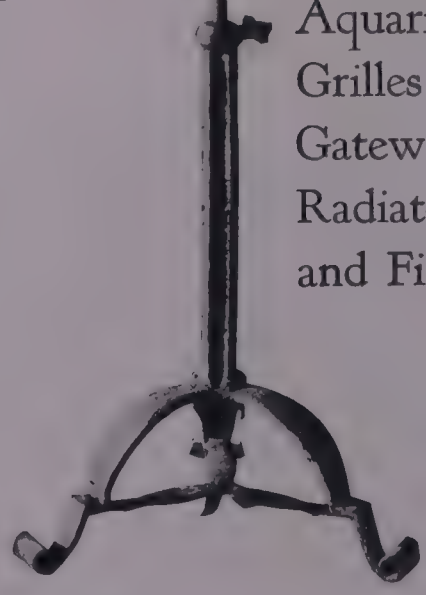
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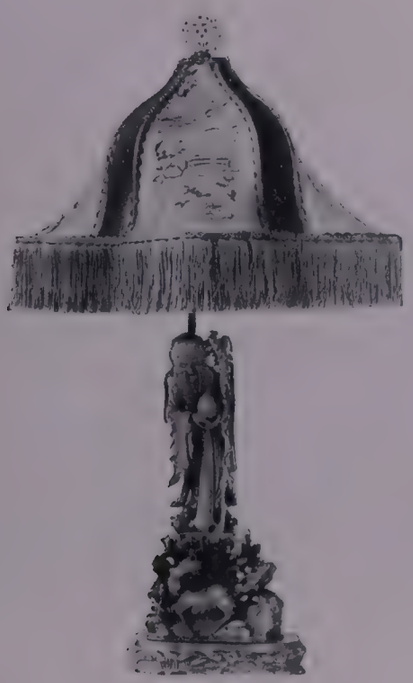
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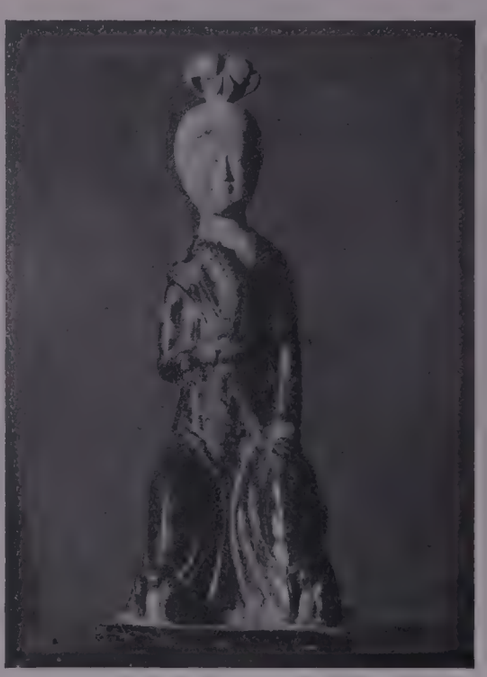
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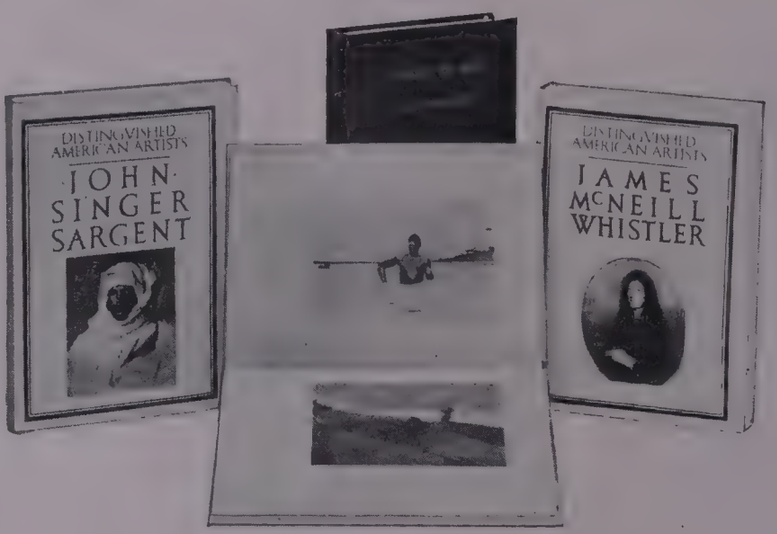
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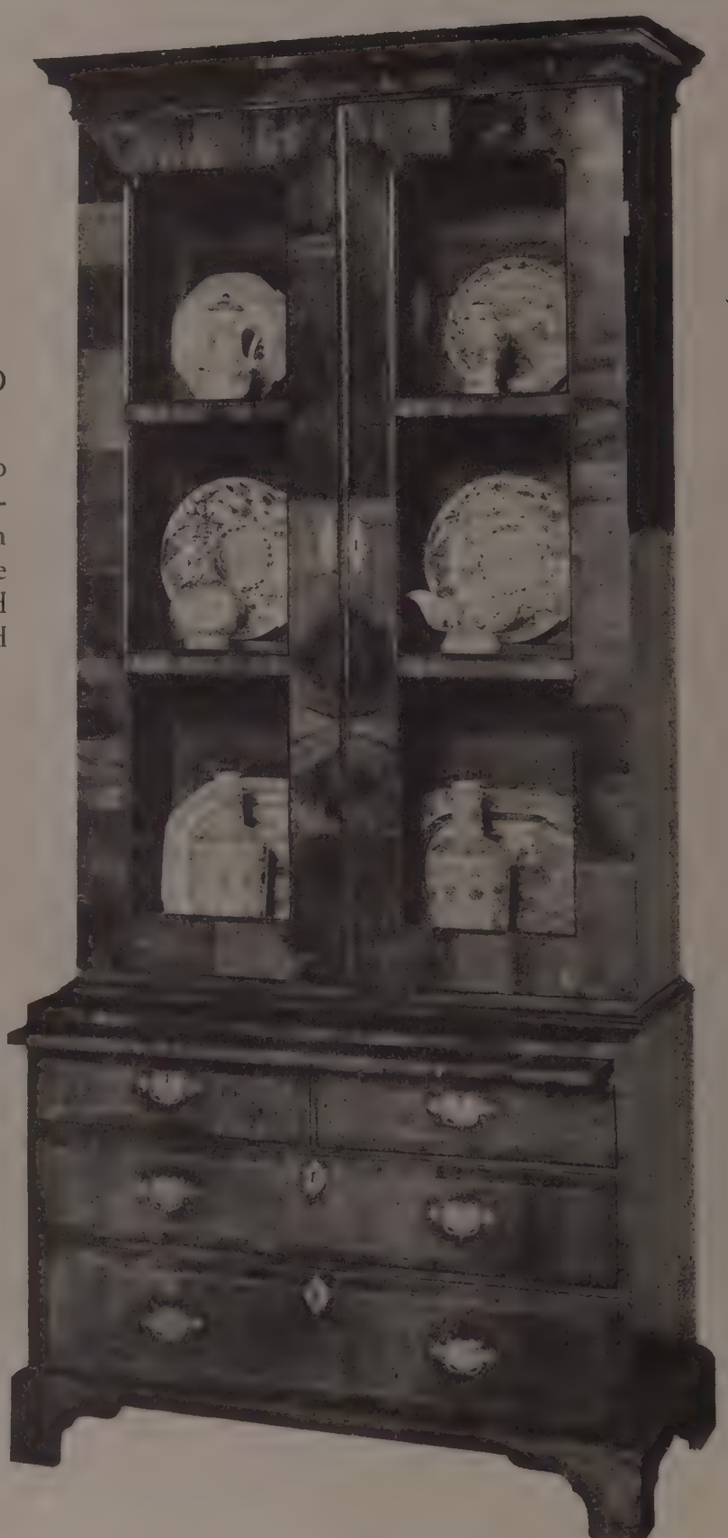
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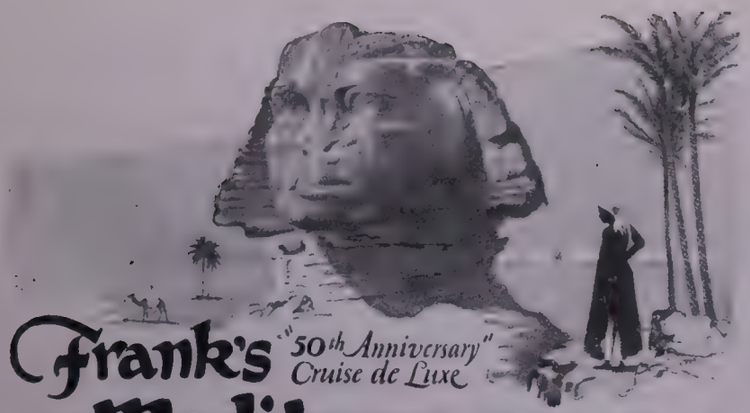
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JANUARY 1925

DATE	FROM	TO	VIA	LINE	STEAMER
Jan. 1	New York	Valparaiso	Havana	Pacific	Essequibo
Jan. 2	New York	Paramaribo	Trinidad	Royal Netherland	Prin. Fred. Hendri
Jan. 2	New Orleans	Rotterdam	Havana	Holland-America	Maasdam
Jan. 3	New York	Buenos Aires	Rio de Janeiro	Pan American	Southern Cross
Jan. 3	New York	Bremen	Queenstown	United States	America
Jan. 3	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Aquitania
Jan. 3	New York	Bremen	Plymouth	North German Lloyd	Columbus
Jan. 3	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth	Holland-America	New Amsterdam
Jan. 3	New York	Canal Zone	Havana	United Fruit Co	Pastores
Jan. 6	New York	Genoa	Algiers	Nav. Gen. Italiana	Duilio
Jan. 7	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Paris
Jan. 8	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Assyria
Jan. 8	New York	Hamburg	Southampton	United-American	Deutschland
Jan. 8	New York	Copenhagen	Christiania	Scandinavian-American	Hellig Olav
Jan. 8	New York	San Francisco	Havana	Dollar	President Adams
Jan. 8	New York	Valparaiso	Havana	Grace	Santa Teresa
Jan. 8	New York	San Francisco	Havana	Panama Pacific	Kroonland
Jan. 9	New York	Lisbon	Azores	Fabre	Madonna
Jan. 10	New York	Bremen	Plymouth	United States	George Washington
Jan. 10	Providence	Lisbon	Azores	Fabre	Madonna
Jan. 10	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic
Jan. 10	New York	London	Cherbourg	Atlantic Transport	Minnewaska
Jan. 10	New York	Buenos Aires	Rio de Janeiro	Lamport & Holt	Vauban
Jan. 10	New York	Canal Zone	Havana	United Fruit Co	Ulua
Jan. 14	Houston	Havre	Direct	French	De La Salle
Jan. 14	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	France
Jan. 15	New York	Hamburg	Southampton	United-American	Cleveland
Jan. 15	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth	American	Mongolia
Jan. 17	New York	Valparaiso	Callao	So. American S.S. Co.	Teno
Jan. 17	New York	Buenos Aires	Rio de Janeiro	Pan American	American Legion
Jan. 17	New York	Bremen	Plymouth	United States	President Roosevelt
Jan. 17	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria
Jan. 17	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Columbia
Jan. 17	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth	Holland-America	Veendam
Jan. 17	New York	Canal Zone	Havana	United Fruit Co	Toloa
Jan. 20	San Francisco	Valparaiso	Manzanillo	Toyo Kisen Kaisha	Senyo Maru
Jan. 20	New York	San Francisco	Norfolk	Pacific Mail	Ecuador
Jan. 20	New York	Genoa	Palermo	Trans. Italiana	Dante Allighieri
Jan. 20	New York	Bordeaux	Vigo	French	Roussillion
Jan. 20	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg	White Star	Pittsburgh
Jan. 22	New York	San Francisco	Havana	Dollar	President Garfield
Jan. 22	New York	Valparaiso	Havana	Grace	Santa Ana
Jan. 22	New York	San Francisco	Havana	Panama Pacific	Finland
Jan. 24	New York	Buenos Aires	Rio de Janeiro	Lamport & Holt	Vestris
Jan. 24	New York	Genoa	Madeira	Lloyd Sabaudo	Conte Verde
Jan. 24	New York	Havre	Direct	French	La Savoie
Jan. 24	New York	Canal Zone	Havana	United Fruit Co	Calamares
Jan. 28	New York	Bremen	Queenstown	United States	President Harding
Jan. 28	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Paris
Jan. 28	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg	Royal Mail	Orduna
Jan. 29	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth	American	Minnekahda
Jan. 29	New York	Valparaiso	Havana	Pacific	Ebro
Jan. 30	New York	Trieste	Azores	Cosulich	Martha Washington
Jan. 31	Boston	Trieste	Azores	Cosulich	Martha Washington
Jan. 31	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Cameronia
Jan. 31	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic
Jan. 31	New York	Buenos Aires	Rio de Janeiro	Pan American	Pan American
Jan. 31	New York	Canal Zone	Havana	United Fruit Co	Pastores

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Jan. 17—The Mediterranean, Egypt and Palestine. S.S. Lapland. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.
Jan. 20—West Indies. S.S. Montroyal. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.
Jan. 20—Around-the-World. S.S. California. Arranged by Frank C. Clark.
Jan. 22—West Indies. S.S. Megantic. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.
Jan. 22—Caribbean Cruise. S.S. Tuscania. Arranged by Cunard and Anchor Steamship Lines.
Jan. 22—Around-the-World. S.S. Franconia. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.
Jan. 22—South America. Panama Canal, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentine, Uruguay and Brazil. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.
Jan. 22—West Indies. S.S. Orca. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.
Jan. 24—The Mediterranean. S.S. Homeric. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.
Jan. 24—West Indies. S.S. Calamares. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.
Jan. 29—Mediterranean Cruise de Luxe. S.S. Scythia. Arranged by Frank Tourist Company.
Jan. 31—Mediterranean Cruise. S.S. Laconia. Arranged by Frank C. Clark.
Jan. 31—Long West Indies Cruise. S.S. Reliance. Arranged by Raymond & Whitcomb Co.
Feb. 4—Mediterranean Cruise. S.S. Rotterdam. Arranged by Holland-America Line.
Feb. 5—South America. Panama Canal, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentine, Uruguay and Brazil. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.
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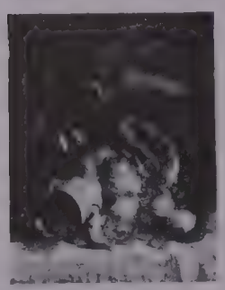
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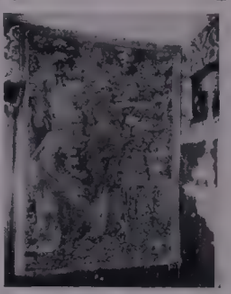
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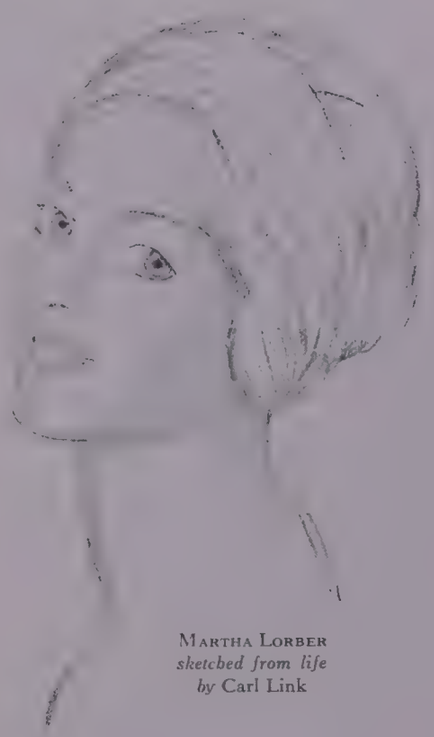
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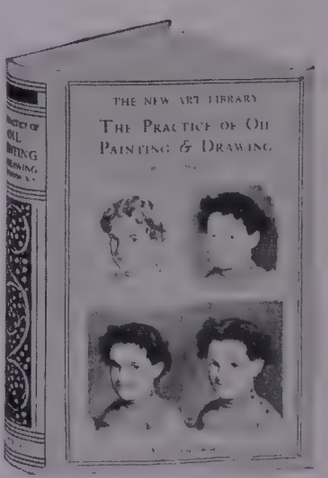
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By
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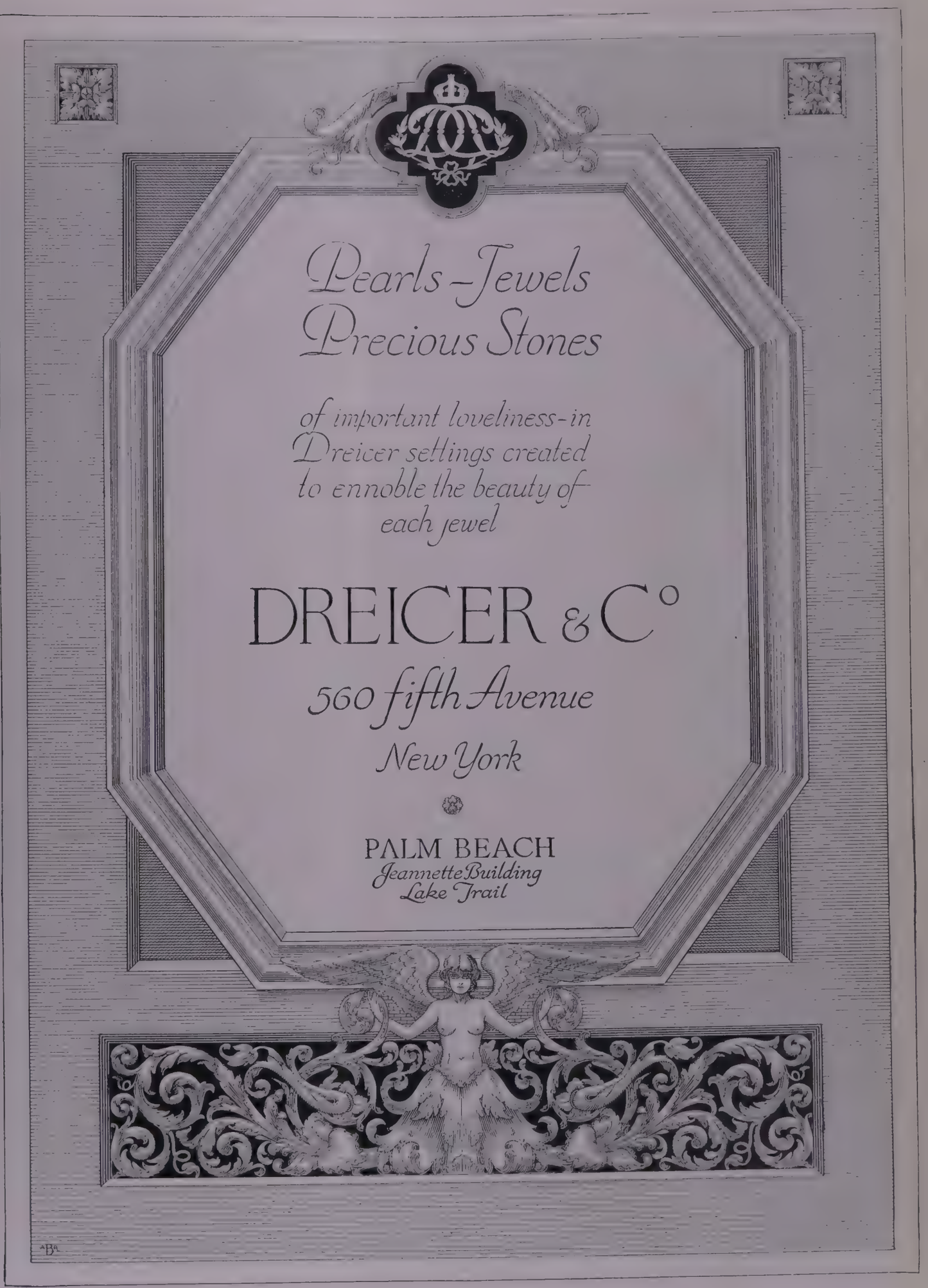
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Peyton Boswell
EDITOR

F·F·FULTON
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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TO CONTRIBUTORS

Articles are solicited by the editor on subjects that are interesting and significant in all branches of the fine and applied arts. No responsibility is assumed for the safe custody or return of manuscripts, but due care will be exercised

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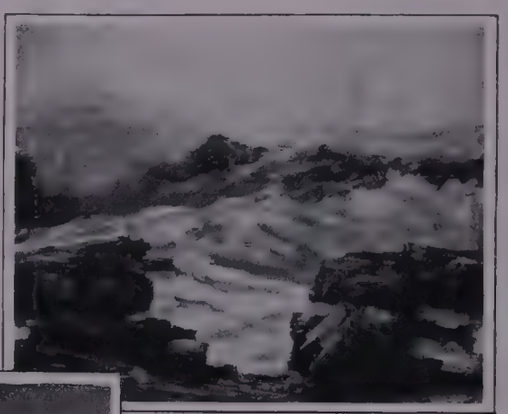


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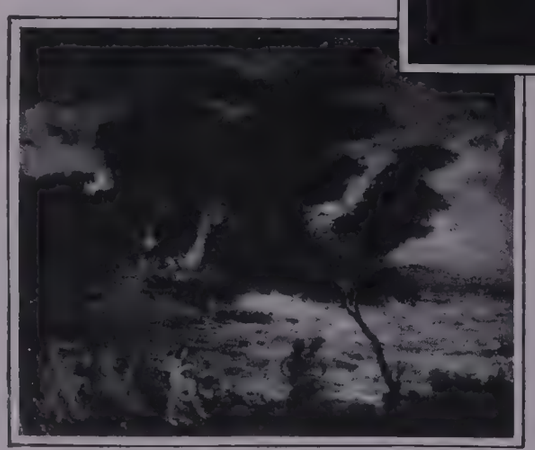
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"*The Blue Tam*"
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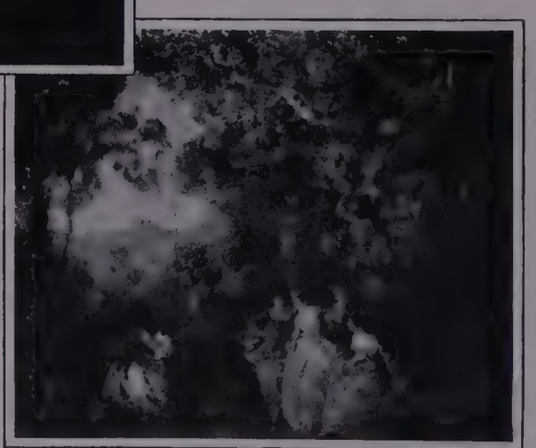




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INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

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January 1925

CHINA *and the* COLOR PRINT

To China belongs the credit for the invention of the color print although the medium was little used

GUY EGLINGTON

HOW SHALL a man who has seen the history of the art of the world unroll before him, passed in a moment from Egypt to Babylon, Babylon to Greece, Greece to China, on through Byzantium to Italy, Holland, Persia, Spain—into the vortex of today; how shall such a man keep his senses undizzied? Will not Greece dazzle him? Babylon appal? Egypt terrify? If he can bear to look upon the fierce and cruel power of Assyria, will he not shield his eyes before the restraint of Egypt? And where shall he find a resting-place? Not in the fervor of Florence. Not in the splendor of Venice. He must go back. There is only one refuge. The land where Restraint has another name. Is called Reticence.

The reticence of China. To the Westerner it is both a delight and a torment. He is conscious that so much is hidden that he cannot fathom, and when he demands enlightenment, he is met with a smile. Therefore of no other nation is our ignorance so profound, our knowledge so pathetically inadequate. A few poems hint at a literature, its reflex at the glory of an art.

And now at last the Marees Society of London has discovered Chinese Color Prints. Discovered in the true sense of "show forth." The portfolio which they have published contains, in marvelous reproduction, seventeen prints of an exquisite beauty. Prints which show as clearly as an isolated work of art may wherein lay the essential difference between Japan and China. Only China could have produced prints such as these. They are a seventeenth-century echo of the great period of Chinese art, represent an attempt, brave but alas fruitless, to infuse into the dying days of Ming the spirit of Sung.

Polychrome prints in 1625. It is strange that in Japan Matahei, founder of the Ukiyo-ye, should not have seen the possibility of the medium. Stranger still that his follower Moronobu, when he began in 1670 to utilize the woodcut, should have contented himself with a keyblock, coloring each print with his own hand, instead of importing a craft already full-grown. It seems indeed as though the Japanese were entirely unaware of the existence of color printing and had to reinvent the process for themselves, for it was 1743 before Shigenaga added to the keyblock two others, rose and green; and twenty further years of experimentation were necessary before the polychrome print as we know it, with its unlimited number of blocks, was introduced.

But, indeed, surprises do not end here. For although the earliest pictorial colorprints that we possess are dated 1625, the practice of color printing can be traced as far back as the closing days of the T'ang dynasty. Among the treasures found by Sir Aurel Stein in the Cave of a Thousand Buddhas is a woodblock representation of the Avalokitesvara, which is mounted kakemono-wise on a patterned paper mount. The saint is printed in outline only and colored by hand, but the mount, which is printed in two shades of blue, is evidently a tenth-century ancestor of the color print.

No craft grows in a day, and it is impossible to put aside the thought that contemporary with this, or even earlier, the pictorial color print may

On the opposite page: "Bird in the Snow," print from "Ten Bamboo Hall"

have been in process of development. That no examples have so far been found is but another proof that for the Chinese there has ever been held but one graphic medium worthy the hand of an artist, whether he be calligrapher, decorator of porcelain, or painter on silk—and that the brush, and the work of the brush, alone worthy of preservation. It is noteworthy that in China the woodcut was throughout a reproductive medium, having its origin in the early custom of engraving on stone paintings which threatened to decay, and reaching its highest point in illustrations to works on the history and classical tradition of painting. The charm of Chinese woodcuts at their best lies in the amazing fidelity with which they reproduce the subtle qualities of the oriental brush stroke.

The "Stone Print," with which the history of Chinese printing opens, seems to have come into being by chance rather than of clear intent. In the temples were preserved from the earliest times stone engravings of paintings by masters long dead, their works destroyed by time. Made originally with the object of preserving in permanent form the work of a master, prints were probably first taken to satisfy the importunity of pilgrims, anxious to take home with them some token of their journey. The method was curious. Thin paper was laid on the surface of the stone, moistened, and pressed into the engraved lines with a long soft brush. That done, a silk pad, dipped in ink, was dabbed over the back of the sheet, the engraved portions, being below the surface, remaining white. The block with the paper still on it was then laid on a thicker sheet, the design printing white on a black ground.

The stone print was clearly a popular medium, for between it and the woodcut proper there was evolved a bastard form, an imitation of the stone print from a block cut in wood. This was used for smaller subjects, illustrated charms, prayers and the like, though crude landscapes are found too. The experiment was not a happy one and is important only as a step toward the woodcut.

At what precise period the layer of paper was discarded and printing direct from the wood begun is not known. From the eighth century we have the Buddhist charms, text only without illustrations, printed black on white, which were distributed by the order of the Empress Shotoku among the temples of Japan. Then in China from the ninth and tenth centuries those excellent pictorial woodcuts found by Sir Aurel Stein in the amazing Cave of a Thousand Buddhas*, of which the earliest, the frontispiece to the Diamond Sutra, which, curiously enough, is also the finest, is dated 868.

With these we have no longer to do with the reproduction of painting, but rather with book illustration. The excellence of a print such as that which accompanies the Diamond Sutra points to the existence of a school of illustration which probably flourished throughout the T'ang Dynasty. It is a thousand pities that so little of the work of this school remains, for, calligraphy and painting being held in China the same art, it would be valuable to see how the Chinese decorator of the classical period solved the perennial problem of harmonizing the arbitrary form of the letter with the forms of nature. One notices immediately in the Sutra roll that the illustration exhibits the same linear qualities as the character. It was also no mere chance that impelled the artist to set his group on a tiled pavement, which runs, with characteristic indifference to perspective, diagonally from head to foot of the design. The tiles bear a very definite relation to the text.

It can not truly be claimed that China ever possessed a school of color printers to be compared with that of eighteenth and nineteenth-century Japan. The cult of color printing for its own sake was never developed there. Chinese art was and remained essentially aristocratic, and the unknown inventors of color printing had not, as had Japan a century later, the advantage of a great popular movement behind them. Almost the only outlet for their activity was the providing of colored knick-knacks for the populace, handbills for the theatrical advertisers.

In technique they tended to divide into two groups, according as they regarded the keyblock as essential or inessential. The first group put outline first, color second, and made *colored* prints. The second, envisaging color and outline as one process, created the true *color print*.

But of these last there were few. The makers of handbills were crude enough in their attack. Four colors sufficed them for the most part, indigo, yellow ochre, pink and olive being a fair sample of their palette. Compositionally, too, they threw overboard every tenet of Chinese design. A large centre panel showed the chief incidents of the play, a battle or what not, while all around were grouped the lesser scenes, lovers under beds, girls pleading with outraged fathers, for all the world like the ads for a modern movie show. Full of life and vigor was the draughtsmanship, but in its own field eclipsed by that of the Japanese who came after.

This outline technique was carried to its highest

At Tun Huang, in Turkestan. A large portfolio has recently been published containing valuable reproductions of paintings found, together with notes by Sir Aurel Stein.



"BIRD ON A TWIG" PRINT FROM "MUSTARD SEED GARDEN"

point in China in a series of flower studies, plum blossoms, camellias and pomegranates set in vases or in baskets. From a technical standpoint these were most remarkable. No less than twelve blocks were used, and as many more colors obtained by superimposition. Gauffrage, or blind printing, a process of embossing conveying texture by means of an extra block printed dry, was used freely. In fine, every technical device which the Japanese were later to discover is found here. But in spite of all there is little life in these prints. They seem to be cursed with a kind of decorative deadness, most strange in Chinese art. Perhaps it was just that the Chinese artist could create only so long as he obeyed his own laws. These set aside, he was impotent.

The artists of the K'ang Hsi period (1662-1722) who made a similar set of flower studies, this time on the bough, may well have felt this, for we find here a return toward the brush quality. The draughtsmanship too is much stronger, the divorce between color and form less evident.

But the truth is that one could not claim for the Chinese color printer more than the honor of inventing the medium were it not for two books on the tradition of painting, the *Shih-Chu-Chai Shu Hua Tsih* (Documents and Pictures from the Ten Bamboo Hall) of 1625, and the *Chieh-Tse Yuan Hua Chuan* (Textbook on Painting from the Mustard Seed Garden), of which the earliest edition known is dated 1679. These two books, illustrated throughout in color, prove that only the national temperament, which refused to see in the woodcut an artist's medium, stood in the way of a creative outburst as splendid as that of Japan.

The purpose of both books was educational, first the theory of design propounded by the greatest artists and critics, then the practical guidance of the student from the first brush-stroke and finally the reproduction of the works of the greatest masters in their own genres. These were bolts shot full at the midday sun, and if they failed in their wider aim of bringing back the golden age of painting, utter failure can not be imputed to them, for they contain the finest exposition of Chinese ideals in art.

It is fascinating to read M. Raphael Petrucci's translation of the *Mustard Seed Garden*, and see how the metaphysical and the severely practical

walk hand in hand in the Chinese mind. From a discourse on spiritual rhythm the master will turn with imperturbable gravity and in the same tone of voice to expound the mysteries which attend the preparation of ink. For a moment he is the old hand giving tips. But a moment only. Ink suggests color, colors have meanings. Before we are over the page we are deep in metaphysics again. The book opens with the well-known *Six Laws*, translated so often and so variously:

1. La consonnance de l'Esprit engendre le mouvement. 2. La loi des os au moyen du pinceau. 3. La forme representée dans la conformité avec les êtres. 4. Selon la similitude distribuer la couleur. 5. Disposer les lignes et leur attribuer leur place hieratique. 6. Propager les formes en les faisant passer dans le dessin.

"Harmony of spirit gives birth to movement." In the phrase *la consonnance de l'Esprit* Petrucci is perhaps nearer than we can approach in English. Rhythm, harmony and spirit have too many meanings to convey a single clear impression. It is the relation of man to nature, and to the life that is within nature, life to life, that is the foundation of Chinese art.

Of the other *Laws*, that of inner structure is emphasized a hundred times throughout these books. The student is taught to paint one thing until its form is so graven on his mind that he can sense its inner workings and create forms out of his own memory. For the Chinese landscape painter rarely if ever painted out of doors, and, unlike Western masters, made no sketches for his guidance. He sat before his subject day after day, months if need be, until he knew it. He was not interested in the accidents of appearance, happy effects of light and shade passing in a moment, evanescent; he wished to paint enduring reality, what he saw in the light of what he knew.

The third great Law by which Chinese painting stands or falls is the fifth. Dispensing with all adventitious aids of light and shade, dismissing utterly the possibility of strong contrast as a momentary fleeting thing, the Chinese artist must subtilize his brushstroke to the point where the slightest variation of intensity is felt and distribute his lines with a forethought that must appear to us as uncanny. He is creating a world with a few brushstrokes, each of which is related to every other in the hierarchy.

The six *Laws* are followed by six *Necessities* and six *Superiorities: 1. La revolution de l'Esprit doit être jointe à la force. 2. Les lignes et les plans doivent être fermes. 3. Les changements et les différences doivent être conformables à la raison. 4. Les couleurs doivent avoir de l'harmonie. 5. Le pinceau doit aller et venir avec aisance. 6. En imitant et en étudiant abandonner tout ce qu'il-y-a de mauvais.*

1. Chercher dans la rudesse le mouvement du pinceau. 2. Chercher la talent dans l'inhabilité. 3. Chercher la force dans la finesse et la délicatesse. 4. Chercher la raison dans le déréglement et la singularité. 5. Sans encre chercher le ton. 6. Dans une peinture plate chercher l'espace.

The first Necessity, referring evidently to the first Law, is typically Chinese in its conjunction of the metaphysical with the physical. The essential virility of the Chinese master revolts at the thought of a spineless contemplation. Strength, he cries. "The brush should move with ease." More and more it comes down to the brush, qualities of brushstroke. Fluidity in treatment of rough knotted surfaces, strength in passages demanding the very greatest delicacy, the *maximum of tone with the minimum of color*. The Chinese recognize three prime faults in painting and all refer to the brush. *Pan* is dead, a line without movement, a flat empty line lacking inner structure. *K'o* is unsure, hesitating, a line attempting form yet never achieving it. *Kie* is knotted, ungracious, calling attention from expression to the inadequacy of means. Yet with all his insistence on technique, the Chinese master places second among the Superiorities a sentence which shows his deep insight into its limitations. *Chercher le talent dans l'inhabilité*. The greatest draughtsmen have not always been those to whom draughtsmanship came with ease. The very difficulty overcome ensures that every line have purpose. Fluidity is not enough. Strength, and above all, life are needful.

The last of the Superiorities puts the problem of the Chinese artist in a nutshell. *Dans une peinture plate chercher l'espace.* To the Westerner it must ever seem an impenetrable secret how the oriental, with such limited means at his command and exhorted by his masters to be incredibly chary and practise the utmost frugality in their use, yet evokes such an impression of vastness. Knowing nothing of Chinese painting but its laws and the medium employed, would one not expect the result to be a delicate but rather precious art, approximating to the art of a Condor, a Constantin Guys. The difference lies in this sentence. Knowing the "law of the bones," the Chinese artist was able in a flat painting to find "space."

Positive commandments are followed by negative. The pupil is forbidden to do twelve things. He may not (1) clump everything together; (2) paint distance and foreground on the same plane; (3) paint a mountain as though it were dead; (4) paint water without showing its source; (5) paint



"LOTUS BLOSSOM" PRINT FROM "MUSTARD SEED GARDEN"

a landscape without heights; (6) paint roads without whither and whence; (7) paint rocks with less than three faces; (8) paint trees with less than four branches; (9) paint men and things stunted; (10) paint high houses in disorder; (11) paint a mist obscure; (12) apply color without method.

Just as Monet said "The chief person in a picture is the sun," so might the Chinese artist reply "The mountain," for round the mountain all Chinese landscape centres. The mountain is a living being wreathed in vapor, the personification of humility, as Petrucci puts it, and woe to that man who shall approach the mountain save in a spirit of awe, *sans veine d'aspiration.* Thus the third commandment is the greatest and the others are dependent on it. The source of water is the mountain, therefore to paint water without the mountain from which it flows is to paint nature without acknowledgment to God. And the mist which caps the mountain is not a veil, but an aureole.

And so the Chinese master passes on to his final classification, the *Three Qualities. Chen* is divine. Comes from God. Can not be studied. Such is the quality of the greatest art of all time. *Miao* is marvelous. The quality of the great painters, great in intellectual content and power. *Neng* is the quality of ease and power gained by long study, not facility merely, but the quality which the foremost painters of their day possess, achieving likeness, as the master puts it, while obeying the laws. *Neng* is for today, *Miao* for the centuries, *Chen* for all time.

After the generalities of the first volume the master proceeds to take the student through every phase of painting. The second volume, devoted to trees, starts with the bare twig, groups of twigs, a tree, a tree budded, in blossom, then clumps of trees, and closes with examples from the old masters.

Rocks come in the next volume, and since the rock represents a world in microcosm, infinite patience is devoted to its study. Where the Western student is taught the anatomy of the human form, the Eastern studies the anatomy of landscape. These rocks are like great twisted shells, fretted hollow by the slow corrosion of water. From the hollows verdure will spring. How necessary this training is may be seen from the study of the mountain itself, considered in

the same volume. Here are permitted no tentative essays. The student is bidden to study long and achieve the portraiture in one sweep of the brush. And so the master continues. From the mountain we pass naturally to cascades, clouds, waves and the calm sea. Men and things, landscape full-grown, iris and orchid, bamboo, plum tree, chrysanthemum, herbaceous plants and insects, birds. . . . One could quote forever from this delightful book.

The *Ten Bamboo Hall* has not been translated. From the copy which I have been studying, it appears to be slightly less ambitious, never attempting the reproduction of full-blown landscape, but contenting itself with a fuller study of the component parts. And in this the compiler showed wisdom, for the small woodcut, able to cope adequately with a study of bird or blossom, failed before the task of reproducing a great landscape.

But, all weaknesses granted, what a feat to illustrate two such volumes at all, and in color. It was here no question of achieving decorative charm, however exquisite. So much their craft could accomplish with ease. The difficulty lay in reproducing with fidelity the brush stroke of a master for the benefit of his pupil. I know no other example of such a task being attempted and I marvel the more that here, in the early seventeenth century, it was not only attempted but accomplished. One has only to glance at such a print as the "Blue Bamboos" (Marees XI) from the *Ten Bamboo Hall* set. Childishly simple, apparently, but what skill went to produce this deceptive simplicity. The bamboo stalks, lithe, slender and full of life, the leaves so carelessly brushed in, yet with such faultless accuracy, who would connect these with a design cut on the wood? These have the freshness and spontaneity of water color.

Or go further, turn to the "Vase with Apricot Twig" (Marees VIII) and note the subtle changes in the quality of the line, the firm fine brushstroke for the vase, the supple strength in the line of the twig that holds the fruit, imparting as it were a visible sense of growing. Then note the fruit itself, a golden glow passing to orange, nothing more. The "Twig with Lai-Chi Fruit" (Marees IX) is from the last volume of the *Ten Bamboo Hall*, a volume devoted entirely to composition within the circle. Here the brushwork is heavier, and the variations within the line itself still more strongly marked. But one sweep of the brush went to the heavy central bough, yet it is rounded and full of strength. Branches live in their knots, said the master. Therefore note carefully the technique. Nothing but a gap and a curling sweep of the brush to carry the eye along.

But the two masterpieces of *Ten Bamboo* series are the bird studies (Marees XIII and XV). A bird, so the master of the *Mustard Seed Garden* admonishes his pupils, has the form of an egg, with head, tail, wings and feet added. Begin, he says, with the beak, then head, back, feathers, tail, wings, chest, stomach, feet, eyes last of all. But, lest this should seem too simple, he adds: "A bird is never still. . . ."

I do not know which of the studies to praise most highly. I do not cease to marvel at the exquisite simplicity of the "Bird and Blossom" (Marees XIII). Only the bird is fully realized, staying its flight to dive for a fly on the wing. The blossom which hangs from a bough above is washed in with the greatest possible delicacy. It is in passages such as these that the Chinese artist shows his power. Here is a study of a bird, nothing more, realized down to the last detail for a pupil to copy, yet the artist's sense of rightness seizes the bird in full flight and spots it with inevitable precision on the page. The faintest brush stroke and a few spots of color suffice to evoke its world. For contrast study well the *Bird in the Snow* (Marees XV). I do not believe that in the entire series a harder task faced the woodcutter than this. According to the master of the *Mustard Seed Garden* there are four ways of painting a flower: (1) To paint first the outline, adding color later. (2) To consider outline and color as one process. (3) To dispense with color altogether, achieving tone by subtle gradation of intensity, and a vibratory technique somewhat suggestive of impressionism or pointillism. And (4) to paint contour only, leaving the body white. In the fourth method, which is the one employed in the "Bird in the Snow," color and form are predicated in the flower itself by the quality of the surrounding washes. The result is a distillation of the flower's essence, a wandering breath of perfume crystalized on the page. In this print the visible, almost tangible, cold has frozen matter and left spirit only.

There is a bird study in the set from the *Mustard Seed Garden* (Marees II), a "Bird on a Twig," evidently just preparing for flight. This print is much more direct than either of the other two and depends for its charm on the play of line in the bough and the marvelous brushwork in the bird's raised wings.

The master of the *Mustard Seed Garden* has a great deal to say about the *character* of flowers, and exhorts his pupils, before commencing to paint, to study their several natures. Thus of the



"BIRD AND BLOSSOM" PRINT FROM "TEN BAMBOO HALL"



"SQUIRREL IN A VINE TREE" PRINT FROM "MUSTARD SEED GARDEN"

chrysanthemum he says: "*Le chrysanthème est une fleur dont le caractère est fier; dont la couleur est belle; dont le parfum est tardif; celui qui peint cela doit en posséder dans son coeur la forme complète, alors seulement il peut exprimer son charme solitaire et tardif.*" For an example of this teaching note in the "Plumblossom with Narcissus and Camellia" (Marees IV) the essential difference in the artist's approach to the three flowers, the plumblossom frozen like a snowflake, the camellia hot and passionate, the tinge of flamboyance in the narcissus. But my favorite of the set is the chaste "Magnolias" (Marees VI).

Such then are the two solitary masterpieces of Chinese color printing, which thanks to the publication of the Marees portfolio, should now at last come into their own. Here is, I think, an unique case of a nation inventing a medium only to despise it. Then, being in need of its services, calling upon it to perform the seeming impossible. The impossible achieved, letting it slide back into obscurity. Put baldly, the facts seem almost incredible. Where and in what school had the woodcutter gained the technique to tackle such a task? The history of Chinese art provides no answer. It points laconically to the stone prints of the Han, the black and white woodcut illustrators of the T'ang, the commercial color printers of the late Ming.

It is impossible to study the precepts of the *Mustard Seed Garden* without being overwhelmed by the conviction that, widely as the Chinese practise differs from ours, and still-born as any imitation is certain to be, in his approach to nature the Chinese artist holds a secret which must make us finally his pupils. *La consonnance de l'Esprit engendre le mouvement.* There are no dead things in a Chinese painting. Life is related to life, the mountain to the man. As the master says: "The man looks at the mountain, the mountain looks at the man. In such manner that the onlooker is seized with regret that he can not spring into the painting and fight the man for his place." But before we can reach that point we must make it a capital crime to paint a mountain "*sans veine d'aspiration.*"

On opposite page: "Blue Bamboo" from "Ten Bamboo Hall"





"NATIVITY" BY GIOVANNI BARONZIO (CIRCA 1280-1360)

OTTO H. KAHN COLLECTION

Limited to a few carefully chosen pictures the group is representative of the best in Italian art

William B. M'GORMICK

RESTRAINT and plan are the rarest qualities to be observed in the average art collection. Given money enough the collector may generally be counted on to buy and buy and buy until he finds his walls, cabinets and floors crowded with pictures, furniture and groups of art objects whose schematic idea is so faulty and incongruous as to make him realize that instead of creating a good collection he has been making a succession of mistakes.

Rare indeed is the private collection which presents so complete and perfect an antithesis to this as the little group of paintings assembled by Otto Kahn of New York in two rooms of his Fifth avenue house. Except for a few small Byzantine panels, extraordinary in their effect of antiquity, his Rembrandt and Hals, Mr. Kahn's collection is limited to the time from the thirteenth to sixteenth centuries and to the Siennese, Umbrian and Florentine schools. Barring three canvases it is hung in one room of a character so completely and beautifully in harmony with the pictures as to give them a setting such as they might have had in an Italian fifteenth-century



"MADONNA AND CHILD ENTHRONED" BY GIOVANNI BARONZIO

palazzo. Through the exhibition at the Kleinberger Galleries in 1917, the exhibition of Italian Renaissance art at the Metropolitan Museum in the summer of 1923 and the famous loan group at the Duveen Galleries in the spring of 1924 many of Mr. Kahn's paintings have become known to the art-loving public. But to see them in their proper setting is an experience apart for the room and its contents represent restraint and plan to a pitch of perfection I know nowhere else among American collections.

Conceive a long and exquisitely proportioned room, flooded with sunlight from tall windows opening to the south and west, with a grey stone floor, grey walls with a pale yellow tint on their frescoed surface, a grey ceiling with an oblong panel in its centre consisting of a border with two classical decorations suggesting some medieval Puvis de Chavannes, all miraculously toned with a patine suggesting the passage of centuries. Two bands of time-toned yellow with pale green leaves in fresco everywhere outline the architectural features of this ceiling. A great and ancient carpet from the East contributes a dull rose softness to the grey floor. On it stand a superb carved table, walnut stools of the sixteenth century, waxy-yellow in tone, ornate Savoronola and folding chairs of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Two cassoni of the early Renaissance stand against the walls and have some of the smaller paintings on their tops. A rare Gothic tapestry of lustrous reds and yellows hangs against the east wall, two smaller panels hanging high between the windows of the south wall. And on chest and table, pedestal and wall niche stand lovely little Gothic wood carvings making high notes of form and color against the walls, their placing being not the least of the perfection of this Italian room which recreates the past with poignant beauty.

And then there are the pictures for which all



"MADONNA AND CHILD" BY PIETRO CAVALLINI (?-CIRCA 1364)



"MADONNA" BY BARTOLO DI MAESTRO FREDI (FOURTEENTH CENTURY)

this is but the frame. Here is the fourteenth-century Florentine, Agnolo Gaddi, represented by a "Virgin Enthroned" in still brilliant gold and red against an architectural background, the Madonna attended by two angels in crimson robes and two kneeling figures in the costumes of nuns with red crosses on their breasts, the whole an amazingly perfect example of man and school and century. By this hangs Lorenzo di Credi's head of a young girl that in its sweet and human tenderness, apart from its charm of color and suavity of painting, is the loveliest non-religious painting that came out of Florence in the sixteenth century.

The west wall where these hang is dominated by Carpaccio's "Man in Armor" which hung in the Metropolitan Museum for many months as a loan, Bashford Dean having contributed a technical study of the armor worn by the man in the painting to the museum's bulletin when it was first exhibited there. The man himself and the background of many interests makes one realize why Carpaccio has so often been called a story-teller. Below this very distinguished work, and standing on a cassone, are two panels, one a curious version of the "Madonna and Child" by Giovanni di Paolo, with all the striking originality in composition that was so characteristic of the Sienese painters of the fifteenth century, the other a group of St. Christopher, St. Peter, St. Barbara and one other against a background of gold, the faces of the saints illustrating how far human representation had advanced by that time from the rigid Byzantine conventions.

The world famous portrait of Giuliano de Medici by Botticelli, reproduced in INTERNATIONAL STUDIO at the time of the Duveen loan exhibition in the spring of 1924, stands on an easel in the corner of the room and in its handsomeness, apart from the cold and cruel pride which animates the face, reflects the spirit of that Florentine time which subtilely pervades the room. Two Byzantine panels of great age rest on a chest between the two windows of the south wall, one the head of a woman which bears a striking resemblance to the Egyptian and early Roman portraits. Above these hangs the "Madonna and Child with Angels" by the Umbrian Benedetto Bonfigli that shares public distinction with the Carpaccio and the Botticelli portrait.

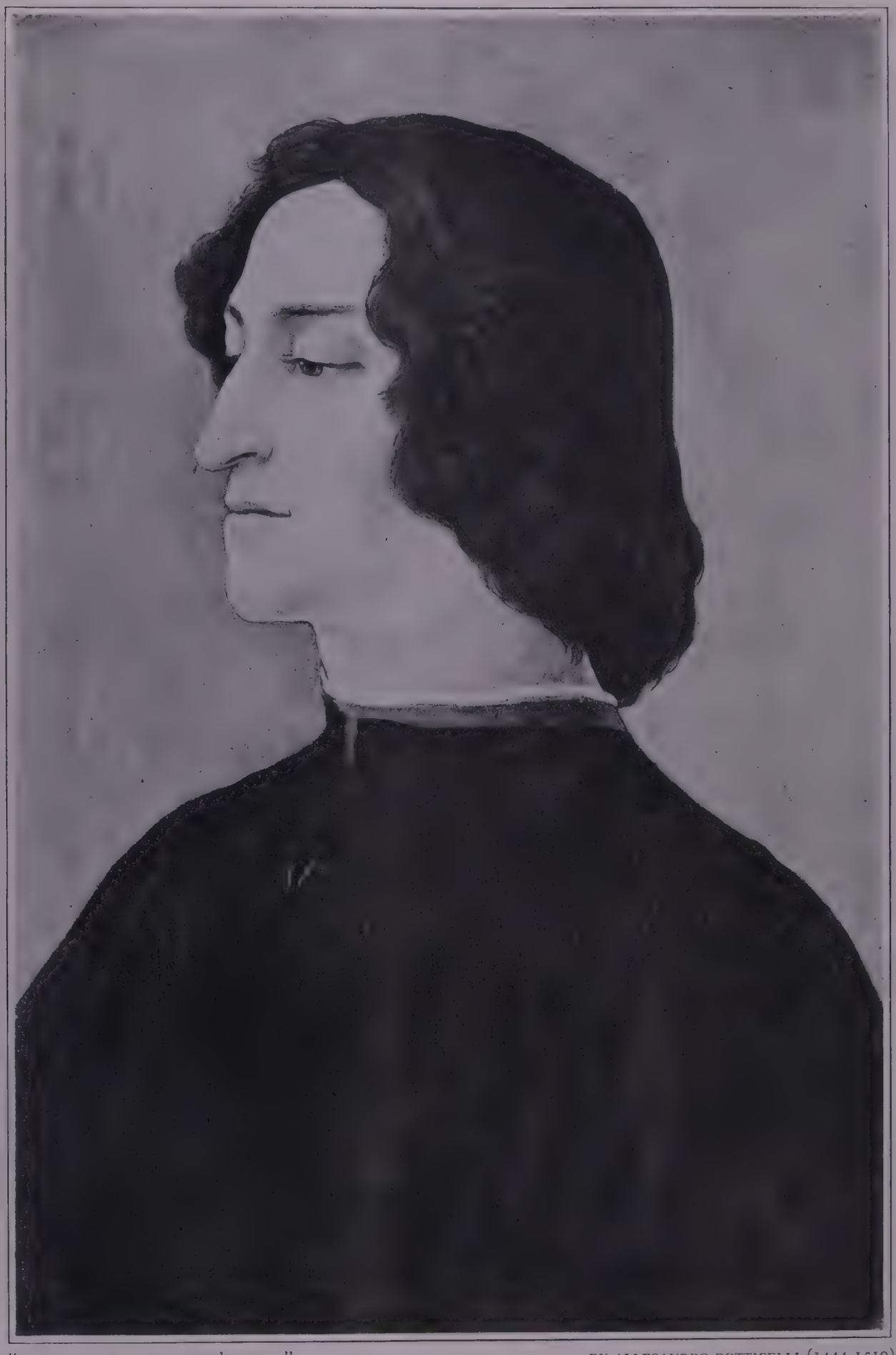
Of the two Baronzios in the collection the "Nativity" is the more interesting example of this fourteenth-century Florentine. Conventional in its elements this picture glows on the wall



"MAN IN ARMOR" BY VITTORE CARPACCIO (1450-1522)



"MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ANGELS" BY BENEDETTO BONFIGLI (1425-1496)



"PORTRAIT OF GIULIANO DE' MEDICI" BY ALLESANDRO BOTTICELLI (1444-1510)



"THE FAMILY" BY FRANS HALS (1580-1666)

through its color and the naïevté of its composition. The second Baronzio, "The Madonna and Child Enthroned," is closer to the Byzantine tradition and has less of that Giottoesque quality which is so often to be found in the work of this follower of that master. For rarity of technique the figure of "Fidelity" hanging in the easternmost panel of the south wall may be awarded the palm here since it is a fresco by Francesco di Giorgio that has been transferred to canvas. A wall decoration in some Sienese palace, the figure of the woman in pale red robes stands on the back of a white dog who is resting on the floor looking upward at the figure he bears so patiently.

On the north wall hangs the "Virgin and Child" by Pier Francesco Fiorentino, the figures placed against a leafy screen suggesting the pattern of a *millefleurs* tapestry and having a degree of human tenderness not often approached among similar subjects of that time. In remarkable contrast to this is the "Madonna and Child" by the Roman Cavallini of the thirteenth century, a work of true Primitive character, still bearing traces of the Byzantine school in its formalism and in the dusky countenances of the mother and child. This picture, which was traditionally ascribed to Cimabue, hung for many years in an old church in Colahorra in Spain and is the only panel picture by Cavallini which has come to light, its date being somewhere between 1273 and 1276. Below this stands a "Madonna and Child" by Neroccio, the fifteenth-century Siena painter, the Virgin represented in a black hood and mantle over a red and gold crown, a striking note of the painting being the greenish tint on the faces of both figures. This work is one of the rareties of Mr. Kahn's collection, a distinction it shares with another small upright panel by the little known Bartolo di Maestro Fredi who painted in Siena in the fourteenth century. The figure, presumably of the Madonna, wears a blue velvet cloak over a cloth-of-gold gown with touches of scarlet and stands against a background of lustrous gold.

The three other paintings in this collection are placed in the library. Two of the pictures are so widely known as to require merely the stating of their names to evoke their mental presences. Above the fireplace hangs Rembrandt's "A Jew," and in a designed space on the east wall is the great Hals, "The Painter and His Family," long exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and, since its rediscovery in the Colonel Warde collection in England in 1906, often reproduced.

The third painting here is the "St. John at Patmos" by Joost van Cleve, so long known as the Master of the Death of the Virgin. Sir Martin Conway in his work on *The Van Eycks and Their Followers* suggests that the background of the picture was painted by Joachim de Patinir. In this glowing example of Flemish religious art the saint is shown seated on a rocky knoll with a book on his knee, his pen held in suspense over its open page as he looks upward to the serene blue sky wherein appear the Madonna and Child in a white cloud of oval form. Behind and at either side of him spreads a broad landscape.

THE ART OF THE CHINESE

Its many and divergent elements have been assimilated through centuries into a distinctive entity

STEWART CULIN

THE ART of China is the one great national art that has come down to our time in the land and among the people with whom it originated. Though they have spread vastly, the Chinese inhabit the country in which they lived in the earliest period of their recorded history.

That empire we know as China was a land of many races, languages and religions. It was a country of wars and revolutions and repeated foreign domination and conquest. In spite of differences and changes, in spite of being a receptacle into which trickled something of the learning, something of the treasure of all the world, its many and divergent elements have been so assimilated and incorporated that it has remained a distinctive entity through the ages and its art been ever the expression of a vital and clearly defined ethnic spirit. No other nation ever made such a mark on the earth as the Chinese wall. Beside it even the Pyramids are insignificant.

Slight acquaintance is sufficient to inform us that Chinese art rests upon a tradition of high culture that ever has been reinforced by a profound respect and reverence for antiquity. It is characterized by extreme reserve, not to say austerity. Its earlier expressions have a certain solemnity of line. They are lacking in what may be called modeling or color. This persisted when under western influence the art became gayer, the newer forms taking on the dignity of the original Chinese themes. This solemnity of line, this quality we may discern in the physiognomy of the Chinese people themselves, this quality inherent in much of the art of the remotest past, may be felt in the old Chinese bronzes. We may approach its understanding through a knowledge of its historic background, through a realization of the culture of which the canonical books bear evidence.

In China we find the worship of the sun and moon, of the earth goddess and the star divinities existing as the religion of the state, with the Emperor as its celebrant. A thing apart from the people, it may have been imported with the doctrines of stellar influences from Babylonia. More primitive, universal and all embracing is that religion which grew up around and out of the belief in the continued residence of the souls of men on earth, a religion which made filial piety the highest virtue and the profoundest obligation; which peopled every tree and rock with a spirit and led to the erection of ancestral temples, and shrines and refuges for a master, controlling ghost in every street, shop and household. The requirements of this ritual, with those of the Court, and of Buddhism with which it became interrelated, led to the production of enormous quantities of more or less artistic objects: ancestral portraits, censers and flower vases, made and employed for practical purposes and now esteemed by foreign collectors. Whatever distinction such bric-a-brac may have, it is of small importance compared with the work of the artist painters, which we may see if not at first hand at least in copies that reflect the spirit of their creators.

We hear much of Chinese religions and religious art. It would be pleasant to understand more of the festal, the secular side of Chinese life. We have glimpses of it through the poetry, now interpreted in English, and in stories of the lives of the poets and the painters. They are reminiscent of mountain scenery, and of mountains once the home of the high gods, Babylonian, it may be, but later visited by artist pilgrims who viewed the scenery and peopled it with genii and fairies. How completely they subordinated the detail! How lovely, yet simple and severe withal, are their patterns. The Chinese painter painted a mountain with more dignity and sublimity than the Buddhistic artist was able to impart to his picture of Yama and the court of Hell. Buddhistic art is gay and trivial compared with the simplicity and austerity of the work of the Chinese school.

I have been asked by students and artists to recommend a book on the art of the Near East and I have suggested the Arabian Nights. In like spirit I commend the *Tale of the Red Chamber*, a Chinese novel depicting the intimate life of a high-class Chinese family in the eighteenth century, to those who would know something more of Chinese art than is found in most books. In this tale, available in part in a translation by Mr. Joly, we may learn something of Chinese life, the art of living as the Chinese understood it, and of the part that pictures and similar objects played in the daily routine of the luxurious and well-to-do. They were given constantly as presents. As presents they were offered to the Sovereign and to the officials of his court who in turn carried them to the farthest borders of the Empire. Thus are to be explained the countless curved sceptres

of jade and other precious materials, a favorite New Year and birthday gift, as well as the many curtains embroidered with honorific inscriptions.

We all know that the spirit of the Chinese people was ever being invigorated and refreshed by invasions from the north and that the periods of foreign conquest were those of high artistic and literary achievement. We know of the introduction of Buddhism and of its domination and extension, but less, perhaps, of another influence that contributed to the making of China as it exists in our day. This was the contact of China with the West, if not with Rome directly, at least with its outposts, its outlying cities in the Near East. Witness a description of the imperial palace during the Six Dynasties and the Tang: its columns were carved and inlaid. Its walls were delicately painted. Its rafters were in the form of writhing dragons. Its beams resembled strange birds in flight. Its capitals and terminals were painted in gold. Its railings were ornamented with precious stones. Its chambers were so perfumed with musk and aloes that their blue curtains fluttered in a fragrant breeze. Light from the gardens, admitted through fresh bamboo shades, was reflected on golden screens and jeweled couches. These were the results of the expedition of Pan Cho (A. D. 37-102) to the western boundaries from whence he brought home the brilliant colored art of the Near East, and of the pilgrimages of Chu Shi Hang and Fa Hien who went to India in 399 A. D. and brought to China the gorgeous decorations of India and Khotan. Many survivals of these importations remain. The Chinese villa appears to be the Roman house. The Chinese chair, as I have pointed out, is the Roman chair, and the hanging pictures a curtain which retains the pendant bands by which it was once held up. Very jealous are the Chinese of foreign things. Even after they have been incorporated in common use the source of their origin is kept alive in systematic records, in dictionaries and encyclopedias.

During the Tang dynasty, the period when gaiety and color came into Chinese art from the West, the customs and ceremonies of the Chinese court were borrowed by Japan. There preserved and kept alive to the reign of the late emperor, one could see the costume and the color of the Tang. In Korea the art and costume of the Sung dynasty existed almost unchanged to the recent period of Japanese domination. Again, because of the law prohibiting the use of the costume of the reigning dynasty in the theatre, the costume of the Ming is there employed to the present day.

Information from these sources reinforces our respect and admiration for that ancient tradition, that immemorial pattern, which with ever-changing detail, has survived through the ages. It was this that moved the French in the seventeenth century, themselves the inheritors of a similar pattern, a similar tradition, to that appreciation of Chinese art which extended its influence into the heart of the European world.

Until very recent times the great treasures of China in the possession of the Imperial household and the storehouses of private collectors were as jealously locked and guarded as are those in Japan of today. What the West knew, from contacts confined chiefly to merchants, were decorated porcelains, pictures, furniture, lacquers, silks, ivory and wood carvings made chiefly for export, and copied in no small part from European things taken to China to be imitated because of the cheapness of its skilled labor. The carved ivory balls, one within another, which are spoken of as marvels of Chinese ingenuity, were copied by the Chinese from German examples such as exist under the name of Chinese in the Trandescant collection at Oxford.

It was only in the middle of the nineteenth century, with the ultimate decline of the Manchu dynasty, that Chinese objects of great artistic value came in considerable quantities to the West. Then in succession, with the Tai Ping rebellion, the war of 1860 and the destruction of the Summer Palace, and on down to the Boxer rebellion and the loot of Peking, conditions were changed. Treasures which had been guarded for ages, the precious belongings of the Imperial house and of the Manchu princes, the contents of ancestral temples and the loot of shops were poured indiscriminately into the markets of the West. They came so suddenly, in such profusion as to overwhelm the judgment of all but a favored few with exceptional taste and knowledge. These priceless things, ravished from their historic settings, were supplemented by others dug from graves, which, after having been guarded and protected for centuries, were demolished in the construction of newly introduced foreign railroads. From the graves thus ruined came those beautifully modeled and painted clay images that revealed to us the costumes of the soldiers and priests, of the courtiers and fine ladies, with models of the carts, the mills, the stoves, and even the houses of the far-off Han dynasty. From these graves came ancient objects of jade, bronze weapons, offerings and sacrificial vessels of an earlier time. Almost coincident with the breaking up of China and all this outpouring we heard the extraordinary results of foreign archeological expeditions: German,

French and English, in western China and in Chinese Turkestan. These expeditions, more or less contemporary, the German of Grunwedel and A. von Le Coq, the French of Pellio, Foucher and Chavanne, and the English of Sir Aurel Stein brought back from ruined cities not only mortuary objects, but wall paintings, pictures on silk and cotton, brocades and embroideries, sculptures, architectural fragments and manuscripts and printed books of periods antedating the oldest things which had been preserved hitherto in living hands.

As a result of both the spoils of war and of these amazing discoveries a complete readjustment of all our notions about Chinese art was forced upon us. We came for the first time, with many examples before us, to appreciate more fully the early glazed pottery in comparison with the later and more delicate porcelain of the Manchu epoch. We were able to compare our oldest examples of Chinese paintings attributed at least to the Sung dynasty with far earlier pictures many of which in themselves were copies of more remote originals made by filling in patterns imposed by means of stencils with color.

Through all these years, the Japanese, among whom there have been always most ardent and most intelligent collectors of Chinese art, were always on the alert. With a better understanding and appreciation of Chinese things, paying when necessary enormous prices, they secured many of the greatest treasures. It must be remembered, however, that Chinese art is not admired universally in Japan and is considered as being coarse and loud in color and inferior to their own. Japanese collectors of Chinese things, who are more or less a class apart, prefer the old patinated bronzes and the subdued colors of ancient wares.

With the demand excited in the West by the sight of the amazing things from palaces and tombs, Chinese art became again the fashion and enormous quantities of imitations of old objects were fabricated for foreign markets. Copies and very good copies of old paintings have been made in China for the last four hundred years. Ancient bronzes have been copied through successive dynasties and marks on porcelains have been deliberately antedated, but in addition to these copies, most of which are well recognized and understood, direct and skilful forgeries of pictures and bronzes and jades and porcelains were made both in China and Japan. The makers of these antiques, not content to copy old things, invented new forms of cloisonné, itself not a Chinese art, of rock crystal, of old stained jade, of all the materials collectors prize. One of my friends in Pekin told me of living next to the house of a man whose business was to make porcelain old. The age of porcelain is revealed by the touch. One could leave a new vase overnight with this artist, who, well supplied with wheels and buffers, would return it ground and polished to whatever age his customer desired. Again, as old Chinese bronzes are esteemed by Chinese collectors in proportion to the number of characters with which they are inscribed, inscriptions were forged upon veritable old bronzes, which thus acquired new value in the eyes of the unenlightened collector. As for pictures, which lose their color with each successive remounting, necessary for their preservation, it is not unusual to repaint them, especially when they are intended for sale in foreign lands. So skilful are these manipulators and restorers and so great the volume of their work that the uninformed purchaser who pays more than the obvious value of Chinese objects of art is likely to be the victim of their deception.

However this may be, quite apart from the prizes, the treasure trove that all hope for, there is another reward for the collector and student of Chinese antiquities far transcending the immediate possession of ancient paintings and sculpture. Through a knowledge of them there may come an appreciation of that solemnity of line, that quantity of weight, that repose and power that is inherent in the higher forms of all art. They furnish a touchstone for the art of all the world.

NOTES FOR REFERENCE

THE FOLLOWING brief summary of the Chinese dynasties has been compiled for the convenience of our readers. Although most of the citations in the articles dealing with Chinese art in this number are self explanatory, it was felt that a condensed tabulation such as this might offer a simple form of reference to those whose memory of Chinese history should require refreshing.

The first records of the Chinese concern Fu-hi (2852-2738 B. C.), Shon-nung (twenty-eighth century B. C.) and Huang-ti. These are the San-huang, or "Three Emperors," to whom tradition credits the founding of Chinese civilization. It is questionable whether they are more than mythological characters. With these may be associated Yau and Shun. During the reign of the former occurred a catastrophe which gave rise to the Chinese story of the flood and legendary history is largely concerned with this during Shun's reign. Yu, who by great feats of engineering saved his country from destruction, became emperor and the founder of the Hia dynasty, the first of which even an approximate dating is possible.

YU. Emperor from 2205-2198 B. C.

HIA DYNASTY. 2205-1766 B. C.

Following the Hia dynasty which probably was overthrown by a popular uprising the Shang or Yin dynasty was founded by Ch'ong-tang in 1766 B. C. During this dynasty China was forced to defend herself from the savage tribes to the north and west, chief among whom were the ancestors of the Hiung-nu or Huns. For this purpose the duchy of Chou was created to guard the frontier. The last ruler of the Hia dynasty, Chou-sin, is described as a cruel and vicious emperor and his overthrow is attributed to Wu-wang, son of the most famous ruler of Chou. Bronzes of the Shang dynasty are extant.

SHANG DYNASTY. 1766-1122 B. C.

The dynasty founded by Wu-wang was called Chou, after the duchy of that name. The early years of this dynasty were characterized by warfare with the surrounding savage tribes and by an admixture of these tribes with the native Chinese.

The feudal states increased in power until in the seventh century the emperor was little more than a nominal ruler. The state of Ts'in, in the northwest, became the most powerful of the many divisions and gradually conquered the other contenders. Tatar blood and Tatar ideals, the antithesis of those of Confucius who upheld the ancient Chinese tradition, were strong in Ts'in. The king of this state conquered the last emperor of the Chou dynasty in 249 B. C. but it was not until the reign of Shi Hwang-ti, the successor of the grandson of the conqueror, that the title of Emperor was taken by the new rulers.

CHOU DYNASTY. 1122-249 B. C.

Shi Hwang-ti was an energetic ruler. Under him the borders of China were extended to include practically all of what is now China proper. He was also the builder of the Chinese wall. His successors, however, were feeble men and the empire was seized by Liu Pang, prince of Han.

TS'IN DYNASTY. 246-206 B. C.

The Han and the Later or Eastern Han dynasties were times of great development and prosperity. Literature was encouraged and the ancient books and records which had been ordered destroyed by Shi Hwang-ti were copied and promulgated. Communication with the west was established and India discovered. Under Wu-ti (140-86 B. C.) the importation of works of art from Persia and Rome began. Under the second ruler of the later Han dynasty, Ming-ti, Buddhism was introduced from India into China (65 A. D.). The power of the dynasty declined in the second century and after the death of Hien-ti in 220 A. D. the empire was divided into three kingdoms. These were the Wei in central and northern China, the Shuh Han in the east and the Wu in the south. Of these the Wei was the most important.

HAN DYNASTY. 206 B. C.-220 A. D.

The Wei were of Tatar descent and the most powerful of the three kingdoms. They conquered Shu Han and for a time under the Emperor Sze-ma Yen, who styled his dynasty the Western Ts'in although he was of a Wei family, held China as a united empire. Tatar and northern tribes, however, invaded the country and China was again divided, for a time into several states, later into two, the north and the south.

WEI DYNASTY AND MINOR DYNASTIES. 220 A. D.-590 A. D.

Under the Sui dynasty China was reunited and for a short time at peace. The dynasty ended with the poisoning of the emperor Kung-ti in 618.

SUI DYNASTY. 590-618 A. D.

The T'ang dynasty which followed was founded by Li Yuen, a general under the old regime. During this period the borders of China were extended to the west as far as the Caspian Sea. It is regarded as the golden age of Chinese literature and art. Like so many of the preceding dynasties the T'ang ended in disorder. During the fifty-three years intervening between the end of this dynasty and the establishment of the Sung there were five minor dynasties.

T'ANG DYNASTY. 618-907 A. D.

Shortly after the founding of the Sung dynasty China was again divided into the north and south. In the north the Tatars established the Kin or "Golden" dynasty while the Sung continued to rule the south. In 1212 and 1213 Genghiz Khan invaded northern China with marked success and after his death the war was continued under his son and successor Ogdai. A treaty was made between Ogdai and Sung and these allies overthrew the Kin dynasty. War broke out between the allies and under Kubla Khan the Sung territories were overrun. In spite of the almost constant warfare the Sung dynasty was a period when art and literature flourished.

SUNG DYNASTY. 960-1280 A. D.

Kubla Khan founded the Yuen dynasty and assumed control over all China. It was during his reign that Marco Polo visited China and under one of his successors there were commercial relations between Europe and China.

YUEN DYNASTY. 1280-1368 A. D.

The revolt was led by Chu Yuen-Chang, the son of a Chinese laborer, and was everywhere successful. He assumed the title of emperor under the name of Hung-wu and founded the Ming dynasty. During this dynasty modern intercourse with Europe began with the arrival of the Portuguese in 1517. The later years were marked by almost continuous war with the Manchus and with Japan and it was the Manchus who finally overthrew the dynasty. With the rule of this dynasty China's great period in art ends.

MING DYNASTY. 1368-1644 A. D.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

CHINESE BODHISATTVAS

The images of the "saints" of Buddhism are the finest examples of early Chinese sculpture

JAMES PERRAULT

IN ONE of the Chinese rooms at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, there are a number of figures in stone, wood and bronze that dazzle the beholder with their beauty as they confound the curious by their labels. "Bodhisattva—Wei period," or "Bodhisattva—T'ang period." It is not even possible to decide whether they represent male or female figures. But for one spectator, at least, they have a satisfying beauty, a kind of understandable loveliness that makes it easy to lose for the moment the consciousness of looking at "Oriental art." It is this unconscious resistance against Chinees art, especially of primitive and medieval times, which closes our minds and hardens our hearts to much in it that we might otherwise understand.

The meaning of Bodhisattva can only be run to earth in the footnote which erudition condescendingly appends for the ignorant. Even the learned Professor Fenollosa calls them feminine though so far as we know they were really sexless. Bodhisattvas were the saints of mercy and wisdom of the Buddhist religion who indefinitely postponed their Nirvana in order to serve mankind. They were incarnations of the virtues, minor deities, Buddhas-to-be. Whether a saint who serves mankind in order to reach heaven is a higher or a lower conception than a saint who renounces heaven to serve mankind is a nice question for theologists to determine. Like the Christian saints, these Bodhisattvas are often shown by Chinese sculptors in attendance upon their Lord.

For anyone whose taste in Chinese art has got beyond a casual reference to Ming porcelains, there is a real satisfaction in knowing something of the background of these figures; to have a slight acquaintance with the religious and historical facts which can give them the meaning their gracious beauty has a right to demand. To know even a little about the differences in styles of drapery, in types of faces and figures, is to look at them with a deeper understanding; to add mental to esthetic reaction.

Until the latter part of the eighteenth century, the collection of bas-reliefs in the possession of a Chinese antiquary were looked upon as the sole existing remains of early Chinese sculpture. It was assumed in most textbooks that the Chinese had not distinguished themselves in this field. In *Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art* published in 1912, Professor Fenollosa, in speaking of Chinese Buddhistic sculpture, confines his remarks to a discussion of bronze figures, and though he hints at a vast store of archeological treasures, no mention is made of images of stone. With the publication of E. Chavannes' *Mission Archéologique dans la Chine Septentrionale* in 1909, Chinese medieval sculpture became for a time the artistic rage and the figures brought from the temple caves were greatly admired and promptly copied. Since then the sculptural supremacy of the Greeks has been verbally threatened by many critics; and if there is one who calls the modeling of the T'ang sculptors "timid," there are dozens who can only account for the glories of that era by tracing Chinese sculpture to a Græco-Roman origin.

The Bodhisattvas with which we are concerned were chiefly of the Wei-Tartar and T'ang dynasties, the former dating from 386 to 577 A. D. and the latter from 618 to 906. Reduced to its essentials, Chinese history for this period tells first of the civil wars that ended with the conquest of north China by the Wei at the end of the fourth century. This Tartar tribe from East Mongolia and Manchuria became devout Buddhists and their advent brought a new type of model and a new influence into Chinese sculpture. During this dynasty China was definitely divided into two parts; the north where the Wei ruled and the south to which the native Chinese emperor had fled with his court. During the Sui dynasty, a brief one following the Wei, China was once more united and in the following era of T'ang emperors (from early seventh century to early tenth) this union resulted in the golden age of Chinese sculpture. Under the Sung emperors China was once more divided into many warring principalities and under the immortal Kubla Khan it became a Mongol empire. By the middle of the fourteenth century the usual revolution ended in the rise to power of the Ming emperors and beyond their advent no student of Chinese sculpture need go. Summarized in so brief a form, Chinese medieval history reads like the account of a South American republic, but we must remember that we are dealing with long periods of time. The important thing to remember is simply that there was a constant influx of new tribes and new influences into



STONE VOTIVE STELE

WEI-TARTAR DYNASTY

China between the fourth and the tenth centuries —from India, from Central Asia, from the north and the south. It is important to remember this because of its effect upon Chinese art. So much for historical facts.

The religious background of these figures is even more complicated. Even were it necessary, editorial interdict has forbidden any account of the Gautama Buddha and has particularly pleaded for the omission of the inevitable reference to the prophet sitting under the Bho tree. It seems a pity. There is nothing in our theology to equal the story of a prophet who, recalling the ecstasy of eating an apple under a tree in his boyhood



TWO VIEWS OF STONE BODHISATTVA, PROBABLY AVALOKITESVARA — SUI DYNASTY



HEAD OF A BODHISATTVA IN BASALT — WEI-TARTAR DYNASTY

days, decided later in his career that only by repeating the experience could he approach Nirvana. It is scarcely to be wondered at that a religion with such a prophet should, when it had been adopted by the Chinese, express itself in images of very definitely human charm with a warm, smiling appeal.

Of Buddhism in India, whence the Chinese imported it, we need only say that its first great schism divided it into two sects one of which, the Hinyana, retained all the austerity of the original creed; the other of which, the Mahayana, relaxed and expanded this creed into a more human belief that life is built up on the happiness of all living things and that man should aspire to live so that at some future creation he may become a Buddha. It was this more liberal form of Buddhism which brought into China from India the images of its faith; and these images were the beginnings of Buddhistic sculpture in China. Although there are records of Buddhistic missionaries in China early in the Christian era, it was only in the fourth century that the new religion took actual root.

The correct thing to say at this juncture is that Chinese sculpture of the period with which we are concerned showed strongly the influence of Indian art and through it of the Græco-Roman art.

Alexander the Great's conquest of India and constant communication with the West through succeeding centuries had modified the native art of that country and given it at least two qualities which we usually think of as distinctly Greek: nobility of pose and flowing drapery. But before this wave had reached China, it had gone through southern India and Ceylon and the Buddhist images brought to China by the missionaries bore unmistakable evidences of their journey through the south. Faces had grown heavier and not quite so gracious; drapery had become more rigid, less fluid in line and the original nobility of pose had set in a somewhat formal mold.

As Buddhism gained in popularity in China, the sculptors began to model figures of the new religion but most of their productions, at least to the middle of the fifth century, were figures in bronze, sandalwood or terra-cotta, few of which have survived the many wars and persecutions of the Middle Ages. The few that do survive show plainly that the Chinese sculptors of the first four centuries treated their new gods with all the respect due to strangers and guests. It would be impious to make a brand new, borrowed deity look like a native son; and so the figures are awful rather than gracious; distant, impersonal and fearful. In the early days of Buddhism in India, the Lord Buddha was never represented by an image; only the Bodhisattvas took on human form. But this ban had been removed long before Buddhism reached China. On a sixth-century stele there is an inscription which says: "The Supreme is incorporal but by means of images, it is brought before our eyes." However, piety still balked at any natural representation and modeled drapery and headdresses

of great loveliness adorning flat, formless bodies. The favorite representation of these early centuries is that of Buddha Maitrieya, the Buddha that is to come, the God of Love; sometimes shown as a Buddha and sometimes as a Bodhisattva.

BODHISATTVA, BRONZE — T'ANG DYNASTY





AVALOKITESVARA, BRONZE GILT — SUI DYNASTY

In the fourth century, when Tartar tribes conquered northern China and, taking the name of the preceding dynasty, the Wei, ruled until the middle of the sixth century, they gave Chinese sculpture its first great impetus. With the natural enthusiasm of conquerors and of a people newly



AMITAHBA OR AMIDA, STONE — T'ANG DYNASTY

converted (they were won over to Buddhism by their subjects), they wished to advertise their conversion in the form of images. Image-making became part of the education of all cultured people. It is related that one about to become emperor or empress must first cast an acceptable image in bronze; and that the test of acceptibility was genuine is proven by the fact that several, both men and women, failing to cast worthy images, were barred from the throne.

These Tartar invaders left one very definite mark of their passing upon Chinese sculpture and that is a new type of face which differs from the native Han and Indian and is probably Central Asian. Already, only a century or two after Buddhism became popular in China, the figures of gods and saints have lost the heaviness of the southern type and are slenderer and more graceful.

The correct thing to say at this juncture is that the Wei-Tartar sculpture is distinct from the periods before and after it because of the slenderness of its figures and the stylized rhythm of the draperies.

But it would be a serious omission to fail to point out the Wei smile—that very definitely humorous smile which combines amusement with tenderness. Buddha himself wears it very often, though somewhat apologetically; but the Bodhisattvas, who need not take mankind too seriously since they still more or less belong to it, smile broadly. This smile is the best possible evidence that the Chinese had lost their earlier fear and awe of their gods and looked upon them as beings capable of human emotions and sympathies.

One who explored the cave temples and shrines in the mountains near what is now known as Yun Kang—those caves from which a great deal of Wei sculpture has come—tells how delightful it was to stand in one of them and to see, wherever one gazed, that welcoming smile of cheerful tenderness.

The votive tablet in the illustration shows Buddha with two attendant Bodhisattvas. The faces of the three principal figures, the decorative quality of the draperies, especially those of the group of figures at the top, are typical expressions of the genius of the Wei sculptors.

The building of the railroad through China first brought these Wei sculptures to light and undoubtedly many, especially the clay figures, were destroyed before the curio hunter had discovered them. When they were finally brought to Paris, they made as much of a stir as the Tanagra figures and were as well faked.

The head of a Bodhisattva assigned to the sixth century (that is, the close of the Wei dynasty) gives every indication that this Tartar sculpture went out in a burst of glory. The Wei smile is wanting, but in its place we have an expression of reserve more appropriate to a divinity; an expression less earthy but more serene, majestic and tender. The standing figure, illustrated here, of Avalokitesvara, the God of Mercy, is variously assigned to the Wei, the Sui and the T'ang dynasties. The expression of the face and the arrangement of the draperies suggest Wei characteristics; the type of face, however, is



WOODEN PILLAR WITH FOUR BODHISATTVAS — T'ANG DYNASTY

distinctly Indian and that would place the figure in the T'ang period when communication with India was established. The evidence of an attempt at modeling the figure beneath the drapery might justify either Sui or T'ang dating. The beautiful headdress is the mark of most Bodhisattva sculpture in China.

During this artistic advance in northern China under the Tartars, southern China produced little that is comparable to it. This, at least, is the opinion of those who write since the discovery of the cave temples and the publication of Professor Chavannes' book. But the older authorities, to whom this Wei sculpture was unknown, do not

agree. Professor Fenollosa, for instance, says that the native Chinese in the south produced "a more plastic, a more primitive art, with not the faintest suggestion of the Græco-Indian influence."

In the next dynasty, the Sui (581 to 617), there is a combination of northern and southern types. The slenderness of figure characteristic of the north was retained, but draperies became simpler and faces, unfortunately, smaller and rounder. The Wei smile becomes slightly saccharine. But one definite advance was made in the direction of naturalistic modeling. The Wei had achieved a sense of movement in the draperies but under the Sui there was added some sense of the body beneath the robes. However, the Sui dynasty apart from its union of northern and southern China politically with the resulting union of sculptural types, is chiefly important to us as a prelude to the great T'ang dynasty, the golden age of Buddhist sculpture in China.

The correct thing to say at this juncture is that under the T'ang emperors, Chinese sculpture most nearly approached the Greek ideal of beauty.

A writer in the Metropolitan Museum *Bulletin* in 1916 said that he had "got himself disliked by comparing a T'ang pottery horse head to the famous heads of the Parthenon." He might say this now with little fear of contradiction. In the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston there is a marble figure of Amida (the creator of the Western paradise), merely a torso, that has the formal simplicity of Greek sculpture. But before bandying any more words in these comparisons, we must clearly understand that by Greek is meant the late Hellenistic age when Greek sculpture was modified by Oriental traditions. One cautious author (and who would be otherwise, writing of early Chinese sculpture?) comments in timid negation: "The refined estheticism of the T'ang sculptures now known . . . make it unsafe to say that the critical opinion of the future will assign to this branch of Chinese art a place lower than that of any other great nation—always excepting Greece," but we have reached a point where Greece is not always excepted.

The figure of Avalokitesvara in bronze gilt illustrated here belongs either to the late Sui or early T'ang dynasty; at any rate it probably belongs to the early part of the seventh century. About this time many Indian images were again brought into China and the Indian routes were kept open because of the marriage of a T'ang princess to the ruler of Thibet. This bronze statuette seems to bear strong marks of this Indian influence, especially the face; and the pedestal is characteristic of T'ang workmanship.

The wooden pillar, made up of four Bodhisattvas, is assigned by the Metropolitan Museum to the beginning of the seventh century, but by others to the latter part of the ninth century. It was one of several supports of a beam in a temple. It is richly colored, chiefly in blue and crimson. In speaking of it, one may ignore comparisons with anything and be content with the reflection that in it we see beauty incarnate; design in its highest perfection and sculptural rhythm in its most appealing and comprehensible form.

In the T'ang dynasty the sculptor had at last learned to represent the body beneath the garments. The Bodhisattvas of this period retain the rhythmic beauty of the Wei figures, greatly simplified. The whole treatment is freer and easier. This increasing graciousness of pose and the growing suggestion of femininity led one sour old Chinese philosopher of the eighth century to complain that every court wanton imagined she was a Bodhisattva.

The kneeling figure of a Bodhisattva, with its lotus flower pedestal, is T'ang sculpture in its most sublime development. Here the appeal is not limited to the purely esthetic; there is also the universal appeal of a deeply religious conception. It is not necessary, in looking at this, to know anything of period or type; of this dynasty or that; of east or west. The highest possible sophistication of skill the most consummate power of expression combine with the deepest piety to produce a figure that is prayer incarnate. It is true that in this figure the sculptor has achieved perfect relationship between drapery and limbs; it is true that it justifies Lawrence Binyon's statement that the T'ang figures had "elegance and yet intensity;" it shows unmistakably how, in Chinese Buddhistic sculpture, aiming at the expression of contemplation, "the energy of the limbs is subdued to stillness;" but these verbal proofs take no note of the thrilling emotional quality, the note of ecstacy which, according to Arthur Machen, distinguishes art from craftsmanship.

With the beginning of the Sung dynasty we have that tendency toward too much sweetness which marked the end of the great period of Chinese Buddhistic sculpture. In the south especially this softening reaches the point of definite weakness and loss of vitality. The Bodhisattva in wood shows this loss of vigorous treatment. Figures retain their elegance but lose something of their intensity. The development of a more philosophical form of Buddhism is partly responsible for it. In the north some of the beauties of T'ang sculpture survived, but in the south they



KNEELING FIGURE OF A BODHISATTVA, STONE — T'ANG DYNASTY

had only a kind of appealing loveliness that was the first downward step in the direction of the "agreeable" Ming types. The figure shown in the illustration is probably from the north, but like most Sung sculpture, it is a little cloying. It may be damned with the very faint praise of the epithet charming. In the following Yuan dynasty (1280 to 1368), of which the mighty Kublai Khan is the outstanding figure, religion and art alike fell under Thibetan influence and we have a foretaste of the commonplace conventionalism of the Mings.

The correct thing to say about Buddhist sculpture under the Ming emperors is nothing at



BODHISATTVA, WOOD SUNG DYNASTY

all. It was "dull, stereotyped and impossibly dumpling-like."

Most of the sculpture of which we speak is either in stone or marble because figures modeled in perishable materials could not have survived the many invasions, conquests, civil wars and persecutions which marked the frequent changes of dynasty. Buddhistic sculpture in stone was usually colored and gilded, the pigment being applied either directly to the stone or over a thin coating of gesso. As the colors dulled, they were renewed—a branch of artistry in which the Mings excelled. In the great persecution of the year 845, the emperor ordered the destruction of some forty-five hundred temples. Bronze, silver and golden images were sent to the mint and iron figures were made into agricultural implements. Only the stone figures survived. We owe the existence of many bronze statuettes to the envoy sent to carry out this command. Himself a devout Buddhist, he returned to its owner any image under a foot long.

Bronze figures were usually gilded. Under the Wei, a particularly pale tint of gold was used which helps to fix the dates of figures in doubt. Wood, especially sandalwood, was used for smaller figures and was almost always colored. Clay and terra-cotta were used chiefly for tomb figures and iron for those in exposed places. The white marble stele of the year 559, in the Metropolitan Museum, was originally painted in many colors and the figures were richly gilded.

Somewhere about the time of the Sung dynasty, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, Avalokitesvara, the God of Mercy, took on a more distinctly feminine appearance and is usually identified with the Kuan Yin or Kwannon of later Chinese Buddhism. Most of the Bodhisattvas, especially of the T'ang period, are distinctly feminine. This transformation of Avalokitesvara into Kuan Yin is mentioned to clear up the confusion that exists when the same figure, reproduced in different places, bears two distinct captions.

The correct thing to say in closing is that those whose study of Chinese sculpture ended ten years or more ago must revise their opinions radically.

It is not fair to give India the credit for its inspiration. The art of a nation is either primitive or composite; and the fact that Chinese sculpture combines so many elements—Greek, Roman, Indian, native Han and Central Asian—does not make it any the less definitely a Chinese art. We have spoken interchangeably of Chinese sculpture and Chinese *Buddhistic* sculpture because the terms are actually interchangeable for the period of which we write. Bushnell says: "The art of sculpture in China was born, cherished and developed in the service of religion." In the great sculptures of the Wei-Tartar and T'ang dynasties, the Chinese achieved what other races and cultures have often failed to achieve: a great religious art.

We are tempted to forget that the esthetic and religious feelings spring from the same source and, in an age when we send missionaries to China to accomplish the spiritual regeneration of the heathen, it is wise to stop and consider the depth of religious emotion expressed by her sculpture.

Photographs except that on page 299 by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

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CHINESE DRAGON SYMBOL

This symbol which, to Western minds is significant of terror, is one of benevolence to the Chinese

G. GLEN GOULD

THE DRAGON is an old astronomical symbol in China, emblematic of the eastern quadrant of the heavens and connected with Spring. It typifies both flood and rain and, because of their power, became the sign of supreme power. The emperor was accepted as the highest ruler on earth and therefore the dragon was considered to be the only symbol adequate to express his authority. Thus it became the imperial emblem.

The etiquette of the Chinese court designated a five-clawed dragon for the exclusive use of the emperor and his sons, princes of the first and second ranks. The four-clawed dragon was used by princes of the third and fourth ranks and the three-clawed by the nobility. This three-clawed dragon later became the Japanese imperial insignia. In the Chinese productions of the present day, in which tradition counts for very little, we may find the five-clawed dragon used indiscriminately, but if it is found on an object antedating 1911 we can be sure that the piece it adorns was made for the emperor's household.

To the majority of Americans any of these forms is recognizable merely as the Chinese dragon but to the Chinese this emblem of their country and their fathers for more than one hundred and twenty generations represents a vast field of legend and history. To miss its significance is to lose one of the most delightful and fascinating stories in the history of mankind.

Some form of dragon is found on many of the things which we import from China. You will find one on your box of tea, there appropriately, for the word "oolong" is derived from *long* or *ling*, the Chinese for dragon. *Wu ling* or *oolong* means black dragon.



SACRIFICIAL VESSEL, JADE, DECORATED WITH KUEI LUNG MOTIVES
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE MODERN FORM OF DRAGON USED ON A CHINESE RUG
Courtesy of B. Altman & Company





PORCELAIN PLATE, K'ANG HSI PERIOD

FISH AND DRAGON

There is an ancient tale of a black serpent coiled around a tea plant of this variety and so this tea has borne not only the name but also the symbol throughout its history.

One of the most ancient forms of Chinese dragon is the *kuei*, found on bronzes and jades of the Chou period (1122-249 B. C.). It is recorded in 2000 B C. as being then an ancient symbol, and is still used as decoration on many varieties of objects. It is probable that it originated as an emblem of thanksgiving and sacrifice in agricultural rites and its primary significance is "the restraint of greed." The earlier forms of the *kuei lung* were highly conventionalized.

BRONZE MIRROR WITH DRAGONS OF MODERN FORM
MING DYNASTY



The Chinese have a legend often pictured and as well known to them as George Washington and his cherry tree are to us. It is illustrated here on the porcelain plate of the K'ang-hsi period, 1662-1722. The sturgeon in the spring swims up the Yellow River to spawn. There is a rocky gorge on this river which these sturgeon occasionally succeed in leaping, but the effort is so extraordinary, that the fish which leaps the *Lung-Men* or Dragon's Gate becomes a dragon; aided by divine power he becomes divine. So we see the fish announcing aspiration to dragonhood and the Fish Dragon aiding him. Every Chinese knows that this plate was painted for a scholar who had passed the examination which included his name in the "Dragon List."

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

TOMB FIGURES of OLD CHINA

To the care of musicians, dancers, servants, and soldiers the Sons of Han consigned their future

HELEN GOMSTOCK

CHINESE humanitarianism began about the seventh century before Christ to revolt against the practice of burying the living with the dead. It was out of this revolt that tomb figures came into existence. In 677 B. C. there is mention of the funeral of Wu, ruler of the state of Ts'in, at which sixty-six living persons were entombed with the dead monarch. This, according to J. J. M. de Groot in his *Religious System of China*, does not indicate the first instance of such an event. Rather it may be inferred that public opinion was shocked for the first time by an occurrence which heretofore had been taken as a matter of course. Silence in the past meant acceptance without comment. Mention resulted from a change of heart. Confucius was opposed to human sacrifice (there are two cases on record during his life, 551-478 B. C.) and since the weight of his word was heavy the observance of the custom diminished. It became less and less a familiar part of funeral ritual for the powerful of the earth to drag their natural survivors to an unnatural burial, although as late as 1500, according to De Groot, the practice was continued at the burial of an emperor. But, previous to that, not every emperor's funeral had witnessed the immolation of members of his household for many of them left strict instructions forbidding it. So it came about that images of persons which might vicariously perform the offices of the humans whom the deceased would wish to have about him were placed in the grave.

According to Chinese thought, the *manes*, or spirit, did not leave the body in death but remained in the tomb with it. For the benefit of this ethereal side of man's self a vast tomb equipment was prepared which took into consideration both sustenance and amusement, utility and beauty. There were many other things placed in the tombs besides the human figures, such as special grave clothes of silk, money (sometimes real, sometimes earthenware counterfeits), figures of many kinds of animals, actual food, all of the musical instruments, shields and plumes used at the funeral ceremony, any number of earthenware objects such as vases, tubs, ewers, basins, small models of granaries, wells and stoves, dishes of porcelain, also staffs, parasols, fans and mirrors. The mirrors were supposed to furnish light for the tomb, not actually, but symbolically, as objects whose attribute it was to intensify light. The Chinese took as much as possible of their environment into the tomb, or rather duplicated that environment with specially made objects. The Egyptians placed the things of actual use around the dead; in China the fittings for the tomb were especially prepared for the occasion, although in ancient days some of the emperors used to take with them vast hoards of precious things, such as jade, which made their graves irresistible to marauding hands in succeeding centuries.

YANG KUEI-FEI, A BEAUTY OF THE T'ANG DYNASTY
In a New York Collection





AN EARLY T'ANG STABLE BOY *Collection of A. W. Babr*

It became customary to place in the grave objects otherwise unfit for use. Confucius advocated this, perhaps in the cause of economy, but more particularly to emphasize that these things were for the use of the soul and should therefore be no more than symbols of what was used in life. "The bamboo instruments are not quite fit for use," he says, "those of stoneware cannot well be washed, nor can those of wood be carved. The citherns and lutes are strung but not tuned; the mouth organs and Pandean pipes are in good order, but not attuned to the same key; there are also bells and sonorous stones, but no stands to suspend them from. These things are called instruments for the *manes* because they are for the use of human souls."

The images of human beings for the graves were made of earthenware, wood and straw, while in Han times (206 B. C.-271 A. D.) there were a few instances of the use of copper. Confucius favored straw, for he feared that wood or pottery figures, being more life-like, might cause a relapse into the savage customs of the past. The pottery figures, being both numerous and sturdy, have naturally had the best chance of surviving. In the main they are a jolly lot, smiling musicians, ingratiating dancers, gracious ladies, husky grooms and servants, bold soldiers, and a definite company of mourners whose sad countenances were to assure the dead that he was missed lest the equable company in which he found himself might cause him to wonder. Their peculiar long sleeves are simply a convention of mourning.

The best tomb figures are of the Wei (386-557 A. D.) and T'ang (618-906 A. D.) periods.

A WEI OFFICIAL *Collection of A. W. Babr*



INTERNATIONAL STUDIO







ABOVE: HAN SERVANT BOY

LEFT: WEI SOLDIER, EIGHT INCHES HIGH

RIGHT: T'ANG MOURNER WITH LONG SLEEVES

ALL THREE OF THESE TOMB FIGURES ARE MADE OF CLAY AS ARE MOST OF THOSE WHICH HAVE REMAINED INTACT THROUGH THE CENTURIES

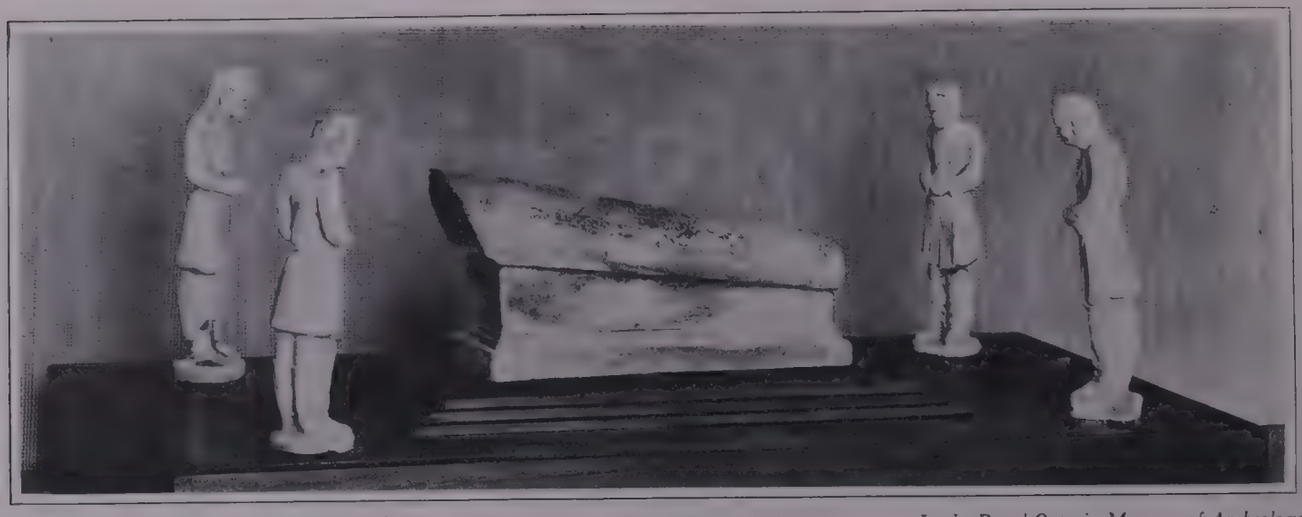
Collection of A. W. Babr

They are more facile in their modeling than those of the earlier dynasties—Chou, of which the few that have been excavated are very crude, and Han, whose advance in artistry hardly rivals the Wei standard; they are more expressive and vigorous than those of the Ming dynasty (1368-1644) when moulds were frequently used and the figures were rather lumpy and expressionless. The Sung and Yüan periods, which come before Ming and after T'ang, are not represented to any extent

FIGURES OF A JEW, A PERSIAN AND AN AMERICAN PEDDLER

In the Pennsylvania Museum





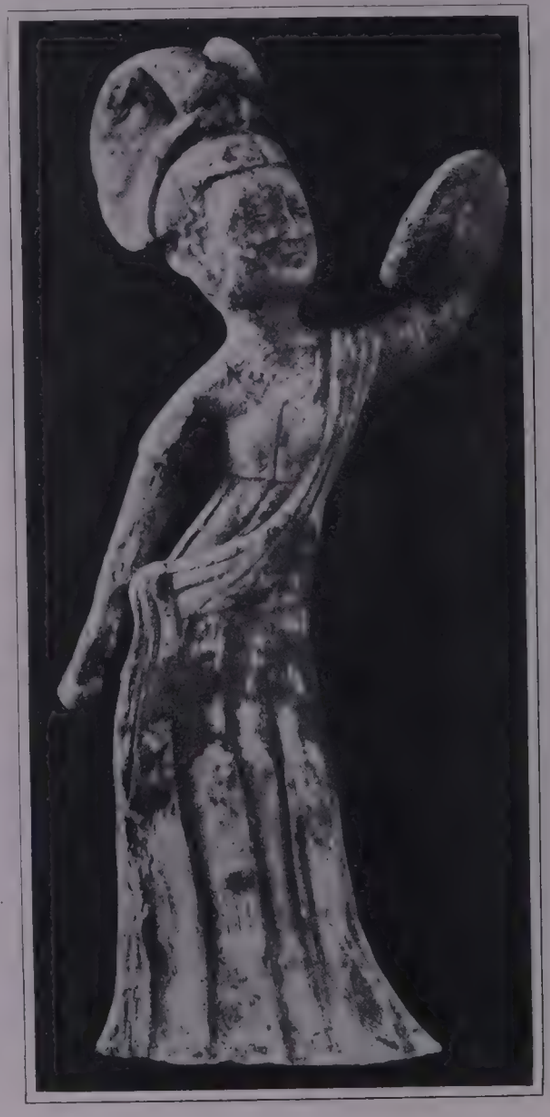
SARCOPHAGUS OF SOAPSTONE AND T'ANG FIGURES IN GLAZED TERRA-COTTA *In the Royal Ontario Museum of Archeology*

in the tomb figures; just why is a matter of conjecture. Perhaps they used some perishable material, such as straw. It is true that figurines of these two periods exist, but they are Buddhistic in subject and were not intended for the tomb. Paper is the favorite medium today. Paper duplicates of a man's possessions are burned at the funeral ceremony, and among them are to be seen paper automobiles which are the last word in a funeral ritual that goes back nearly four thousand years.

The Chinese buried their dead above the ground in artificial mounds which took the form of magnificent temples or palaces in the case of the exalted in rank. Here is a description of the interior of the tomb of Ngai, a ruler of the Wei dynasty, as it looked to those who entered it in the sixth century, according to the *Miscellanies About the Western Metropolis*. Tomb figures forming both a seraglio and a military guard were found here, although this is a comparatively early tomb. In a nearby grave of about the same period actual skeletons of men and women were found instead of the clay effigies which accompanied Ngai. The following account of this sixth-century expedition is a translation taken from De Groot:

"Over the tumulus of King Ngai molten iron had been poured and it was not opened until three days had been spent in boring and chiseling. A yellowish mist inside so disagreeably affected the nose and eyes as to render it impossible to enter. Therefore the grave was left to the care of a guard of soldiers and after seven days the mist had cleared away. Then first a door which had neither rings nor bolts was found, and subsequently a couch of granite four feet square. On this couch stood a stool of stone, on both the right and the left side of which there were in attendance three stone images in a standing attitude, all wearing military caps and girdles and swords. Then came a second stone door of one leaf only, well provided with bars and bolts. Having broken it open the eye fell on a coffin the black color of which was so bright that it cast a glare over the men. Sword strokes had no effect upon it; but when they attacked it with heated saws they found it to consist of sundry varnished rhinoceros hides; it was several inches thick and the hides were

T'ANG DANCER *Collection of A. W. Bahr*



placed over each other in more than ten layers. Their exertions to break it open proving fruitless they desisted from all further attempts.

"Again they passed through a stone door of one leaf, protected by bolts and bars. A couch of stone was then discovered, seven feet square; also a stone screen, and a set of copper curtain hooks, some of which lay scattered about in disorder on the couch and on the floor; obviously the ribbons by means of which these curtains had been fastened had decayed, and the copper hooks dropped out in consequence. On the couch there was one stone pillow, and, moreover, dust in very high convex heaps, evidently the remains of clothes and ceremonial garments, and on the right and left stone figures of women, twenty on a side, were standing near the couch in attendance, some holding imitations of towels and combs, others dishes, as if they were serving up a meal. No other curious things were detected except iron mirrors, several hundred in number."



T'ANG COURT LADY, UNGLAZED TERRA-COTTA
Collection of Martin C. Schwab, Chicago

Of the tomb figures illustrated the most interesting historically is that of Yang Kuei-fei, who lived in the eighth century A. D. She was one of the most famous beauties of the T'ang dynasty and the favorite of the Emperor Ming Huang. This portrait of her, which is in a private collection in New York, is about twelve inches high and of Tzu-chou ware, which is semiporcelainous. She wears a red robe with a pattern of yellow flowers. Her scarf is cream white with a floral motive of red flowers and in her hands is the yellow tiger-headed scepter which establishes her rank indisputably. The face is of soft paste, delicately tinted. She seems slightly non-Chinese in appearance, which accords with a tradition that she may have been of foreign birth, although history generally calls her Chinese. She was not of high birth but because of her beauty, wit and intellectual accomplishments—the latter always an important member of the Chinese trinity of feminine perfection—she was chosen concubine for Prince Shou, eighteenth son of the Emperor Ming Huang. Like Meredith's Countess de Saldar, who had not wealth nor high degree but a "star," Kuei-fei had a comet, or some unusual heavenly body which made its appearance on the night of her birth and assured her parents that their child was born to no ordinary lot. In forceful hands, Meredith would no doubt agree, as much may be done with a comet as with a star. When chance led Yang Kuei-fei to the Emperor, who was looking for a new concubine to take the place of a recently deceased favorite, she was ready for her opportunity. So charming was she, so dazzling and delightful that the old Emperor, like the unwary fly, walked into the web and remained there for the rest of his life. He spent his time devising luxuries for her pleasure, and the people groaned



T'ANG DANCER, UNGLAZED TERRA-COTTA *Collection of A. W. Babr*

under the weight of her expensive living. So blind was Ming Huang that he did not see what everyone else in the palace saw—her love for his own favorite, a Tartar, An Lu-shan, a traitor who afterward marched on the capital under the pretext that he was sending the Emperor a "present" of three thousand Tartar horses with two grooms each.

The Emperor and Yang Kuei-fei fled with a few members of the imperial household and took refuge in a deserted inn. The soldiers saw their opportunity and demanded the life of the hated favorite as the price of their loyalty. The unhappy Emperor pleaded for her without success. Some accounts say that she strangled herself. Waley, in his *Introduction to the Study of Chinese Painting*, will not even allow her this. He also insists that she was fat and "wore an outrageous yellow skirt" and credits her taking off to a palace eunuch who strangled her and threw her body into a hole by the roadside. The tide turned in the Emperor's favor, but his son was placed on the throne instead of himself and he had plenty of leisure to weep for his beloved, which he is said to have done regularly twice a day before her portrait. Whatever the facts in the case, Yang Kuei-fei figures as few



T'ANG MUSICIANS *In the Pennsylvania Museum*

other women in Chinese history and art. It is singular that she is the only woman ever shown semi-nude. Her fondness for bathing may have led to this for there many pictures of her at the bath. Her weakness for wine is the subject of what seems to us a very dignified garden scene with a lady and an attendant entitled "Yang Kuei-fei Drunk but Still Drinking."

Of all the figures illustrated here the oldest is of a servant boy of the Han period (206 B. C.-221 A. D.). He is an amusing youth, a sturdy, serious, inquisitive peasant boy who looks amazingly Dutch. He stands about six inches high and like all Han pottery figures is of a hard, light-colored clay covered with a light greenish glaze. He does not suggest a conventionalized type, but a definite individual, a "character," guileless but possessing a native cunning. The next in age is the official of the Wei dynasty. The Wei were Tartars from Siberia who appeared on the Chinese border about 260 A. D. and who ruled China from about 386 to 557. No two authorities agree as definitely on the length of Wei rule. This figure is modeled with a suavity which shows how well the newcomers had clothed themselves with the already ancient Chinese culture. It illustrates, too, the well-known Wei smile, a much subtler smile than that of the archaic Greek statues, more flexible and more sinister. The Greek smile is aloof, above this world; the Chinese is human, uncannily understanding. Since the Wei were accustomed to work in the more difficult medium of stone—they cut the rock temples at Yun-kang and the famous Cave of the Thousand Buddhas at Tun-huang—they were capable of making the more pliable clay eloquent. This figure is twenty-two inches high and is of the dark clay typical of the period. Also of the Wei dynasty is the soldier in helmet and scarf whose broad face and general air of cock-sureness stamp him as "one of the people." The contrast between him and the official represents a fine distinction made between the lower orders and the nobility. The grooms and servants and soldiers express natural vitality, a heartiness of manner, and have an unaffected bearing which was no doubt theirs in life. Those of high estate, like the official and court ladies, were governed by rigid and elaborate rules of etiquette which reduced their manners to a science and their faces to a formula.

The two early T'ang figures of stable boys are also of dark clay, like the Wei figures, although the majority of T'ang figures are of a light colored clay. However, these particular pieces may be only slightly younger than the Wei specimens, for the intervening dynasty, Sui, lasted only about thirty years. The T'ang period began in 618 and lasted until 906. The stable boys have a distinctly negroid cast of countenance and furnish one of many examples among the tomb figures of the variety of racial types which mingled in China. Others are the Armenian, the Jew and the Persian from the Pennsylvania Museum and the black-faced Arabic stable boy from a private collection in New York. The face of the latter is actually tinted black to give it verisimilitude, but this is



T'ANG MUSICIANS *In the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

very rare. He wears boots which accord with the Muscovite or Turcoman costume. This type of boot is seen more clearly on the four attendants who stand around the small soapstone sarcophagus (for the ashes of one cremated) belonging to the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto. These boots are beautifully realistic and are the final touch of an especially artistic potter who suggested reverence of attitude so appealingly. These four have the squarely-set eyes and heavily chiseled cheeks which place them among the "barbarians from the West" who were so familiar in China.

The kind of accuracy that went into the making of different types is also evident in the dwarf T'ang court jester, the figure standing about three inches high. The prominent cheek bones, the forward-drooping head, the crossed eyes, show a painstaking realism which hardly seems warranted in an object destined, it was hoped, for an eternal rest in the grave. This figure, like the slender court lady, who is also of the T'ang period, is in unglazed terra-cotta of light color and fine texture. The unglazed pieces are always more interesting from the point of view of modeling as the glaze has a tendency to destroy subtlety. The court lady is an unusually fine piece. Traces of gold, coral red and pale green are left on her dress which argue that she must once have been resplendent, although as far as real beauty is concerned the creamy terra-cotta can hardly be improved upon. Her dress is interesting, for it has a tunic, tight sleeves and a *decolleté* neck line which relate it to European costume. The same low curving neck line is also seen in the little tight-fitting bodice of one of the dancers, a high-waisted affair reminiscent of the Empress Josephine style. The manner in which her scarf is knotted on her hip is probably lying in wait for some designer to make popular as a "new" feminine style, for ancient China has supplied many a motive to the modern dressmaker. A famous French designer not long ago sold a large Chinese collection which had served its purpose as a source of some of his "original" ideas.

The importance which provision for future entertainment held in popular estimation is evident in the care which went into the making of such a lovely figure as the kneeling dancer (T'ang) and also the two groups of musicians of the same period, the seated girls to be seen in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and the masculine orchestra on horseback in the Pennsylvania Museum, Philadelphia. The fine art of pleasing rarely finds a more exquisite expression than in these. The dancer is the personification of graciousness, the girl musicians take more than a perfunctory interest in practicing their art, they are delighted to amuse. The laughing rider-musicians are irresistibly merry. The tomb figures of the Chinese are, on the whole, more human, more approachable and amiable than the *usbabti* of the Egyptians whose attitude is frequently characterized by a dreamy aloofness. They are more personally concerned with the welfare of the occupant of the tomb than the Tanagra figurines of the Greeks. The latter are not so much aloof as they are simply unconcerned. They do not disdain him but they are unaware of his existence. The Chinese figures, however, give all their interest to the departed; they are faithful with a dog-like devotion. Their personnel provides an age-old comment on the elements of ideal companionship, for do not all these little earthenware people represent either entertainment, service or protection? They are the symbols of that devotion and respect accorded the dead by the Chinese and the final affirmation of a right to selection which life had denied.

NINGPO WOOD CARVINGS

The daily life of the Chinese has changed but little for centuries as these modern carvings show

EDWARD G. DAY

AN INTERESTING trip for the tourist in China is the night's run by steamer from Shanghai to Ningpo, a hundred miles to the south. A few minutes' walk from the steamer-landing along the Bund will bring the visitor to the shops of the wood-carvers directly back of the Chinese postoffice. Inside each shop, sitting at a bench on which is arranged a great array of chisels, will be found from one to five men at work. The wood which they are carving is white and soft, somewhat like orange wood.

The little carvings of figures first attract your attention. Few better souvenirs of a trip to the Orient could be had than these tiny models picturing in wood various phases of Chinese life. They are the product of the leisure moments of the carvers when fancy has free play: cunning representations of men and women at their daily tasks, of boats and boatmen, of fishermen and nets, of modes of travel, of domestic trades, and of farm-life. While one person does the carving, another who is deft with the brush will add a touch of color to the finished models, a touch of red to the lips, a tinge of green to the buttons, a dash of red and green to the sides of the ladies' heads to suggest flowers stuck in the hair, and a dab of black and white to the eyes on the hulls of the boats.

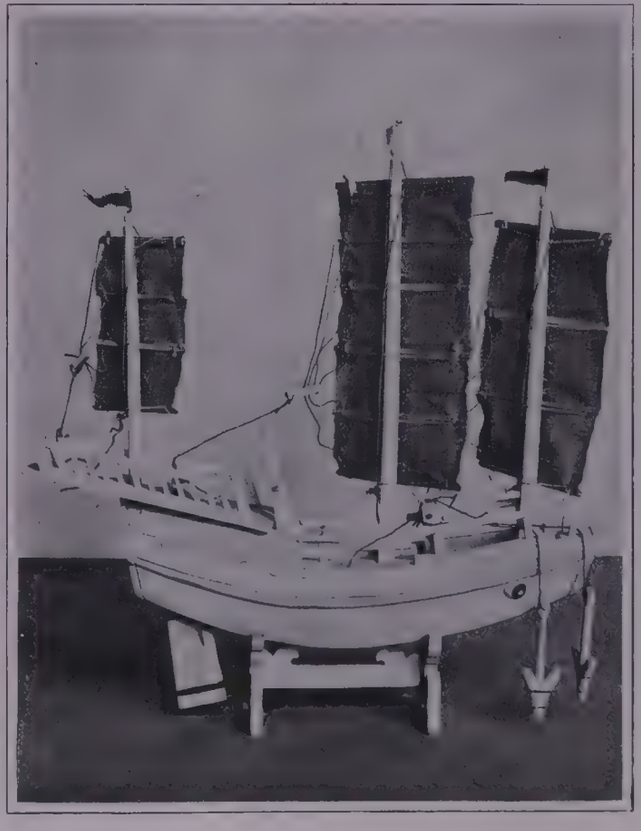
You can tell by the prominent eyes painted on the prow of the big boat illustrated here that it was made in the vicinity of Ningpo, because all Ningpo boats have eyes—else how could they go straight, especially in the dusk, or how could they avoid the snags and dangers that lurk in unknown waters? Many fishing boats of this type go down the Yung River to the fishing fields among the islands of the Chusan Archipelago lying off the mouth of the river. The catch is brought up river for sale in Ningpo, or is packed in ice and shipped to Shanghai. How they careen and list under their heavy sails while tacking across the river in a stiff breeze!

The emblem on the most commonly used Chinese stamps is a four-masted junk under full sail and since the junk is a common sight in all parts of the republic, it has been well chosen as the symbol for the new ship of state.

It was in such a vessel as this that our party of nine made the trip from the Buddhist sacred island of Pu-too to Ding-Hai, the chief town on the island of Chusan, one April afternoon in a choppy sea. The cabin was too small and stuffy for comfort, so we sat huddled on the hard, slippery deck, chilled through by the cold wind and spray, while the junk pitched and reared like a bucking broncho. Far different this, however, from the rippling waters pictured on the postage stamp, yet strikingly symbolic is it of the troublous times through which China is passing today.

The region of the coast plains of the provinces of Kiangsu and Chekiang is intersected at frequent intervals by waterways. As roads, other than the narrow, stone-flagged paths through the fields or along canal banks, do not exist, boats are the chief mode of transportation and oftentimes of communication. News is flashed by word of mouth from boatman to boatman and is thus carried incredible distances in a remarkably short time. I once knew some Standard Oil men who planned a dinner-party, but before their written invitation could reach their guests, who lived at some distance up the river, the guests had learned from their own servants, who in turn

"SEA-GOING JUNK" NINGPO WOODCARVING





"SMALL JUNK" "STONE BRIDGE" "SAMPAN"

had heard from some boatmen who had heard from the Standard Oil servants that the party was being planned.

If you need a boat in which to move your household stuff or carry your freight up river, you will hire a one-sail junk. If you wish to be as comfortable as possible on an over-night's trip, you will call a regular house-boat. When time is a consideration and you want to travel quickly, you will send for a foot-boat, a canoe-like type of craft which is the "speed-king" of the canals. The oarsman of the foot-boat sits at the rear and propels a long oar on the right with his feet while manipulating a paddle on the left with his hands.

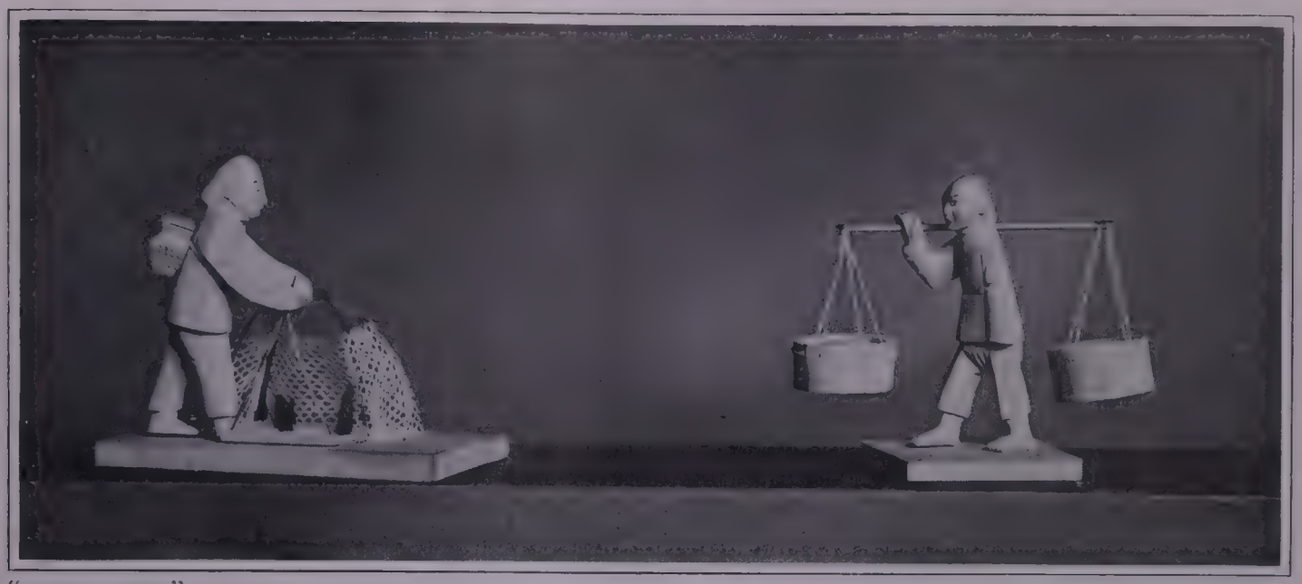
The Chinese word "sampan" means "three-boards;" the construction of this little hooded craft, however, is not quite so simple as the translation of the word would imply. First a keel is laid and stout ribs, hewn from bent tree-trunks or limbs, are secured to it; next logs are ripped into long planks after the manner portrayed by the wood-carver, the planks are bent to shape and fastened to the ribs, the uneven spaces where the planks do not meet are filled with small strips and then the whole boat is caulked and oiled. The sampan is used chiefly for ferrying passengers across a river or for conveying passengers to and from the steamers. It is propelled with a scull oar which is not lifted from the water.

A familiar scene along the canals is the cormorant fisherman with several large birds perched along either side of his boat. He stands in the stern with what apparently is a fishing-pole in his hand; but the pole is provided with neither line and hook for catching fish nor with gaff for spearing them, for it is employed simply to punt his boat along. At his feet there is a basket half full of fish, so we conclude that the fellow either brought fish along from home to feed his birds, or else he has just caught some in a mysterious way. While we are wondering which of our conclusions is correct, one of the cormorants dives into the water and comes up with a fish, which it is forced by the fisherman to surrender. A ring around the neck of the bird prevents it from swallowing any large fish.



"FISHING WITH CORMORANTS"

Fish is a staple food almost everywhere in China, for there are few places without some watercourse, canal, or pond where fish are to be found. Nets of various sorts are employed to catch them: a triangular net at the end of a long pole is sometimes pushed along the bottom of a canal or pond; again bag-



"FISHING NETS" "MAN CARRYING BASKETS OF FISH"

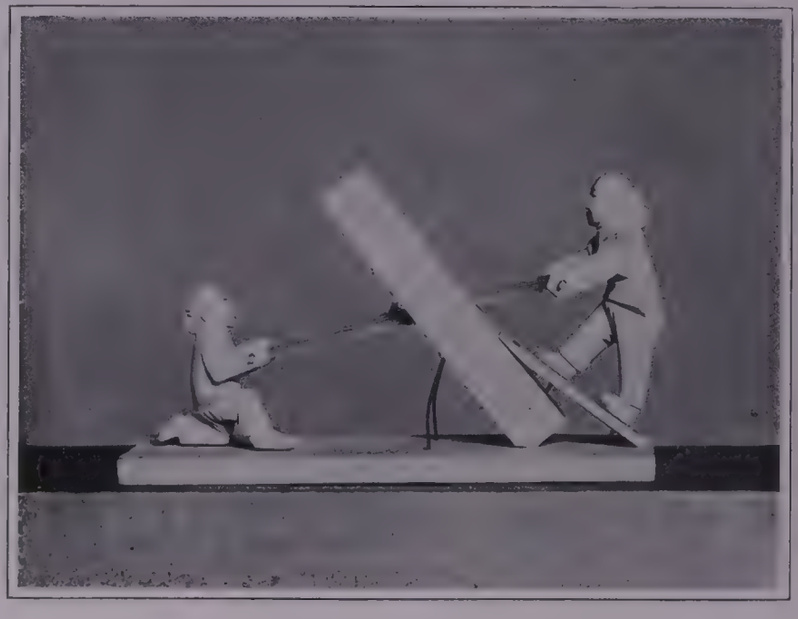
nets are trailed behind boats, or larger ones of finer mesh are cast from fishing canoes. Many times have I seen six or eight of these canoes on the Djien Tank River swing into a V-formation, have watched them make the cast and waited for the nets to strike the water simultaneously with their peculiar swishing sound. In the wood-carving here portrayed of the man with his bag-net, the net is of cloth and not of carved wood. A friend of mine tells me of an ivory carving in which the net which the fishermen are hanging on the bough of a tree to dry is so exquisitely carved that one would think that its flexible folds were woven of silk.

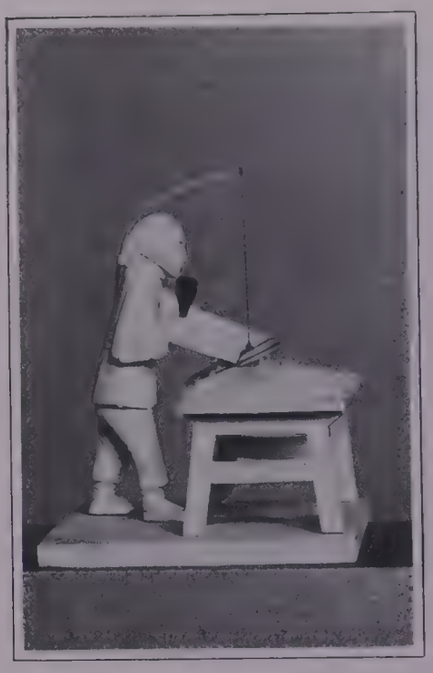
As a rule the Chinese prefer not to carry anything by hand. Where an American is used to carrying a suitcase or two with determined grip, the Chinese promptly hoists his luggage to his shoulder (in Chinese to *bay* it); or in the case of two pieces, he slings them to the ends of a carrying stick (in Chinese to *t'iao* them). So the fish-monger does his baskets. If a man has only one pig to carry to market, he will tie it in one basket, place a heavy stone in the other to balance, and march off happy in such a simple solution of his problem.

The fish-market on a summer morning is the smelliest place imaginable. Stacked on trays in the open shop are all kinds of dried fish, redolent in the extreme, while along the curb are many more of the finny tribe, some dead and freshly packed in ice, some alive and swimming about in tubs: big fish, little fish, short fish and long fish, round fish, flat fish, white and pink fish, shellfish, shrimps, crabs, oysters, eels and turtles. When your Chinese cook has made his choice for your table, do not be surprised if, in true Chinese style, he serves it up on the platter with its head and tail still intact. The guest of the day may furthermore consider himself honored, also, if the head be turned in his direction.

A great part of the life of China is concerned with water and waterways. The ancient stone arched bridges over the latter combine grace and strength. The classic type is that of the "camel's back" bridge in the lake in front of the Imperial Summer Palace near Peking, an admirable specimen of workmanship in cut and mortised stone. Comparatively few bridges are built high enough to allow boats to clear without having to lower their masts. Very often a small shrine is connected with a bridge wherein to house its tutelary

"WOOD SAWYERS"





LEFT: "THE COTTON BEATER"

BELOW: "WOMAN EMBROIDERING"



god. Where streams are too deep and wide for stone bridges, pontoon bridges are constructed like the ones to be seen at Canton and Ningpo.

China as yet has comparatively few sawmills; planks and boards must be ripped from the logs by hand. Village carpenters usually hire special sawyers to do this work for them, for it is an art in itself. Black lines are first chalked on the log to mark the thickness desired; the log is then either placed on a slant in the fashion of the carving illustrated here, or, if space be limited as in a shop, it may be lashed to an upright post. As the teeth slant from the center toward opposite ends of the blade, each man pulls his half toward him, keeping his eye on the chalk-line.

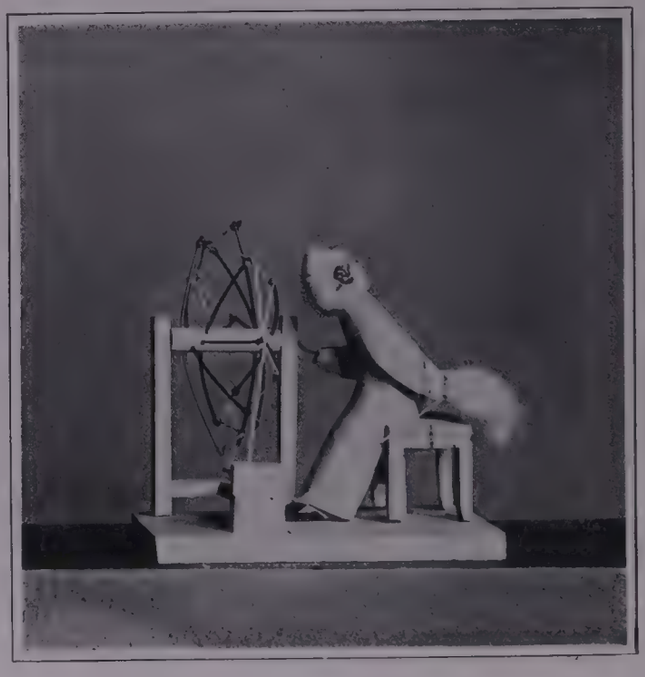
Ningpo carpenters and cabinet-makers have a high reputation wherever they go, and they are found in almost any city of China. An excellent grade of native style furniture, beds and tables inlaid with bone or pearl, chairs and bric-a-brac, as well as any pattern of foreign style furniture, can be bought on the streets where they are made, or in most of the second-hand shops. Pine, cedar, oak, Japanese ash, camphor-wood, more rarely teak, and other native woods are made use of in these pieces. They are never complete without a coat of the famous "Ningpo varnish" which makes table-tops as impervious to hot water as some of our American varnishes do.

When the time for plowing comes the farmer gets out the old wooden pump from the cow-shed, makes what repairs are needed, and rigs it up over on the canal bank. It is an ingenious affair, with a series of cogwheels which turn an endless chain of paddles that carries the water up a narrow trough; the whole being kept in motion by a blindfolded cow making her endless rounds, or by a treadmill worked by the feet of two or three men. After the fields have been thus flooded for a day or so they are ready for the plow.

The faithful water-buffalo, or carabao, is now yoked to the ancient wooden plow with its wrought-iron share; the red clover or other fertilizer is plowed into the soft earth and left to rot for a few days. The Chinese "Farmers of Forty Centuries" have learned by long experiment rather than by scientific investigation the value of the nitrogen-fixing bacteria in the nodules of clover roots. The rotation of crops also is no new thing to them.

After a field has been harrowed into a mushy consistency, one corner of it is further smoothed off for a seed-bed in which the rice is thickly sown. When it has sprouted and attained to a height of six to eight inches it is then transplanted in bunches. A pretty sight it is to watch the men and women backing down the field, each planting two rows of light green rice at every step. Field after field is rapidly covered, the neighboring families cooperating with each other

"WOMAN SPINNING"





"RICE POUNDERS WITH MALLETS"

"THE SEE-SAW RICE POUNDER"

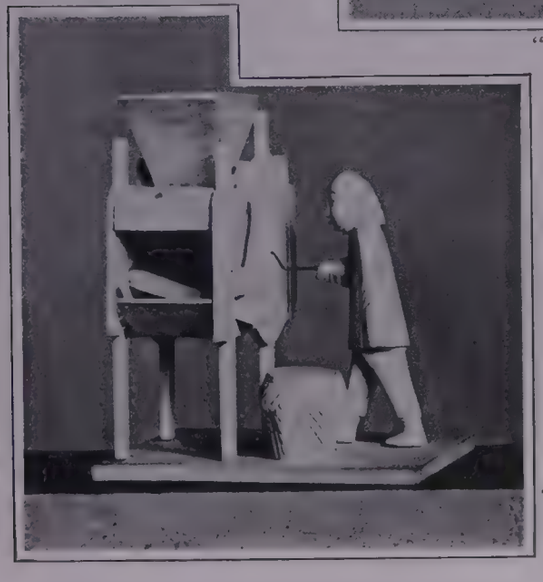
until the whole countryside is transformed from a dull brown to a bright and beautiful green—the promise of food and plenty.

"Fluffed cotton for sale here," reads the sign in front of the cotton-beater's shop. Even before you come upon the sign you can hear the quick sound of his instrument, twanging like a one-string accompaniment on a banjo. Far up and down the dull musical beat may be heard, and far into the night it continues with indefatigable rhythm. The instrument resembles a violin bow with a single, thick string. Its weight is borne by a pliant bamboo rod stuck in the workman's belt behind and arching over his shoulder, so that he can guide it with his left hand while striking the gut with the mallet in his right hand. When fluffed, the cotton may be sold in bulk or quilted into bedcovers or padding for winter garments.



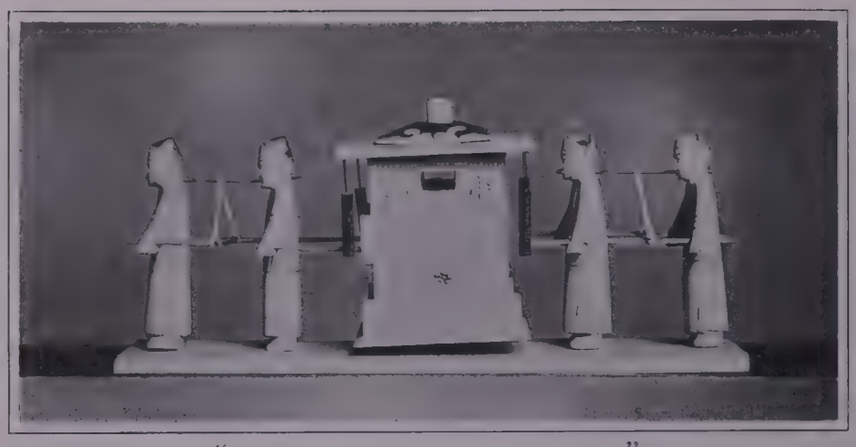
"MAN GRINDING RICE"

The factory system has not as yet penetrated into the region around Ningpo where the home trades are still practised: the spinning and weaving of silk and cotton, basket-weaving, the milling and carving of wood, tailoring, shoemaking and many others. Here, in the carving, is a lady at her wheel, paying the cotton from hand to spindle and from spindle on to the wheel which she is turning by hand. Perhaps she has not yet learned to use a distaff to set her left hand free, but that fact does not impede the flow of animated conversation which she is carrying on, we imagine, with her neighbor who is busily engaged with her embroidery.



"MAN WITH WINNOWING BOX"

The fall of the year is the social season when all members of a country family can share in the



"OFFICIAL CHAIR WITH FOUR BEARERS"

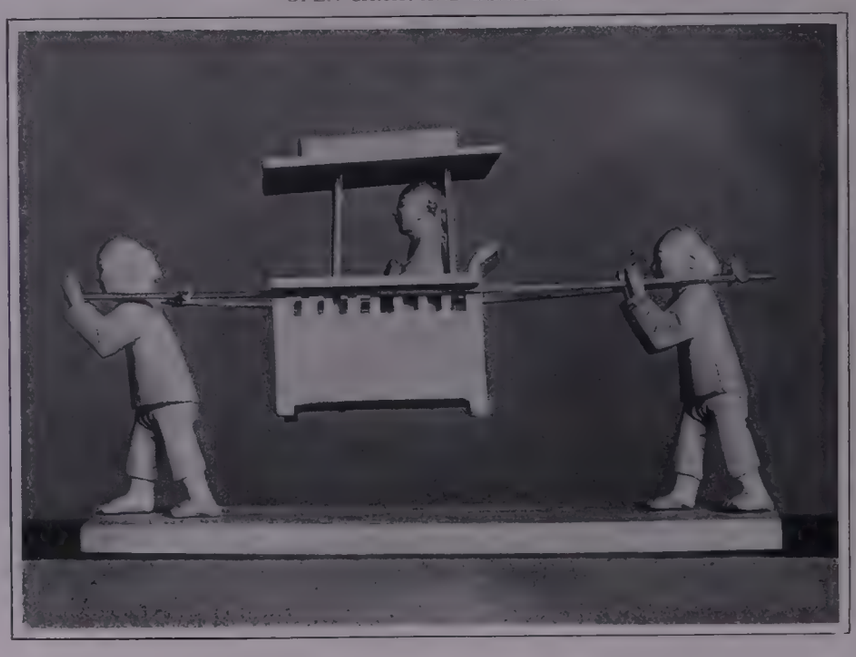
work of getting the rice-bin stored full of grain for the winter's use. A short stroll out along any of the country roads would soon bring us to a busy scene in a village dooryard. The man of the house is "cranking the machine," that is, he is turning the crank of the fanning box whose inner paddle-wheel blows the chaff away as the rice is sifted in from the top. The mother and eldest daughter are very likely raking the drying rice over mats on the ground or sweeping up the scattered grains around the winnowing box. The younger children are told to keep the chickens and pigs away from the baskets of rice. The chaff is usually mixed with a heap of cow manure; the heap is then set on fire, allowed to smoulder for a day or two, and is finally spread on the field for fertilizer. During the winter the rice itself must be taken outside on sunny days and dried on the mats to prevent its mildewing.

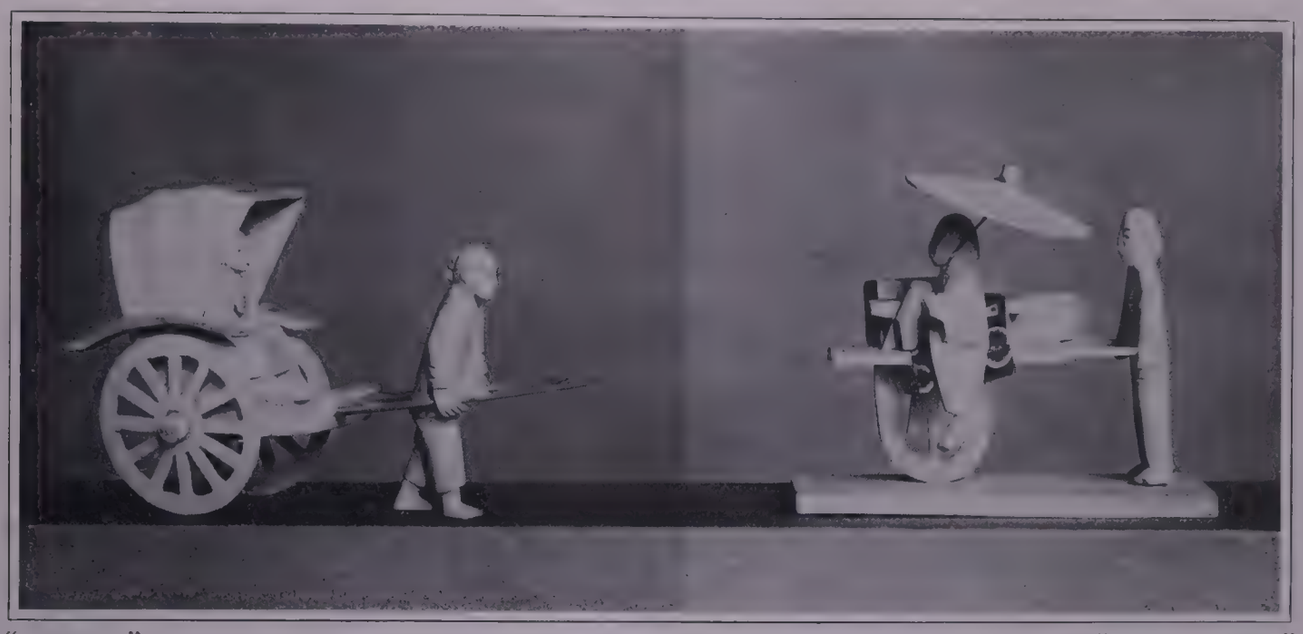
The most muscular Chinese I have ever seen were pounders of rice. From wielding the heavy stone mallets their arms became as brawny as a blacksmith's. With rhythmic regularity each man lifts his mallet above his head and lets it fall with a thud on the rice in the stone mortar The blows loosen any stray husks that may still be adhering to the kernels after the winnowing process, and also polish the naked grains, limestone having been sprinkled in to whiten them. The Chinese themselves rarely eat polished rice unless it be in cakes of *nong-mi*, or else ground up into fine flour for making the far famed *nyin-kao* or New Year's cake. Several weeks before the end of the year the stone mortars appear along the streets in front of the eating shops; in these the dough is beaten by two men with wooden mallets in a manner similar to that used for the polishing. The see-saw method of polishing rice looks like a lazy man's way of saving his arms and back from the strain of lifting the heavy stone mallet. By shifting his weight from foot to foot, backward and forward, the while balancing himself with his staff, he accomplishes his task with a minimum of effort.

While walking the streets of a Chinese city, one is apt to be surprised to see the crowd suddenly part like water before the prow of a ship. Then one sees the soldier escort stepping briskly along clearing the way for a magistrate's chair. The number of soldiers in the front and in the rear will be determined by the rank of the individual in the chair and also by the occasion of his riding through the street. The bearers of the chair are liveried, and if it is raining they may wear the new style oilskin coats and hats. Formerly the curtains at the front and sides of the chair were drawn, for officialdom did not care to expose itself to the common gaze, but under the new regime the old custom is not strictly adhered to. Everything must make way for an official; other chairs, ricshas, wheelbarrows and pedestrians, all must hurriedly dodge aside, and, if the day happens to be a wet one, suffer discomfiture from dripping eaves while waiting for his honor to pass.

In contrast to the older-fashioned, closed sedan-

"OPEN CHAIR AND BEARERS"





"JINRICSHA" "WHEEL-BARROW"

chair is the open chair, made usually of wicker or split bamboo. Being light and airy, it is the preferable for summer use. This type is much in demand at the *Ts'ing-Ming* festival in the springtime, when thousands of men and women visit their family grave-plots to burn paper money and offer food to the ancestral spirits.

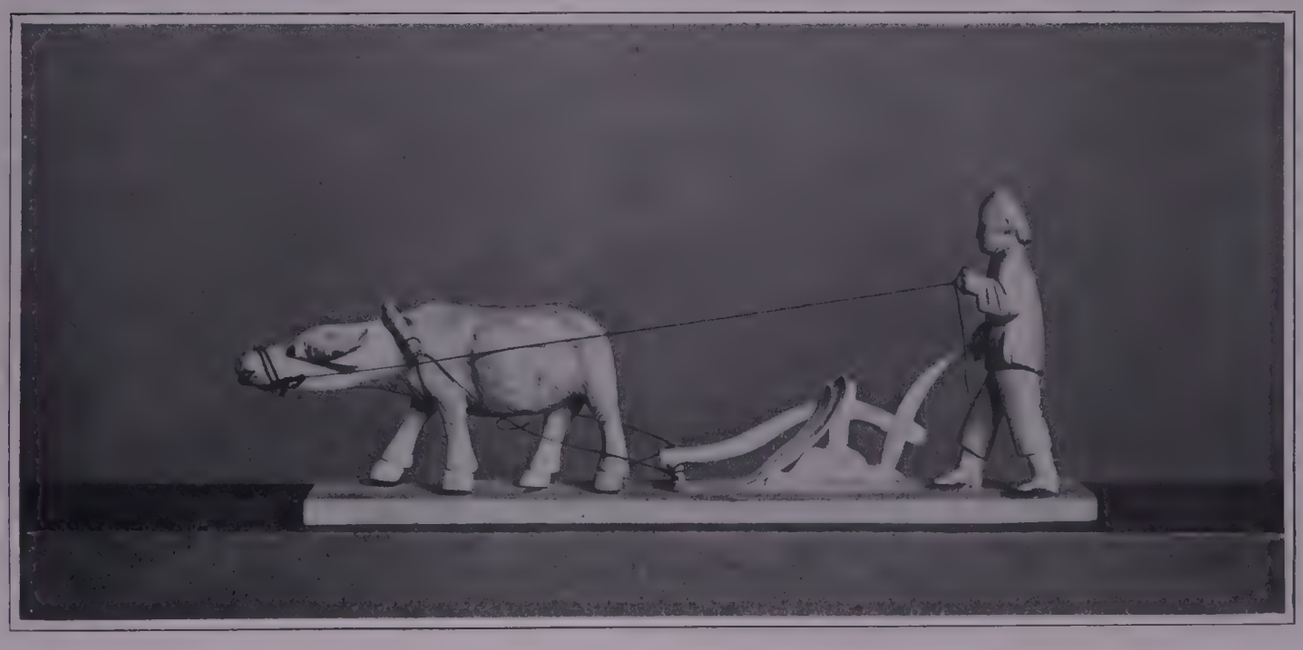
The word *jinricsha* is a combination of three words: *jin*—meaning man, *ric*—strength, and *sha*—cart. It is therefore a one-man-power-cart. The name is usually shortened to *ricsha*. This mode of conveyance was first invented and used by a missionary in Japan. When still in its iron-tired stage it was introduced into China under the appellation of *Dong-yian-ts'o* (Ningpo dialect for Japanese-cart). About nine or ten years ago Shanghai manufacturers produced a pneumatic-tired, wire-spoked, yellow-varnished ricsha which they rented out by the day to the coolie pullers.

The life of the ricsha-coolies is not easy. Out in all sorts of weather and all hours of the day or night, shivering in winter and sweltering in summer, no wonder they are rarely free from a tubercular cough, and no surprise is it to be told that their average life is a matter of only three years.

The wheelbarrow is used perhaps more in northern China than in any other part. It is, however, the cheapest mode of baggage transfer in Shanghai, and is also extensively used in Nanking.

The water-buffalo, or carabao, is the farmer's friend. It is used for plowing, harrowing, and turning the pump which irrigates the rice fields; occasionally it is employed to pull crude wagons across flooded lowlands to meet the river steamers.

"PLOWMAN WITH WATER BUFFALO"





FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. NEW BUILDING

The FIELD MUSEUM, CHICAGO

A museum of natural history whose exhibits, beautifully housed, reflect the art of the peoples of the world

LOUISE W. HACKNEY

A RECENT WRITER, commenting on the building of the new Freer Gallery in Washington, states that because of the beauty of the building and the artistic arrangement of its exhibits it could never be mistaken for a natural history museum. Just why natural history and art, which are so closely related, must be divorced in their presentation he does not say. Although, officially, "art" is not among the exhibits of the Field's Museum of Natural History, it has never been absent from either the housing or arrangement of the collections. The "old building," as Chicagoans usually designate the first home of the Museum in Jackson Park, was of Greek design. So beautiful was the building that for years it was one of the show places of the city and the subject of pleased comment by distinguished foreign visitors.

The present building, which was opened on May 2nd, 1921, as the result of an $8,000,000 endowment left by Marshall Field, carries on the tradition of Attic beauty. It stands on the lake front at the foot of Roosevelt Road; on two sides are the waters of Lake Michigan, and on the third the sweep of Grant Park, with another Greek building, the Art Institute, in the distance. It is of white Georgia marble, and its main architectural features are inspired by the Erechtheum. It fronts north on Grant Park, and its northern and southern façades are divided into a large pedimented central pavilion and two long wings. The Ionic colonades of the wings terminate in small pavilions. A balustraded terrace, sixty feet wide, raises the building above the park level. The interior carries out the same Greek dignity of line.

To many people natural history, and anthropology in particular, means not a delight but a discipline. The sense of stagnation that divorces it from all connection with life came largely from the old and purely scientific manner of displaying the exhibitions. Even in the old building, art museum though it was, the cases were arranged in long coffin-like rows, the pillars draped with national flags, reminiscent of country fairs, giving to the whole a dustiness and appalling appearance of petrification. But in the new building there is a sense of space, of balanced line, of carefully worked out perspective, worthy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The exhibitions in the central hall have been selected and arranged to serve as an introduction to the collections assembled in the various rooms on either side. Each of the four subjects housed in the Museum are represented; but the cases of each are placed so far apart and have been so care-



FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. INSTALLATION IN THE GREAT CENTRAL HALL OF THE NEW MUSEUM BUILDING

fully and artistically arranged to harmonize with their neighbors that none of the finer values are sacrificed. In the center is a group of fighting African elephants, arranged by the artist and naturalist Carl E. Akeley.

Above the twin staircases at either end of the hall, which ascend in gracious curves to the colonade of the second floor, are statues by Henry Hering, symbolizing the purpose of the Museum and blending with the architectural treatment; those at the north end represent Natural Science and the Dissemination of Knowledge; at the south Research and Record.

The rooms on the left are the ones which interest the artist and average visitor the most, for they are the record of man's struggle to create society, the tremendous background against which we are trying to build; the methods he used to overcome nature and his attempts to record this victory symbolically.

The savage expressed his reverence for life by decorating and beautifying the implements in daily use, especially the paraphernalia he evolved to worship the unknown. In his life lurked an ever present sense of fear; and he associated in his mind the two chief causes of it, war and the unseen world. For protection from his earthly enemies he used weapons laboriously and cunningly wrought with ornamentations symbolic of his hopes, fears and boastings. To placate his heavenly foes he used many and elaborate religious ceremonies and many articles used in his worship are found here, the most notable of which are the Hopi altars with their intricate sand mosaics.

Everywhere the exhibitions are made as real and vital as possible. The bridal dress of a Hopi maid is not hung, a flattened piece of cloth in a case, but is placed upon the life-like model of a girl on her way to the home of her husband, carrying before her in a matting case her smaller white cotton wedding robe and belt. Then there is the figure of the Oagoe maiden dressed for her religious ceremonies with the sacrificial altar behind her. No less interesting are the two Katcina dancers with their masks. Nearby is a small but perfect model of the Pawnee "Sacrifice of the Captive Maid to the Morning Star," fearful yet poetic in its concept. There are, too, tiny models of Navaho winter and summer homes, suggesting the immensity of the wastes which surround them.

By way of the South Pacific and the Philippines we come to two of the greatest civilizations and art expressions the world has ever known, those of China and Japan. To speak comprehensively of China without mention of art is an impossibility, for her people had the same magic touch as those of Greece and Egypt that made even the commonest articles beautiful. Here we



CHINESE BRONZE STOVE MING PERIOD

have a bronze stove of the Ming period with apertures for cooking, an exquisitely wrought-bronze oblong standing on finely proportioned legs, and ornamented with a carefully worked out design of birds and leaves. Compare its dignity of line and simplicity of composition with any heating apparatus we have in use in America today, especially one used for cooking. Nearby is a sacrificial cup which can trace its form back for nearly ten thousand years with scarcely a modification. In the Buddhist and Taoist statues of iron, bronze, wood and stone; in the rugs, ancient armor, jewelry, carved ivories, cloissonée and inlaid iron, the beautiful restrained paintings, we read their art as well as their racial growth.

CHINESE SACRIFICIAL BRONZE CUP



Nowhere else in the Museum is art and science so closely allied.

In the Japanese rooms, Hokusai and his fellow artists are used to interpret the customs of their country, as are also the rare collection of *surimono* cards portraying the festivals and anniversaries of Japan. There is a large collection of sword-hilts—a sword used to be poetically called the samuri's "living soul." They were treasured as heirlooms and were decorated by master craftsmen whose work rivaled that of the jeweler in fineness. No less interesting are the masks of the *No* dancers.

Of special interest to students of the drama are the quite complete collections of theatrical costumes, masks, headdresses and other paraphernalia, including those for religious dramas, arranged in geographical order from China to Ceylon. The puppet and shadow plays, from one of these collections, the figures made from parchment, beautifully colored and worked by strings and little bamboo rods, are particularly rare and of singular interest, for the Orient has carried this art further than we.

Back of all these exhibitions and seldom seen by the public is a series of workshops where artisans no less skilled than those of the Middle Ages, glass workers (flower and plant makers) taxidermists, textile handlers, modelers, photographers and printers prepare the material for exhibition. They are the more prosaic side of nearly three hundred expeditions that have sought the far corners of the world and played with death to bring back some harmless looking specimen.



PARCHMENT FIGURES FROM CHINESE SHADOWPLAYS

A museum, unlike a library, cannot duplicate and circulate its collections of paintings, sculptures and jewels; it must persuade the public to come to it. But the Field Museum has in a certain sense duplicated itself and gone to the public. It has a traveling exhibit, which will be loaned on request to any school in Chicago, of eight hundred cases especially arranged to suit the needs and interests of school children. To still further popularize their subjects a theater with a seating capacity of a thousand and a lecture hall holding nearly three hundred have been installed; there is also a library of eighty thousand books covering every phase of the four subjects housed in the Museum, anthropology, botany, geology and zoology. Formerly art, science and history were included in the field embraced by the museum's exhibits, but such a range was found too great to be included in one building.

Always and everywhere, whether it be in display of collections, beauty of surroundings, or intelligent, willing assistance from the staff, the ideal of the Museum is maintained—to be "the people's university."

SURIMONO ILLUSTRATING PROCESS OF WOOD ENGRAVING



A ROMANCE IN PORCELAIN

An ancient love story of the Chinese is pictured on a series of eight vases, seven of them in America

JULIAN GARNER

THE STORY of this group of Chinese vases is something like one of those delightful, old-time novels written around the family, following each member through various adventures and vicissitudes and uniting them all at last in the "happy ending" which has come to be despised by modern novelists but fortunately still occurs at times in life. The happy ending in this case, however, is slightly overshadowed, but by no means marred, by the presence of a single cloud, pleasantly silver-lined. The circumstance is this. One of the number, the eighth and last, is like the sister in a family who has taken irrevocable vows in a convent and may be visited there but can never enter the outside world again. In other words this member of the group is in the Grandidier collection in the Louvre and although its distinguished position reflects glory on the rest it is disappointing that the series will probably never be completely united again.

This, however, is telling the story backward, for Mr. Edward I. Farmer, who has gathered together these seven of a long separated series, did not know at the outset of his quest that the Louvre owned one of the eight. The first pair that he acquired had at one time belonged to Mr. James W. Garland, who loaned his collection to the Metropolitan Museum where it remained for many years. The late J. Pierpont Morgan purchased the entire collection and it remained in the Metropolitan during his life, but at his death the porcelain collection was one of many other groups that he had assembled which was sold by his estate. The porcelains passed to







THREE OF THE VASES WHOSE DECORATIONS ILLUSTRATE AN OLD CHINESE ROMANCE



ABOVE AND BELOW: FOUR OF THE SEVEN VASES OF THIS SET OWNED BY MR. FARMER
THE EIGHTH IS IN THE LOUVRE

Duveen Brothers from whom Mr. Farmer bought his initial pair of vases of this series. At this time Mr. Farmer had in his possessions a set of eight seventeenth-century Chinese panels in ivory and lacquer which portrayed a love story which is frequently met with in paintings and on panels although there was no record of its ever having appeared in porcelain. He recognized that his two vases portrayed two incidents in this romance of eight scenes and so he set about to find the remaining six which he hoped were in existence, although he had no clue as to where he might hope to find them.

Two years later, in the establishment of Mr. Parish-Watson of New York, he found two more vases which pictured scenes from the same love story, and since the vases were identical in size, style and coloring as well as in the beautiful quality of their paste, their membership in the group was undisputed. They had formerly belonged to the Marquis de Thouillet of France. An English connoisseur, while visiting Mr. Farmer, remarked that he knew where three more vases of a similar design could be found in England and that it might be possible to obtain them. The result was that about six months later the three found their way to this country, their former owner preferring to remain anonymous. With only one more to be found Mr. Farmer continued his search wherever porcelains were to be seen and finally the last chapter in their pursuit offered the *dénouement*, both flattering and disappointing, that the eighth was in the Louvre from which, of course, it is certain that it can never be purchased.



ETCHINGS by PETER MARCUS

An artist who has come to etching by way of painting and seeks for "color" in this medium

THE REASON that Peter Marcus worked for twenty years before he began to bring his etchings before the public was so that, as he himself says, he might "develop a technique so good that he could forget it." And since dry-point, which is his favorite etching medium, makes certain arduous demands on the technical skill of the artist Mr. Marcus determined that he would solve his technical difficulties and pass the experimental stage before he entered the New York art galleries. The first plate which made a public appearance was "A Cañon in Gotham," which is reproduced here, and the circumstances leading up to the making of it were these. In 1920 Mr. Marcus made a series of drawings of New York which Brentano published as *New York, the Nation's Metropolis*. Incidentally Mr. Marcus was made a member of the Architectural League of New York because of the excellence of these drawings and James Monroe Hewlett, then president of the League, wrote an "appreciation" to go with the book. The original drawings for this book were exhibited at the Milch Galleries, and the late Hamilton Easter Field, on visiting the exhibition, remarked to the artist that he thought his drawings would make excellent subjects for etchings. Marcus had experimented with etching before, but only incidentally, for his real interest at that time was landscape painting. However, the idea appealed to him and "A Cañon in Gotham," which was the title he gave to his rendering of Exchange Place, took form. By way of his own personal comment he wrote very faintly in Italian on the lower left edge of the plate the opening words of Dante's Inferno, "*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi che 'ntrate*,"—"All hope abandon——," but the many who have shown their approval of the plate by purchasing it have probably never discovered it.



PETER MARCUS

Mr. Marcus is the son and grandson of a draughtsman and was taught by his father to draw as soon as he was able to hold a pencil. It was no burden to him for he found himself continually sketching by choice, indoors and out, and if rain prevented open-air sketching he used to repair to a carpenter's shop and draw the tools just for practice—"and a hammer is hard to do if you turn it certain ways," he says.

He went to the Art Students League in New York for a time and then at nineteen he set out for Paris and the *Beaux Arts* and the *École des Arts Décoratifs*. Family tradition was all for making a designer of him for his family are the jewelers of Marcus & Co. in New York. When he came home he made some designs for jewelry based on Scandinavian and Aztec motifs but the field rather cramped him and he longed to get away to the country and to landscape painting. Finally he "escaped" to Henry Ranger who was a friend of his father. Ranger said gruffly that he would not have him as a pupil, but that he would help him with criticism if he cared to bring any of his work over for inspection. Ranger was then living at Noank. This was just what the young artist wanted and he felt that he got a great deal more out of Ranger's comments than he would out of the student-pupil relation which generally produces only an echo of the master's works. After Ranger's death Charles H. Davis helped him in a similar manner and he found the very differences of the



"A CAÑON IN GOTHAM" BY PETER MARCUS



"SUNDOWN" BY PETER MARCUS



"BROOKLYN BRIDGE" BY PETER MARCUS

two painters stimulating to him. It was at about this period in his career that his father died and young Marcus came to New York to be with his mother. While there he made the drawings of the city that were published in Brentano's book; then he started to etch and has been working with the burin ever since. He promises himself that he will go back to painting some day, but he says he can't "juggle the two at once."

Dry-point appealed to him rather than bitten etching for in dry-point the artist has the same direct control over line that he has in drawing. A line can broaden forcefully and fade away to dim tracery all in one movement of the burin.



"AWAITING THE SPRING" BY PETER MARCUS



"DE PROFUNDIS" BY PETER MARCUS



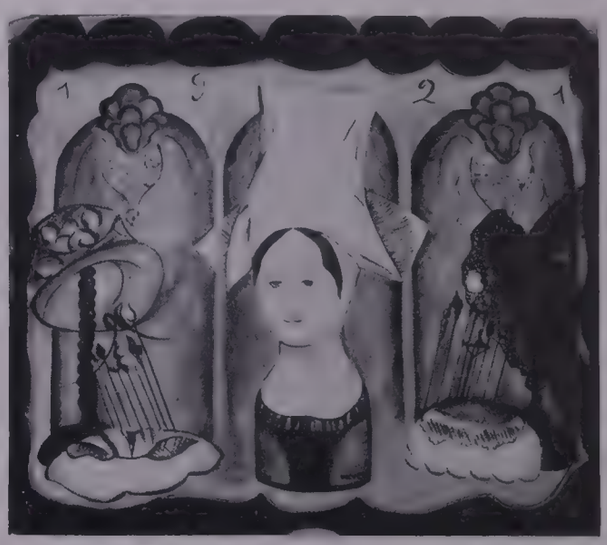
"BELOW ZERO" BY PETER MARCUS

Then too there is the possibility of rich tonal effect through the bur that is thrown up by the needle, but Marcus has never leaned too heavily on this, much to his credit. As a painter he was interested in tone, and now he is constantly trying to express tone and color in his etchings. His plates devoted to the light of the sky at sunrise and sunset are examples of his success along this line. He has made some plates of clouds which it would be quite impossible to reproduce, for the very fine lines that delineate them would become simply areas of tone in the reproduction and the beautiful quality of the line would be entirely lost. "Awaiting the Spring" is an unusually charming dry-point. When this was exhibited in the show which Mr. Marcus held at the Kennedy Galleries last season one of New York's best known connoisseurs selected it for his collection. As a result of this exhibition Mr. Marcus was invited to hold a one-man show of his etchings at the Memorial Art Gallery in Rochester last October.

Illustrations by courtesy of Kennedy & Company

Artist Who Sometimes Paints Signs

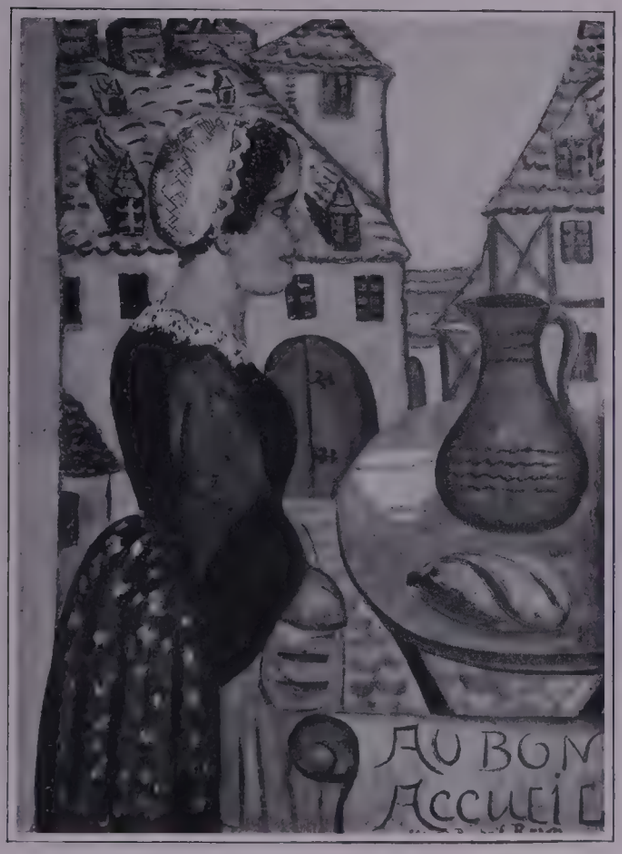




MOST AMERICAN artists would think that they lost caste if they were to paint signs. The line between "art" and "commercial art" is finely drawn here than it is abroad. The division is by no means as sharp as it was even a few years ago, as the great improvement in our advertising shows, but it is still something of a shock to find an artist whose reputation is so thoroughly established as is that of Mme. Reno devoting some of her creative energy to the design of signs for shops.



Mme. Reno has but recently arrived in this country but already she has made a series of drawings of New York which are markedly different in their conception from that of our native draughtsman. Looking at them one has the feeling of being introduced to the city. It is in the drawings and paintings of architectural subjects that Mme. Reno seems particularly happy. She has a strong feeling for construction, for solidity. Even in her most delicate flower pictures the masses of color are balanced and composed with firmness and





ABOVE: SIGN FOR A RESTAURANT BY MME. RENO
LEFT: SIGN FOR AN INN BY MME. RENO
TOP: SIGN FOR MILLINER AND HAIRDRESSER BY MME. RENO
CENTER: DETAIL FROM A INN SIGN BY MME. RENO

restraint. There is nothing of accident in her work. Each line, each bit of color is there because of definite purpose on the painter's part. In that respect she is a follower of Cézanne. "Each mass of color, each line, each brush stroke," she says, "must be put down because it is not only the right but the only right treatment for that particular spot on the canvas. When this is done—as nearly as one can—the result is the truth."



"THE SEA" BY GUY ROSE

A PAINTER OF CALIFORNIA

The West is producing many notable artists among whom Guy Rose, trained in France, holds high place

ROSE V. S. BERRY

NINE YEARS ago, in the Palace of Fine Arts in San Francisco at the Panama Pacific International Exposition, the writer was seeking, among thousands of paintings, the canvases of the California artists. It had been reported that there were one hundred and twenty-five Californians represented in the big show. One canvas, though earnestly sought, had eluded the prying eye of the enthusiast, and that meant one artist had failed to be recorded upon the list. One picture had caught and held the attention of the searching party several times, but it was so far removed from any possible California subject, or any known California technique, that it had been passed by, and the quest continued. Finally, in desperation, a catalogue was brought to bear upon the situation, and the hunter was led straight to the picture which had been rejected as Californian. The message of the Impressionists was the essence of the picture; the evidence of French training was all through it; it breathed of France and Monet. The picture was painted in cool, fresh, blue-greens tending toward gray. The peace of midsummer rested over the place. The scene was a willow-draped river-bank which screened off the distance and reflected itself, a beautiful pattern, in the deep, calm, motionless back-flow of the stream. "Guy Rose" was the modest signature, barely legible, in the right-hand corner of the canvas. Then the real search began. Who was the French-painting Californian?

Guy Rose has been idenfiited with the exhibiting artists of the Pacific Coast twice. His first work and his first distinction had come to him, when as a very young man, he studied with Emil

Carlsen, an artist exceedingly able to show the student what to see and how to see it. The history of the achievement of some of the best of the present-day painters in California begins with recording the fact that they began their study with Carlsen. After these years of work, Rose went to Paris, and spent several seasons with Doucet, Constant and Lefebvre. The young American was most fortunate, he had two pictures hung on the line at his first Salon, and he received Honorable Mention when he was twenty-six. With several other notable successes to his credit, he returned to the United States, and exhibited in both the east and west. After marrying, Rose returned with his wife to Paris. She was a student and very successful in another line. For eleven years while they resided in France, she was the highest paid woman-artist, of her kind, in the world. For eight years of the eleven, the Roses' studio and garden adjoined that of Monet. With this knowledge of the art life of Guy Rose, one understood how his French experience had become perfectly natural with him, and how he had returned to America with the virtuosity that would enable him to adapt himself to any circumstance which might come his way. Rose had worked in France with the incentive and enthusiasm which had inspired Theodore Robinson, who was among the first of the Americans to return home with the determination to make known the gospel of light—fleeting light, and its perplexing problems. Rose had known the strugglings of the later men, Lawton Parker, Richard Miller and Frieseke. Year after year, while there, he had painted and exhibited. He made it his great effort to strive, to work and to see.



"CARMEL COAST" BY GUY ROSE

Rose's brush work is conservative; it never obtrudes itself upon the observer, nor does it distract him. The man is able to keep himself well in the background. He paints what he has to say without the aggressive first-person-singular of many of the moderns. He uses the Impressionist's palette, he benefits by his thorough understanding of their method. But, like Theodore Robinson, he studied them that he might know their art, he labored with it that he might evolve his own technique, his own manner of expression. Consequently he uses his knowledge consistently in the work that comes from his easel, greatly to the advantage of what he has to say. While the character of Rose's work is frequently most delicate, and in many instances his subjects are more or less poetical, fanciful and suggestive of moods, there

"OFF POINT LOBOS" BY GUY ROSE





"MONTEREY CYPRESS" BY GUY ROSE

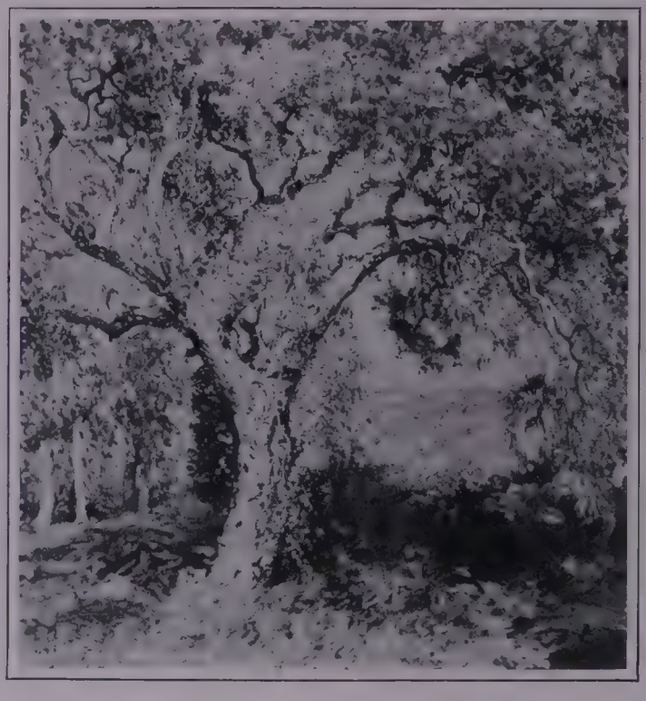
are also pictures tense and stern, of forbidding subjects, with strong dramatic massing and powerful pattern.

"Point Lobos" is one of the pictures painted on a clear day in California, when the ocean in color rivals the blue of an Italian sea, and when something of the vastness of the Pacific may be apprehended from the distance of the horizon line. The large rocks in the foreground lose none of their massive quality nor their adamantine character by the detailed handling of their formation. And they have been made none the less impressive by the painter having used them in a high key as light surfaces, adjuncts of his brilliant sunshine. The fluid mass of the calm sea loses none of its weight or impenetrable depth by Rose's technique, while the low hills to the right give a variety and a different appeal to the horizon line. Rose has painted the famous Point Lobos in rather minute detail at the left of the canvas. Many fail to grasp the beauty of these rocks, as Rose has given them. The low, clinging cypress trees, scarcely more than bushes, with roots deeply intrenched in the crevices of the rocks, please the painter's love for design, and obtain the observer's sympathetic admiration as living things which have clung to life in spite of tempestuous battles with infuriated ocean winds.

A totally different effect is obtained from "The Sea," where Rose depends entirely upon the activity of the bounding surf for interest, and where he allows the spotting of his canvas to revolve around the same restless source. "Off Point Lobos" and "The Carmel Coast" have been selected for other beauties. The painter builds up his masses of light and shade with a keen sense of artistic design, and the canvases are satisfying in their balanced divisions, with the coast and sea almost equal in their claim upon the observer's attention.

Some of the loveliest of Guy Rose's paintings are those which reveal his love of line and pattern. Several of the pictures used as illustrations would make exquisite etchings. "The Monterey Cypress" would lend itself to the etcher's needle without any loss of charm. These trees are among the treasures of California's art lovers and the out-door artist. But those seeing them for the first time must be prepared to find them small. For countless ages these trees have wrestled with the merciless winds of the Pacific for their existence. They are living, growing things, though they have been beaten, battered, broken, twisted, gnarled, severed and bent to earth; some having survived only by way of having been able to intertwine and unite a weakened body with a stronger trunk. There is a dramatic

"LIVE OAK" BY GUY ROSE





"ROCKS AND SEA, POINT LOBOS"

by

Guy Rose

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO



"MOONLIGHT, CARMEL" BY GUY ROSE

and a majestic beauty about them, and one can no more sentimentalize over them than he could over a mountain. They are the heroes of the land, that have resisted the ocean's winds, which have caressed them and beset them with the ferocity of the hurricane, alternately, for centuries. Each battle with the enemy-element has made them more beautifully irregular, each splintered amputation has added a new and a dramatic severance to the mass of lines toward which the painter turns without weariness. As a subject matter, they vary with each angle from which they are seen. In one thing only are they invariable, each and all of them proclaim the marvel of patient, persistent, determined endurance.

Without the assistance of color, the reader can detect the difference in the charm of "The Live Oak." Rose has kept the picture to the softer grayish-greens. Over it all he has allowed the influence of the light blues to hover. The tree's heavy tracery of spreading limbs is almost the sole interest. But the artist has been a painter-poet to permit so simple a statement entirely to envelop his canvas, while he must trust that its modest eloquence will make the compelling declaration of beauty he with true artistic suppression has chosen to make.

"Moonlight Carmel" is a painting combining the infatuation of the moonlit sea with its subtle opalescence and a strong contrasting pattern. The whole is a statement which no one has made in quite this manner, and gives a final evidence of some of the splendid compositions of this painter, who is too little known. Rose has painted something more than moonlight, earth, sea and sky, here; he has reached out and upward into the Unknown by way of what may be seen. The painter has used the glistening, pearl-tinted gray of the sea and sky, with the shimmering sparkle of the moon's direct lighting upon the water, to convey the presence of a tantalizing mystery, permitting only a ghost-like solution that will vanish forever with the smallest intervening shadow. The darkened pattern of the overarching, interlacing cypress trees might be a spectral, circling wedding-ring, binding the earth and sea and sky into a peaceful, nocturnal trinity of more than earthly holiness.

ART *and* OTHER THINGS

By GUY EGLINGTON

I HAVE been dreaming—an absurdly Utopian dream—of the museums of the future, when they shall have ceased to be vast torture-chambers, to become palaces of delight. They could be so easily, you know. Almost nothing prevents them. A few by-laws; a few committees, presided by elderly academicians; a few conditions of bequest. Set these aside—a mere trifle in these days of revolution—and in a year or so, without the purchase of a single work of art, by the mere process of elimination and arrangement, the Metropolitan could be so transformed that strained puzzled faces would be no longer seen there, but instead happy faces. And one would hear laughter. . . .

Laughter in a museum. It sounds almost blasphemous. And yet it really seems as though some few people were beginning to realize that art is not such a deadly solemn affair as most of us pretend. I have in mind the Exercises—terrifying word—at the opening of the new American Wing last week. Well, no, in spite of Mr. de Forest's charm, Mr. Grosvenor Atterbury's sprightliness and Mr. Kent's wit, they were not exactly gay. They became in fact long before the end of Elihu Root's half-hour address excruciatingly dull. The blessed word "Education" threw a gloom over the assembly. And yet behind the solemnity and at odds with it, especially among those who were responsible for the New Wing, one was conscious of a certain spirit that is all too rare among museum people. I am sure that what the real Mr. Halsey would have liked to have said, had he dared, was simply: "It's been great fun." And the real Mr. Atterbury, when he made the pretty remark about his work being unfinished until the spirits of the Past decided to return to their old haunts, was thinking, I am sure, as a good architect must, rather of the spirits of the Present. But unfortunately these gentlemen, unlike their

ROOM FROM HAMPTON, N. H. SECOND QUARTER EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. THE EARLIEST ORIGINAL WOODWORK IN THE WING SET UP AS A BEDROOM WITH FURNITURE OF THE PERIOD

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art





EXHIBITION GALLERY, THIRD FLOOR, REPRODUCED FROM THE "OLD SHIP MEETING HOUSE," HINGHAM, MASS. 1680

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

president, who has learnt to dispense with such luxuries, have official top-hatted selves, who on state occasions deputize for them. It is most edifying, but hardly gay.

Thank goodness, though, in the actual planning of the New Wing the top hats were left at home, with the result that an atmosphere of friendliness, even intimacy, has been achieved. One wanders through the rooms with no sense of fatigue, but with the curiosity continually whetted to press further. Unexpected corners invite, passage ways, low doors. One feels like an explorer. After a voyage in New England one finds oneself suddenly in a little Southern room, so cosily tucked away that one imagines oneself the first to discover it. The others, mere onlookers, must surely have missed it. Amiable delusion, that must please the architect, who laid out the wing so playfully, took so much care that no one room rob the next, yet held the whole so admirably intact.

The architect indeed deserves all the credit he is likely to get and more. If he was fortunate in having an entire new wing to design, instead of having to adapt his rooms to existing galleries, his problem was none the less a formidable one. Seventeen odd rooms, no two of the same size or shape, had to be fitted into a space, the proportions of which were laid down, on the one hand by the proportions of the Pierpont Morgan Wing to which it adjoins, on the other by those of the façade of the old Assay Office, which forms now the southern façade of the new wing. It must have been, as Mr. Atterbury admitted, a ticklish business, the more so since the superimposed façade, designed as it was, not for a private house, but for a public building, is extremely chary in the matter of windows, and indeed permits none whatever on the third floor. Visitors studying this excellent piece of nineteenth century architecture are invited to forget the brick parapet behind the pediment.

On the balance, however, and despite minor imperfections, the new wing is undoubtedly the gainer by these restrictions. Given the traditions of museum architecture, which tends to scale



REPRODUCTION OF THE BALLROOM FROM GADSBY'S TAVERN, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

everything up to the proportions of a Renaissance palace, it would have been fatally easy to design a building in which the crafts of colonial America would have been lost, just as, up till the present, they may have been lost in existing museum galleries.

To me the third floor, through which one enters, is by far the most delightful, and this in spite of the fact that three out of the seven rooms are not originals, but reconstructions. No matter, the copying is excellently done and provides a marvelous setting for the seventeenth-century furniture. Especially happy is the central gallery, round which the rooms are grouped, an adaptation of the Old Ship Meeting House of Hingham, Massachusetts. The original rooms, paired at either end, from Hampton, New Hampshire, Portland, Rhode Island, and Newington, Connecticut, are from the first half of the eighteenth century. All are richly paneled, the first, which is also the earliest, a bedroom, boasting also a paneled ceiling.

The rooms on the second floor, which belong, according to the accepted classification, to the Second Period, are in interesting contrast. Not noticeably larger, they give the impression of being more spacious. It must have been about this time, about the third quarter of the eighteenth century, that is, that the American designer developed to its highest point his spacial sense, of which one finds so many evidences throughout New England. Looking at these rooms, of which one at least, the ballroom from Alexandria, Virginia, is a masterpiece of its kind, one cannot stifle the regret that in the attainment of such formal perfection, so much had to be sacrificed. The decoration becomes over-formalized and so loses its charm and invention. Richness of texture gives place to permit the pure balance of unbroken surfaces. Saddest of all, to my mind, furniture, at its highest technical point, tends to lose its variety. With the best will in the world, I cannot escape the feeling that a Savery or Duncan Phyfe highboy is too self-assertive for good fellowship. In and for itself it is magnificent, but, as against the richly carved chests and cupboards of the seventeenth century, it has lost its capacity for becoming a part of its surroundings.

On the ground floor are rooms of the Third Period, the first quarter of the nineteenth century. It is the twilight. The balance attained is no longer a creative balance, but is becoming sterile. An attempted return to decoration leads only to fussiness. But a twilight is not without its compensations, when you have architects like McIntyre and Bullfinch and can import charming French wallpapers.

Yes, the American Wing is decidedly a thing to see, whether you are interested in "periods" or not. It represents a courageous, and to me highly successful, step in the direction of what one may call the humanization of the museum. I have only one suggestion. The pictures are mainly portraits of historical personages. This is

doubtless right in principle and many of them are very excellent portraits, if not of the first order. Would it be too bold to substitute for some of the duller ones, in the more intimate rooms, a portrait or so in the gay colors which the coach painters, the more to be prized for their very naïveté, loved to affect. There is reason to believe that our good Fathers loved gaiety and did not altogether frown on garishness. Is it fair to keep them all the time on their Sunday behaviour? But here at least one can lose—and this is the highest praise I know—the sense of being in a museum, and fancy oneself a guest in a private house. The family will come down shortly.

It would be ungracious, I suppose, not to mention the Mestrovic exhibition at Brooklyn, even though it involves a departure from one's usual principles. In a case of this kind, when a foreign government sends over at its own expense a matter of 48,000 lbs. of sculpture, it is the merest courtesy to bow one's thanks. It is after all no mean thing for a sculptor in these times to have at his disposal the entire resources of his government, and Mestrovic's amazing productivity proves that these resources have been well invested. The Brooklyn Museum of course rose magnificently to the occasion and the official opening of the exhibition could hardly have been bettered. The whole of Brooklyn and a considerable part of Manhattan seemed to be present, and one's only criticism, drawn from a knowledge of how similar political functions are managed in the Old World, is that the gathering tended to contain too many artists who might be tempted to approach the matter from too severely esthetic an angle. In this respect my friend Christian Brinton's introduction to the catalogue struck the right note with almost uncanny precision. I would venture to question Dr. Brinton's accuracy on only one point. Is he correct in tracing the significance of *The Mourning Widows* to the mythology of Kossovo? A classical scholar with whom I visited the exhibition claimed on the contary to recognize a typical incident from the mythology of Lesbos. It is a trifle, but in the interests of historical accuracy. . . .

He traced the development of the Jugo-Slav race through the centuries, its struggles for liberty, its final emergence as a great political and—most marvelous—in the same moment a great artistic power. On only one point did he fail to do Mestrovic complete justice, and it is all the more regrettable since, in spite of all the evidence to the contrary, other critics have followed him. He suggests that Mestrovic is a primitive. This, however, is a minor blemish and may have arisen from the fact that the word is nowadays mistakenly regarded as something of a compliment. The introduction as a whole has the ring of an authentic masterpiece of the introducer's art.

It is all the better news therefore that Walter Pach, the Dean, if I may call him so in all sincerity, of modern criticism in America, has rewritten and expanded the articles which he wrote for the *Freeman* into what is virtually a history of modern art from David to Duchamp. The general standard of books published on art in late years, not only here but everywhere, has been so deplorable that one is grateful to Pach for reminding us that there are still a few people in the world capable of thinking clearly on art and presenting their conclusions logically and with concision. *Masters of Modern Art* is in its way and within the limitations of its length as masterly an exposé of what has happened in the last hundred and twenty years as one could wish. It is indeed so masterly, gives such definite expression to accepted modern esthetic theory, that one is tempted to wonder whether that theory has not seen its best days.

A theory can have, after all, no absolute truth. It is valuable in so far as it stimulates our perceptions. When it ceases to do that it not only ceases to be valuable, it becomes a positive barrier between ourselves and the work of art we are studying. Thus one can safely say that for most of us at this date to approach the Impressionists with the divisionist theory in mind would be tantamount to a renunciation of all further discoveries in that field and so of any chance of our intimacy with these masters deepening. It has long been growing evident that the greatness of these men is dependent on other things besides their mastery over light, that light like color has no existence as an independent creative force. So likewise it is proving that the concept of *form* too is a useful illusion that has had its day, and, that if we are to get any closer to men like Seurat and Cézanne we must find a new starting-point, a new and unexplored illusion. Every illusion has its creative moments. A theory is valuable so long as it is not fully realized and so is capable of development. I fear that Pach's book carries the Impressionist — Post-Impressionist — Cubist theory to a point where further development is almost impossible.

That is, however, all the more reason for reading it, and reading it carefully. It is published by Huebsch and excellently illustrated.

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

JOHN TWACHTMAN. *By Eliot Clark. Privately printed, New York. Price, $20.*

JOHN TWACHTMAN as pictured by Eliot Clark proves to be an illuminating document on not only the painter who is the subject of its discourse but on the particular phase of American art in which he was a notable figure. This landscape phase of American art, which to a great degree was the counterpart of the Barbizon era in France, is highly interesting as the point of divergence from European tradition and tuition for the painters of the new world; and among these men Twachtman had his distinct place. Mr. Clark points out how like to "Jimmy Whistler" this Cincinnati painter was on his emotional side, how in his changing moods and opinions he echoed the "Master" although his nature was much more obvious and rollicking. But perhaps the greater similarity between them lay in Twachtman's equal ability to maintain with strength and steadfastness his artistic convictions. Twachtman must have learned many valuable lessons from Whistler's bold example in independent thinking and painting, lessons that helped to shape his own sensitive and personal style. From the Japanese he was able to draft much in the way of design and coloration and to the early impressionists he was also indebted. Just how Twachtman took these various leadings and worked them into his own career is sympathetically put forth in this well-written monograph. It is a very complete analysis of an interesting American painter and some dozen plates help to point the tale.

HISTORIC WALLPAPER. *By Nancy McClelland. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and London. Limited Edition. Price, $25.*

CONNECTED with early social history, hand-made wallpaper was an outgrowth of economic conditions. A fascinating subject and one which Miss McClelland has handled with the utmost deftness. Far from being too technical for the lay mind, it reads as smoothly as an eighteenth-century romance. On the other hand, it is quite invaluable to the technician, not only giving a very comprehensive survey of the way in which the work was done but also giving the locality where many of the famous old papers, still in existence, may be seen. The text gives many sources of reference for those desirous of further research. Miss McClelland had unusual entrée both here and abroad through which she has gleaned many interesting facts. The book conveys a sense of painstaking care as to the authenticity of its information. Not touching on modern papers, but confining itself to the product of the early craftsmen, it strays into many interesting little by-paths of history and is probably the only comprehensive study of the subject extant.

One of the greatest values of this book lies in its power to educate and influence those who are designing our modern papers. Through a perusal of its pages one can reach an appreciation of line and color and get an idea of how enduring really good work is. Restraint in the matter of design was to the early printers a matter of necessity as some of the colors had to be laid on by hand after the usual printing was finished, causing a broad treatment and giving the papers boldness and freedom of pattern.

In the eighteenth century, the scenic and the Chinese papers were exceedingly popular with the Colonists. Supplying their walls with warmth and richness they took the place of costly brocades and tapestry. Papers such as these were very suitable in their sparsely furnished rooms. Miss McClelland, who is a decorator as well as a writer, gives excellent advice on their present day usage.

This edition is in itself one of rare charm and more than liberal with its illustrations, containing 245 half-tone and twelve color plates. There is also a chart of periods. Henri Clouzot, Conservateur of the Musée Galliera, Paris, has written the introduction.

A WANDERER AMONG PICTURES. *By E. V. Lucas. George H. Doran Co., New York. Price, $5.*

THE NAME of that indefatigable wanderer, E. V. Lucas, is a guarantee of good reading, whether one finds it on a book of travels, a novel, or a book on art. If there is one complaint that can be made of the majority of books about art it is that they lack charm. They are almost invariably solemn and both their subjects and their authors seem curiously detached from life. But not so Mr. Lucas. He is genial, intimate, delightful; and he is also scholarly, accurate, authoritative, so that he is the delight of art lovers who relish literary flavor.

The present book is a wandering among galleries rather than among schools of art and this arrangement makes it very convenient for the present day reader, especially one who contemplates hunting up the pictures which Mr. Lucas describes. He begins with the National Gallery, London, and tells its history, how it was begun with thirty-eight paintings from a Russian resident of London, and then describes the present Gallery, room by room. The Tate and Wallace collections, the Louvre and Luxembourg and a number of smaller Paris collections, the Prado at Madrid, the Brera and other collections of Milan, Florence represented by the Uffizi, the Pitti, Rome by the Vatican frescoes, and the collections of Venice, Vienna, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Amsterdam, the Hague, Antwerp and Brussels are all described with the same vivacious interest which never seems to fail Mr. Lucas and which makes his book an inspiration to other wanderers.

DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN ARTISTS: JOHN SINGER SARGENT. *Compiled by Nathaniel Pousette-Dart, with an introduction by Lee Woodward Zeigler. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Price, $1.*

DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN ARTISTS: JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER. *Compiled by Nathaniel Pousette-Dart, with an introduction by Joseph and Elizabeth Robbins Pennell. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Price, $1.*

TWO MORE VOLUMES in Mr. Pousette-Dart's *Distinguished American Artists* series are now available in the book shops. Following the Homer, Henri, Thayer and Hassam monographs come the Whistler and Sargent volumes, timely and attractive additions to the

none too copious store of data on American art. While these books are mainly devoted to photographic reproductions of the artists' work, there are in each case sympathetic introductory remarks by qualified writers.

After the exhaustive treatment and analysis of Whistler's life and work by the Pennells and other bibliographers, the present volume on this master comes as a sort of graceful addendum, a book of ready reference supplementing the more weighty tomes. Sixty-four paintings have been reproduced to show the various stages of his art and at the end of the book is a helpful list of published works on this American painter, together with other data on his career as an artist. In the introduction the Pennells have boldly and characteristically begun with the statement that Whistler was "the greatest of all American artists, the greatest of all artists of his time" and in the few pages allotted them they present their case with their wonted enthusiasm and ability.

The Sargent volume, containing the same number of illustrations, is perhaps even more valuable since there are to date relatively few monographs on this painter. The selection of paintings chosen for reproduction is most comprehensive, showing most of his important English and American portraits, with many of his genre paintings and landscapes besides. The introduction gives just the right note of appreciation of this master's extraordinary accomplishments, a keen, clear survey of his life and work.

OLD GLASS — EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN. *By N. Hudson Moore. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Price, $10.*

THOSE crystal objects which have come to life at most periods and in most countries to serve and delight mankind and which are now the object of such special study and consideration among collectors are elaborately set forth in a handsomely illustrated volume by N. Hudson Moore. This book on old glass is divided into parts, the first of which deals with European production from Venice to Dublin, while the second illumines the history of glass manufacture in America.

The book is charmingly written, and is as interesting for the novice in old glass as for the collector. The European section has a distinctly historical aspect, since the early manufacture of glass was intricately involved with governmental protection and restrictions. The account of the great days of Venetian supremacy in this field is romantic and absorbing to a degree, and under Mr. Moore's guidance the chapters run off as in some novel. Bohemian, Dutch and Flemish, German, Spanish, French, English and Irish glass are all examined with enthusiasm and with a wealth of interesting facts.

The American side of the story begins early in the seventeenth century with bottles made in Jamestown, Virginia. Beads were the next articles to be made, and in 1640 glass-making was well under way in Salem, Massachusetts. The growing needs of the Colonies naturally included articles of glass and so in rapid succession the early factories sprang up. Among the chapter headings in this section are found the names of Wistarberg, Stiegel, Saratoga, Stoddard, Keene, Pitkin and Sandwich, all eloquent of accomplishment in their various lines. The final chapter includes a valuable list of American glass factories before 1850. This volume is remarkable for the fine examples of historic glass chosen for reproduction for the clarity of the plates.

SELECTED BINDINGS FROM THE GENNADIUS LIBRARY, WITH INTRODUCTION AND DESCRIPTIONS. *By Lucy Allen Paton, Ph. D. Published by the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, Cambridge, 1924.*

THE AMERICAN School of Classical Studies at Athens, having come into the possession of a valuable library by gift of Dr. Joannes Gennadius of Surrey, England, formerly Greek minister in London, has prepared a volume relating to the nearly one thousand magnificent bindings in the collection as a fitting mark of appreciation to the donor. While the volumes in the Gennadius collection have to do with things Greek, the bindings form a field of special study since they illustrate the history of this minor art from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries and have come from many of the world's most famous libraries.

More than thirty examples have been chosen for color reproduction, beginning with a Venetian binding of the fifteenth century said to be one of the earliest known examples of this school, to a modern replica by Constantine Hutchins, keeper of Dr. Gennadius' library and expert restorer of old bindings, of an Hispano-Moresque binding of the sixteenth century showing in its design distinct traces of oriental influence. Three plates illustrate the type of Greek monastic binding in which this collection is especially rich.

THIRD ANNUAL OF ADVERTISING ART. *Art Directors Club. The Book Service Company, New York. Price, $7.50.*

EACH YEAR at the Art Center in New York the Art Directors Club holds an exhibition of the best advertising art of the past year. In it are included examples of the work of several hundred draughtsmen who have lent their skill to the presentation of the sales appeal of all sorts of merchandise.

The illustrations of advertisements are the popular art of the day. More persons see these in one day than enter the museums of the country in a year. And they see them more clearly. To many there is a barrier erected whenever they are conscious of looking at "art." They have been told that they must admire something which is quite outside their ordinary experience; that to enter a museum properly one must first say "prunes and prisms." Any critical faculty is crushed by the weight of the sacerdotal atmosphere.

The artist who draws an advertisement is in another case. His work is related directly to something which everyone can understand—an automobile, a breakfast food or a pair of hose. It stands or falls on its merits. The layman may not know what it is that constitutes good drawing or good design. He is not concerned with that. He does know immediately whether or not the ad makes a hit with him. And this is just as valid a form of art criticism as much of the talk of "dynamic symmetry."

All of which means simply that if, as many hope, the appreciation of art is to be furthered in America, the advertising artist will play an important part. That he is doing it this present volume proves. Through the year one sees so much advertising that only a few of the especially good things remain in the memory and it is a pleasant experience to look through this book and see so many illustrations and layouts of first quality. There are seven hundred and twenty-nine reproductions.

ART IN EVERYDAY LIFE

LEONORA R. BAXTER

TO THOSE who seek the best conceptions of a country famed of old for its picturesque grandeur, the Spanish Antique Shop offers irresistible attractions. One finds there many combinations of the unusual and the beautiful. Notable among these is the sixteenth-century



vargueno, shown in the illustration. This type of desk originated in the town of Vargo, where some very wonderful specimens of hand-wrought iron and cabinetmaking were produced. The cream of the output found its way into the homes of grandees, from whence it comes to us, enriched by romantic associations and the mellowing touch of time. The *vargueno* pictured here is of natural hand-carved walnut, inlaid with hand-wrought iron set upon red velvet. The iron work is all gilded and exquisitely engraved. The fall-front reveals an interior of intricate design and workmanship. The twenty drawers and several compartments are symmetrically arranged, and the finish is polychrome in dull red and gold, inlaid with ivory.



IT IS A far cry from Spain of the sixteenth century to the time of Daniel Webster. The stern necessities faced by early America are reflected in the severe, unadorned lines of Webster's desk, which, however, express a simple directness of purpose that has a beauty all its own. In the luxurious studio of Mrs. Cosby, it is surrounded by objects of modern and antique beauty from all over the world, but, somehow, one goes straight to it, fingers with a certain reverence the contents of the pigeonholes—old papers, documents and letters, bearing the signatures of Webster, Andrew Jackson and other notables of the day. When Daniel Webster died, he bequeathed his desk to his law partner, Colonel Leverett Saltonstall, who was the first governor of Massachusetts, and it has remained in the Saltonstall family until recently.

THE ORIENT has a growing lure for the Occidental mind, and its strange and inimitable beauty comes to us freighted with lore and mystery giving dim glimpses into a civilization that was ancient before ours began. The Ming cabinet illustrated dates from the sixteenth century and is one of a pair. They are of teak wood decorated with polychrome lacquer. Time has softened and subdued the colors, yet here and there the vibrant old red still glows. The top panels bear in beautifully carved relief characters the essay of a sixty-century emperor. Below are oblong spaces with the flowers of the four seasons. The main panels display the eight Taoist immortals standing on their attributes among clouds and above rocks and waves. The borders of these are carved in low relief with archaic dragon fret designs, such as are found on ancient bronzes and jades. The three divisions at the base show bronze jardinieres with growing plants. The sides of the cabinets are very beautiful, decorated in polychrome, with long



temple lanterns, richly ornamented, and suspended from canopies with pendant chains and medallions. Inside, the space below the doors forms a hutch, and above this is a

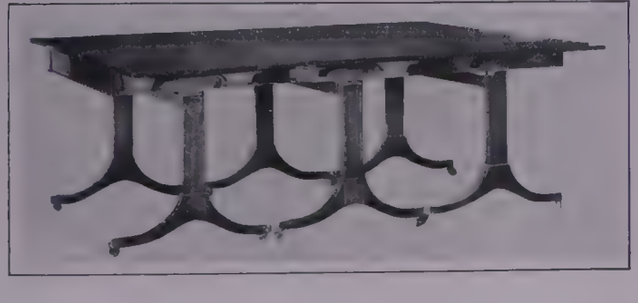
shelf with two drawers. The pole between the doors slips out so that the whole interior is unobstructed. The doors are kept closed with a quaint lock and flat key, and all the metal work of brass is delicately engraved with floriated designs that are now scarcely visible. These cabinets are rare and important specimens, and are in a remarkable state of preservation. They stand six feet four inches in height; width, three feet five inches; depth, one foot ten inches, and are exhibited in the studio of Dudley James.

Occasionally one finds some of the treasures that were stolen from the summer palace of the former Chinese emperor during the Boxer uprising of 1900. The illustration pictures one of a pair of porcelain placques that thus fell into the hands of vandals and were later



acquired by Roland Moore. They are mounted upon wooden frames, and are imperial Chien Lung pieces, period of 1736-1795. The decoration on each shows a large Chinese character.

Duncan Phyfe was very strongly under Sheraton and Directoire influence during his early days, and it was not until about 1790 that he began to show decided originality. From then until 1805 was his best period, and his productions of that time are now only distinctly charming, but peculiarly adaptable to diversified surroundings. By the way, it is interesting to recall that his first workshop was on the present site of the Hudson Terminal. He worked principally in mahogany and satinwood, and the master dining table pictured here is of mahogany, darkened by age and in perfect condition. It is exhibited among other very rare things, in the New York shop of Fred J. Peters. Each one of the three sections has drop leaves at the ends,



and is a complete table in itself. There are two extra adjustable leaves, the same width as a section, and all put together it measures up to banquet requirements. Used separately, one can readily imagine many different and delightful ways in which these tables would enhance the beauty and comfort of a good interior. So far as we know Phyfe made only four three-section tables. One of them is in the American wing of the Metropolitan Museum.



The refectory table has come out of the past and made an abiding place for itself in modern life. The illustration fails to do justice to its subject, due to the fact that time-worn carving and inlay do not photograph well on a dark surface. This table is late sixteenth century, made of walnut. The top if enriched by two squares of intarsia and a *becca di civetta* edge, rubbed uneven in places from much usage. The stretcher is elaborately carved and fastened in with wooden pins. The ends show beautiful workmanship and over all is the soft smoothness of finish that only age can give. It is in the interesting studio of Gino Corsani.

In Italy can be found, as well as in New York, any amount of cheap neoclassic furniture of the period of 1780-1790, but pieces perfect in workmanship and design, as the chair illustrated here, are extremely rare. It is lacquered in gold and white and the winged sphinx arms show remarkable carving. This is one of a pair of arm chairs, and is to be seen in the studio of E. & H. de Frise.



THE EDITOR'S FOREGAST

THE ART of miniature painting as practiced in India in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries took two forms, both closely related to the Persian traditions of that art, for Persian artists were imported as court painters. These two forms were Mughal and Rajput, the former the work of artists in the employ of the king and devoted entirely to court life, and the latter, under the Rajputs of Rajputani, concerning itself with Hindu subjects from folk lore and domestic scenes. They are very similar to each other, so that certain miniatures may even be classified under both schools. There is to be an article on a group of Mughal paintings in the February issue, the subject being limited to a consideration of the book illustrations made for a Persian novel, the *Romance of Amir Hamzah*, in the early years of the reign of Akbar the Great (1556-1605). Amir Hamzah was an uncle of the Prophet Muhammad and after a remarkable life of romance, adventure and a great deal of fighting he was slain in the service of the Prophet near Mecca. The authorship of the *Romance* is unknown and the literary standard is not high, but these remarkable paintings by a group of unknown artists at Akbar's court are enough to make the work immortal. Many of the miniatures are now in European and American collections.

ONE of the most important and interesting articles INTERNATIONAL STUDIO has ever printed will appear in the February number, a consideration of etchings "as works of art" by the etcher Ralph M. Pearson. It is his contention that for three centuries the makers of etchings almost universally have lost sight of art and have devoted themselves to representation, which pleases the mind of the public but does not give esthetic pleasure to the eye trained to respond to form as the ear of the music lover is trained to respond to sound. Only for its first hundred years (the technique is four hundred years old) did etching truly remain art. Now there is a movement to make organization once more the essential element of etching. Mr. Pearson puts all the earnestness of his personality into stating the case, and he has selected thirteen works from the masters which not only prove his thesis but are calculated to give art lovers rare pleasure.

CONTINUING INTERNATIONAL STUDIO'S series of articles on American art collections will be a critical review of the John N. Willys collection by Ralph Flint in the February number. The pictorial treasures that make up this well-balanced collection will be revealed as heretofore in a dozen or so photographic reproductions and in a descriptive text. The privilege of thus coming in contact with the splendid private collections of art that are fast becoming corollary issues of American wealth is one that the INTERNATIONAL STUDIO fesls particularly happy in extending to its readers. Such masters as Giovanni Bellini, Pier Franceso, Di Credi, Rembrandt, Hals, Memling, Van Dyck, Rubens, Gainsborough, Romney and Raeburn are members of this interesting company and their names alone are sufficient indication as to the special appeal of this review.

CATHEDRALS grow slowly, gaining in beauty as each decade brings the architect's dream nearer fulfillment. For thirty years the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, has been in process of building and today only the chapels are complete. The great choir and apse are unfinished but from them one can imagine the transept and nave of this cathedral which will be one of the great of the world. Thirty years in medieval times were but the infancy of a cathedral's growth but today one dares to hope that we, or at least our children, will live to see St. John's finished. Not because of a desire to see a "record" made, but because the part already done foreshadows the beauty which is to come. One who because of her love for it has linked her life with that of the cathedral, Antoinette B. Hervey, has, since its beginning, devoted herself to the task of photographing the building. In the February issue her story of the cathedral and what it means to her will appear illustrated by a few of the many photographs she has taken.

ONE of the most interesting of the arts of seventeenth-century Persia was that of costume. This is true not only because of the beauty of the dress of the period but also because of the significance of the various pieces. Whether or not clothes made the man, certainly the clothes he was permitted to wear were indicative of his station and of his popularity at court. Before a noble could approach the king he must have received a caftan, or coat, from the ruler, and if by chance that present should have been of black material the recipient knew that his days were numbered. The style in turbans was even more rigidly fixed than is that of women's hats today and one can imagine the scorn of a court dandy for some outlander the points of whose turban were in front when they should have been over the ear. In an article which will be illustrated by reproductions from some of the finest miniatures and textiles, one of which has never before been published, Edna B. Donnell, who has made a special study of Persian costume, will explain its mysteries.

WHEN Maurice Fromkes went to Spain in 1920 to paint he determined to stay long enough to become acquainted with the country and its people, so that his record of it would not be the hastily jotted notes of the traveler, which never get beyond superficiality no matter how amusing or how decorative the result may be. What he wanted was to interpret Spain, and he told his friends, who were surprised that he intended to live there several years, that he felt he was not staying long enough, for it would take several lifetimes, not several years, to paint Spain. The canvases which he has brought back with him, undoubtedly the finest he has ever done, show the sincerity of his words; they are so revealing of Spain that the Spanish themselves were delighted with his work and he was asked to hold an exhibition at the National Museum of Modern Art in Madrid, an honor which never before has been granted an American. There will be an article in the February number about these paintings accompanied by a reproduction in color of his "Seville Housetops and Cathedral."

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO is indebted to E. Weyhe of New York for permission to reproduce the Chinese prints which appear in this issue.

The painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, reproduced on the cover, is used by courtesy of the Howard Young Galleries.

Peyton Boswell



A BROCATELLE of unusual weave with the ripe beauty of a time-mellowed antique

RICH with the traditions of two weaves —damask and brocatelle—this stately fabric presents its design in the manner of an old-time intaglio. Its blue and gold or green and gold tones gleam with a subdued richness out of a background in low relief.

From edge to edge the large motif repeats its beauty—a floral design of the XVII century, rich in considered detail and framed by the garland of acanthus leaves that sweep upward to surround it.

Here and there in the background, linen threads appear, as if laid bare by the mellowing of time and use—a witness to the technical mastery that weaves even age into its web.

The soft metallic sheen of gold enriches the beauty of the fabric —it is rayon which has been subtly introduced in the new weave because it does not tarnish as metal threads almost inevitably do after a time.



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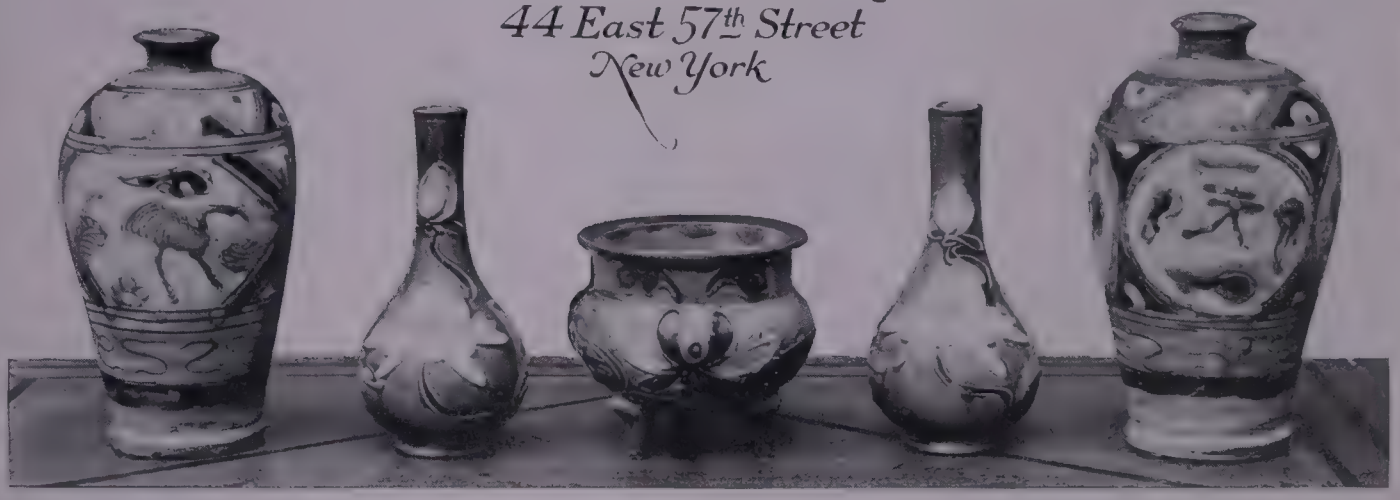
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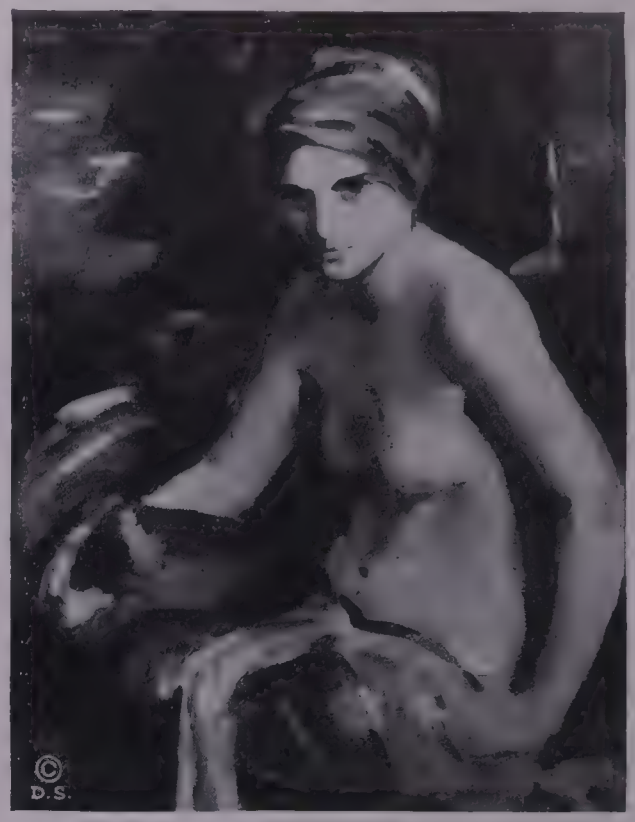
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Feb. 4	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	France
Feb. 4	Philadelphia	Genoa	Naples	Nav. Gen. Italiana	Colombo
Feb. 5	New York	Valparaiso	Havana	Grace	Santa Elisa
Feb. 5	New York	San Francisco	Havana	Dollar	President Polk
Feb. 6	St. John	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montlaurier
Feb. 7	New York	Bremen	Plymouth	United States	Republic
Feb. 7	New York	Canal Zone	Havana	United Fruit Company	Ulua
Feb. 7	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria
Feb. 7	St. John	Glasgow	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montreal
Feb. 7	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth	Holland-America	New Amsterdam
Feb. 7	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Baltic
Feb. 7	New York	Genoa	Madeira	Lloyd Sabaudo	Conte Rosso
Feb. 7	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg	Hamburg-American	Albert Ballin
Feb. 7	New York	Buenos Aires	Rio de Janeiro	Lamport and Holt	Voltaire
Feb. 10	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg	White Star	Arabic
Feb. 10	New York	Bremen	Plymouth	North German Lloyd	Muenchen
Feb. 11	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Assyria
Feb. 12	New York	San Francisco	Havana	Panama-Pacific	Manchuria
Feb. 13	New York	San Francisco	Norfolk	Pacific Mail	Colombia
Feb. 13	St. John	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montclare
Feb. 14	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Caronia
Feb. 14	New York	London	Plymouth	Cunard	Audania
Feb. 14	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic
Feb. 14	New York	Havre	Direct	French	DeGrasse
Feb. 14	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Celtic
Feb. 14	New York	Gothenburg	Direct	Swedish-American	Stockholm
Feb. 14	New York	Bremen	Plymouth	United States	George Washington
Feb. 14	New York	Genoa	Funchal	Nav. Gen. Italiana	Duilo
Feb. 14	New York	Hamburg	Direct	Hamburg-American	Thuringa
Feb. 14	New York	Buenos Aires	Rio de Janeiro	Pan-American	Western World
Feb. 14	New York	Canal Zone	Havana	United Fruit Company	Toloa
Feb. 18	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg	Royal Mail	Ohio
Feb. 19	St. John	Antwerp	Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Melita
Feb. 19	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth	American	Mongolia
Feb. 19	New York	Valparaiso	Havana	Grace	Santa Luisa
Feb. 20	St. John	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montrose
Feb. 21	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Aquitania
Feb. 21	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Columbia
Feb. 21	New York	London	Plymouth	Cunard	Autonia
Feb. 21	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Lancastria
Feb. 21	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg	White Star	Pittsburgh
Feb. 21	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth	Holland-America	Veendam
Feb. 21	New York	Havre	Direct	French	La Savoie
Feb. 21	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Doric
Feb. 21	New York	Bremen	Plymouth	United States	President Roosevelt
Feb. 21	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg	Hamburg-American	Deutschland
Feb. 21	New York	Canal Zone	Havana	United Fruit Company	Calamares
Feb. 22	Boston	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Lancastria
Feb. 23	San Francisco	Valparaiso	Manzanillo	Toyo Kisen Kaisha	Rakuyo Maru
Feb. 24	New York	Bremen	Plymouth	North German Lloyd	Stuttgart
Feb. 25	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	France
Feb. 26	New York	Valparaiso	Havana	Pacific	Essequibo
Feb. 26	New York	San Francisco	Havana	Panama-Pacific	Kroonland
Feb. 27	New York	Paramaribo	Curacao	Royal Netherlands	Pd. Nederlanden
Feb. 27	St. John	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montcalm
Feb. 28	New York	Buenos Aires	Rio de Janeiro	Pan-American	Southern Cross
Feb. 28	New York	Canal Zone	Havana	United Fruit Company	Pastores
Feb. 28	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria
Feb. 28	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Carmania
Feb. 28	New York	London	Plymouth	Cunard	Saxonia
Feb. 28	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Cameronia
Feb. 28	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Cedric
Feb. 28	New York	Gothenburg	Direct	Swedish-American	Drottningholm
Feb. 28	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	United States	Leviathan
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Feb. 9—Cruise to the Gateway Ports of the Mediterranean. S.S. Empress of Scotland. Arranged by Canadian Pacific Steamships, Ltd.

Feb. 14—West Indies. S.S. Tolos of the United Fruit Company. 23 days. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.

Feb. 15—Mexico-California. New Orleans, Mexico City, California Coast Resorts. Arranged by Frank Tourist Co.

Feb. 16—California—Honolulu. Hawaiian Islands, Waikiki Beach, California Coast Resorts. Arranged by Frank Tourist Co.

Feb. 17—Egypt and the Mediterranean. S.S. Mauretania. Arranged by Cunard and Anchor Steamship Lines.

Feb. 20—California. Apache Trail, Imperial Valley, Grand Canyon. New Orleans at Mardi Gras. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.

Feb. 21—West Indies. S.S. Montroyal of Canadian Pacific Steamships. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.

Feb. 23—West Indies. S.S. Orca of Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. 30 days. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.

Feb. 24—Carribbean Cruise. S.S. Tuscania. Arranged by Cunard and Anchor Steamship Lines.

Feb. 25—West Indies. S.S. Megantic. South America and the Bahamas. Arranged by White Star Line.

Feb. 26—South America. Panama Canal, West Coast, the Pampas, Buenos Aires, East. Arranged by Frank Tourist Co.

Feb. 26—Mediterranean Cruise. S.S. Adriatic. Arranged by White Star Line.

Feb. 28—Long West Indies Cruise. S.S. Reliance. Arranged by Raymond & Whitcomb Co.

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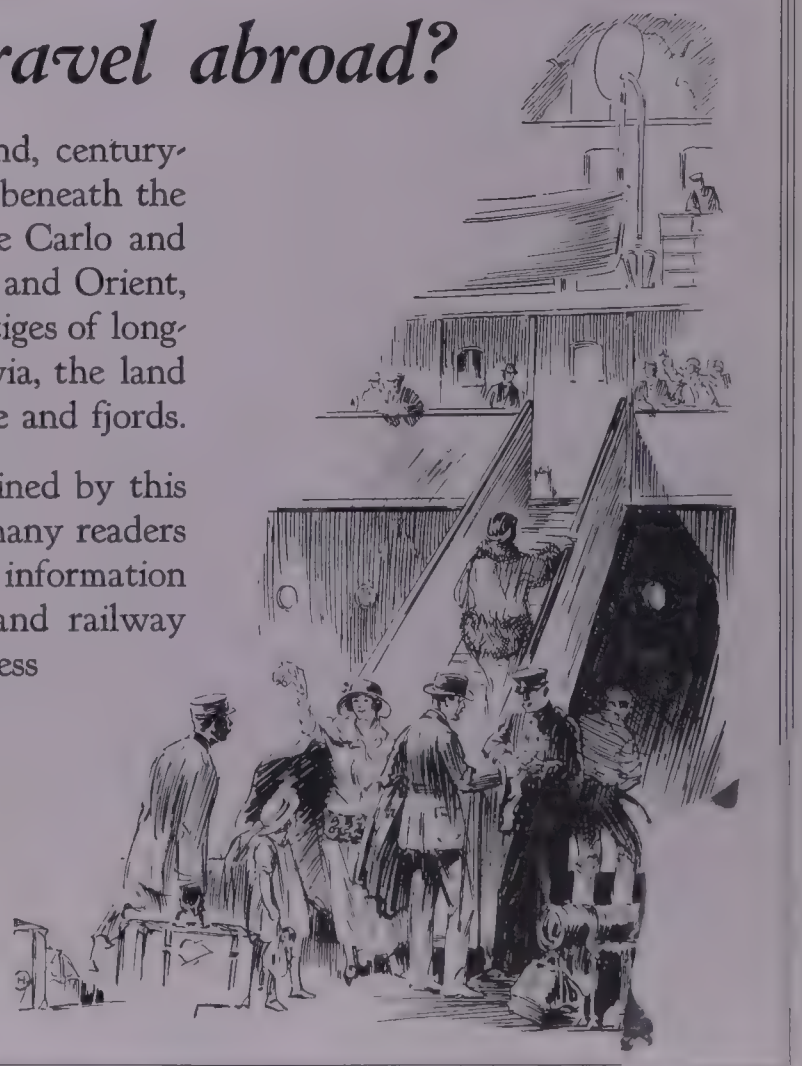
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SAMUEL PEPYS, DIARIST

THERE is shortly to be placed on the American market a limited edition of the two portraits illustrated herewith. The oil painting is from an original in the possession of Lieut.-Col. Frederick Pepys Cockerell, 20 Brompton Road, S. W. 1, lineal descendant of the diarist's sister Paulina. The picture is in colour, and is enclosed in a hand-made frame. The medallion is in plaster in a pearwood frame under a convex glass. Each reproduction is of the exact size of the original, indistinguishable therefrom, and will be signed and numbered by the above-named vendor as proof of authenticity.

The picture is probably that referred to in the Diary of the 11th June, 1662. In the back of the frame is a facsimile of the petition in Pepys' own handwriting countersigned by James II a few days previous to his flight from England, that the arrears of £28,000 odd, sterling due to Mr. Pepys from the then government, should be paid to him. The debt is still outstanding.

The medallion signed on the back, J. Cavalier fecit A.D. 1683, is inscribed round the rim as follows: SAM. PEPYS. CAR. ET. JAC. ANGL. REGIB. A. SECRETIS, ADMIRALIAE.

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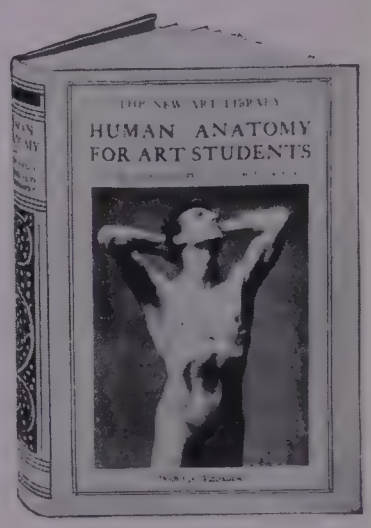
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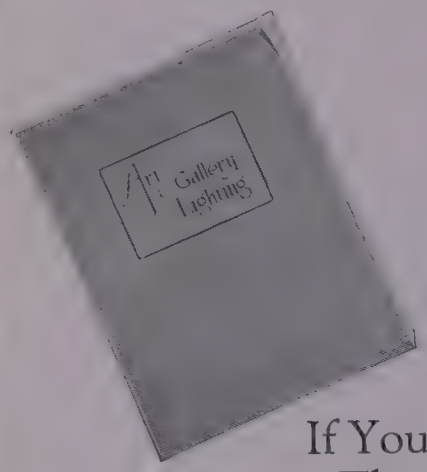
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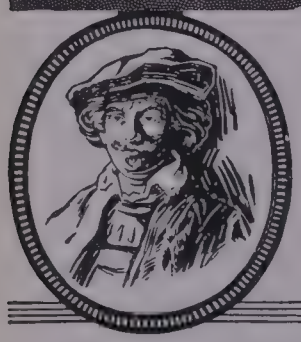


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TO CONTRIBUTORS

Articles are solicited by the editor on subjects that are interesting and significant in all branches of the fine and applied arts. No responsibility is assumed for the safe custody or return of manuscripts, but due care will be exercised

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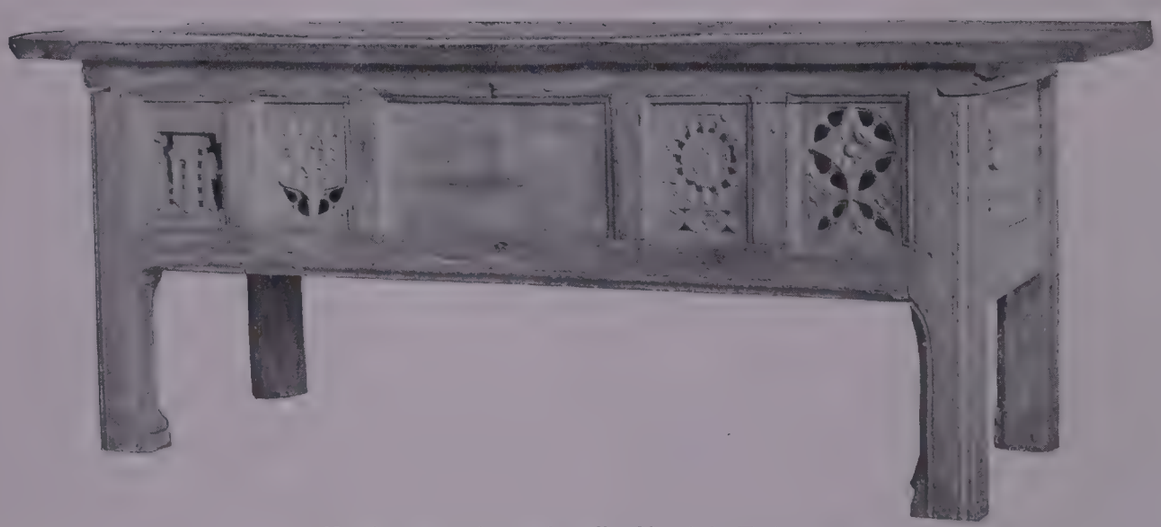
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By courtesy of Brooklyn Museum

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Volume LXXX

Number 333

February 1925

The Romance of AMIR HAMZAH

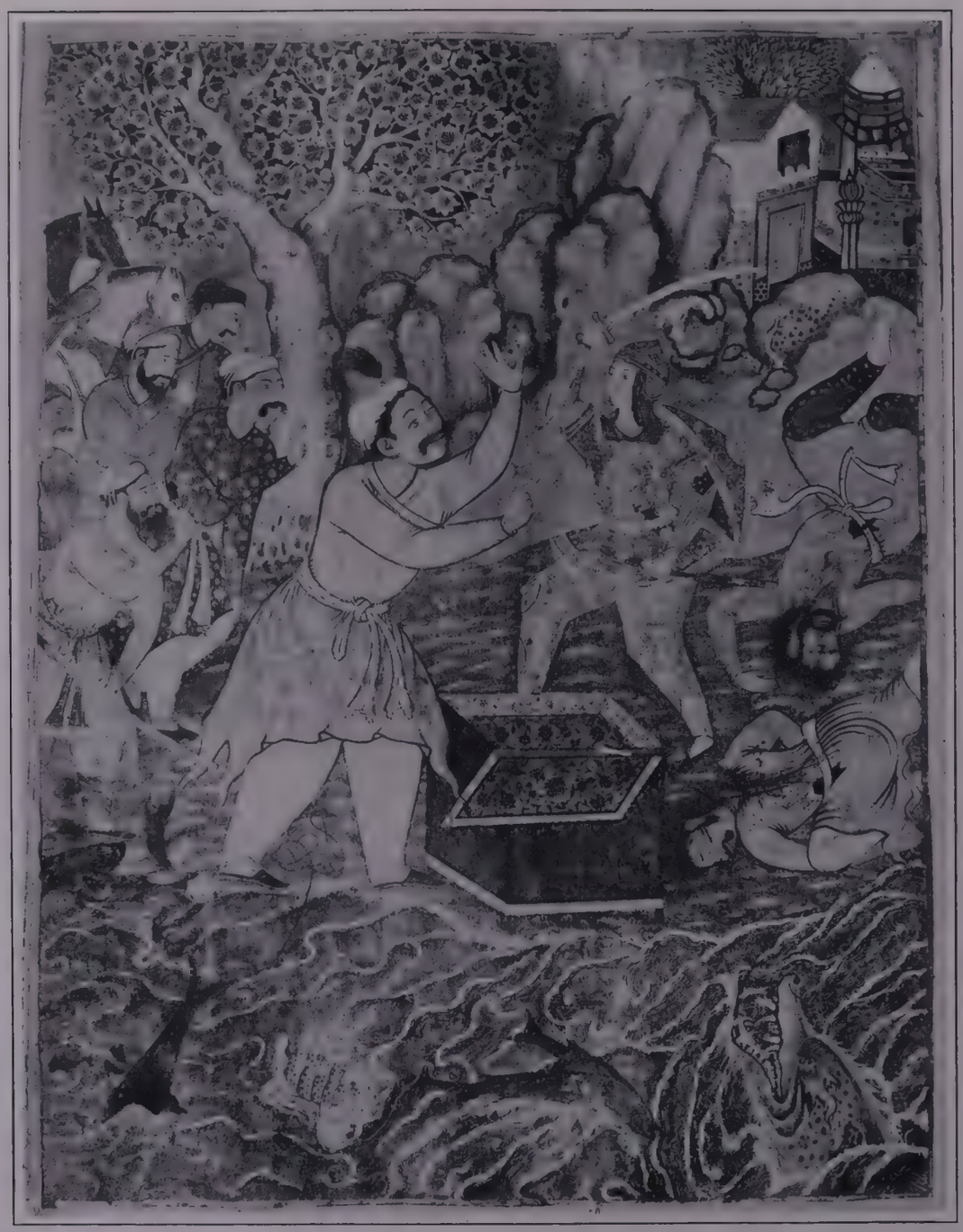
A work of small literary value, it was beautifully illustrated by a group of Mughal painters

HELEN GOMSTOCK

NO CIVILIZATION can be considered to have entered into oblivion while its art remains. The Mughal kings of India made their exit from the political stage of Asia two hundred years ago, for their real power ended with Aurangzeb in 1707, but the fragments of their art which survive in the deserted city of Fathpur Sikri whose mosques and palaces were of Akbar's building, or in the marble minarets that surround Jahangir's tomb at Shahdara, left open to the wind and rain according to his dying wish, or in the Taj Mahal, Shah Jahan's tribute to his dead queen, or, finally, in the magnificent examples of pictorial and calligraphic art executed for their imperial libraries, whose albums and book illustrations were worthy kinsmen of their Persian progenitors, the works of Bihzad and Mirak—all of these re-created the epoch for succeeding, and generally forgetful, generations.

There has never been in Western history so long a line of kingly patrons, rulers who gave themselves so tirelessly to the direction of their artists, or so energetically to the carrying out of their plans. They played upon their craftsmen as a musician upon his instrument, expressing through them their own ideas, their own taste, so that the art which came into being at the Mughal court, a beautiful fusion of Persian and Hindu, was created not only by the artist-craftsmen but by the esthete-kings.

Babur, founder of the dynasty, who entered northern India in 1526, was an artist by temperament, but his life was spent almost entirely upon the battlefield, struggling first to secure his inherited throne in Farghana, and finally, when he saw that his attempt was useless, to carve out a new empire in disorganized Hindustan. He was successful, remarkably so, for within a year after he set out he was established at Delhi, but he always felt contempt for India and his heart was ever set upon the cultured world beyond the Oxus and the fair cities of Bukkara and Samarqand, glorified by one of his own house, the terrible Amir Timur, whom we know as Tamerlane. Babur's son, Humayun, the scholar, who lost the throne his father gained and then won it back again after a dozen years, was the real founder of Mughal painting, for he brought back with him from Persia—where he spent most of his exile—two artists who were the very cornerstone of the Mughal school. But it was Akbar the Great, empire builder as well as patron of the arts, who was directly responsible for the development of a definite Mughal style founded in the main on Persian convention but absorbing much of the spirit of Indian art in the way of naturalism, bigness of design, and displaying a more profound observation of life and incident. And it was Jahangir, the magnificent, the sensitive, the most esthetic of them all, Jahangir whose mother was a Rajput princess, who gave that art its final form. Under Shah Jahan the tradition continued of its own momentum, but no new vitality was added, while Aurangzeb the Puritan frowned upon all pictorial art in accordance with the word of the Prophet which announced that on the day of the resurrection all who had portrayed any living thing should breathe life into their creations or perish in torment. This, which was designed to keep his followers from image worship, was naturally a great stumbling block to pictorial art which the former kings had had some difficulty in over-



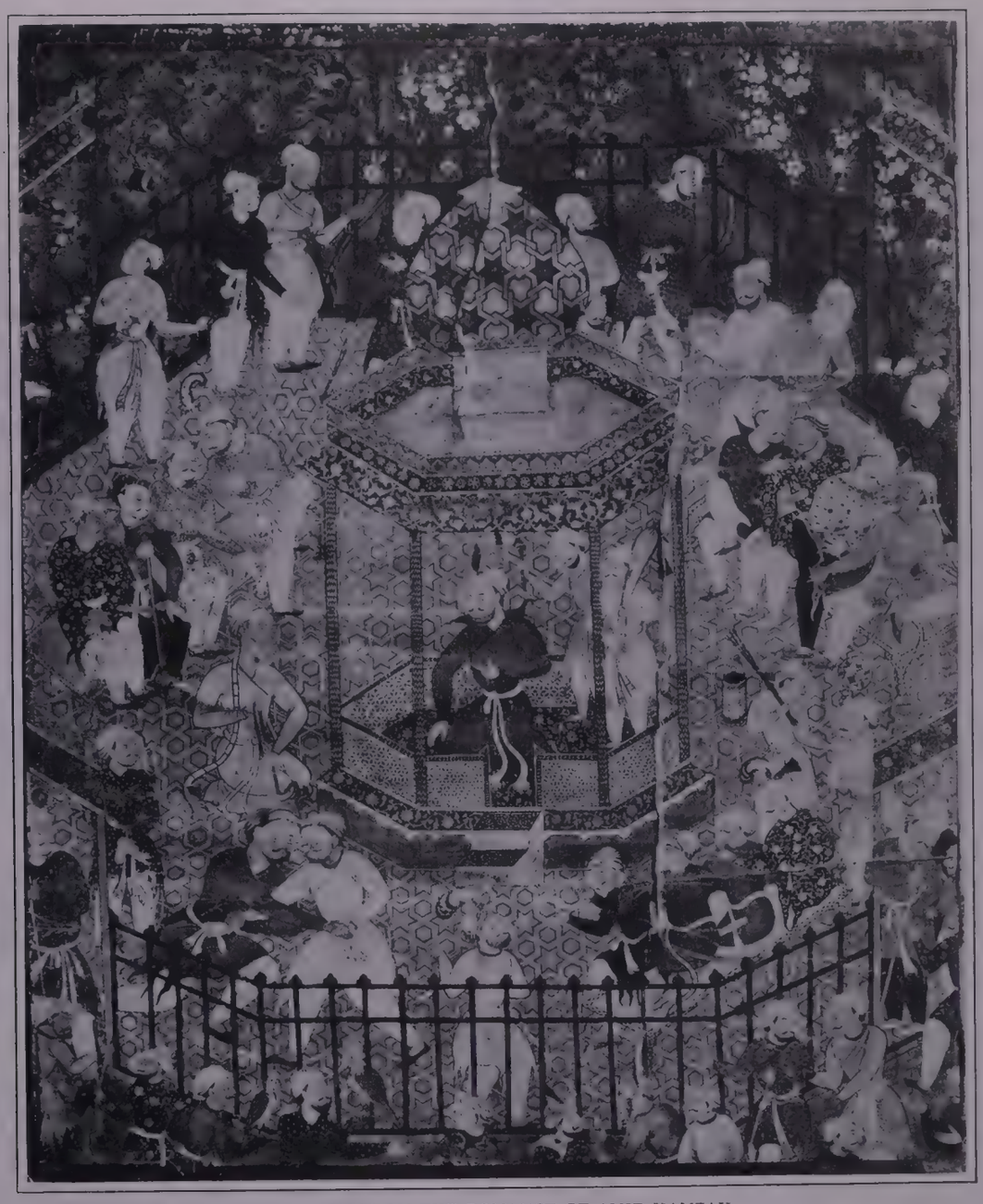
"BADI EMERGES FROM THE CHEST IN WHICH SHE HAS BEEN HIDDEN AND KILLS THE CONSPIRATORS"
ILLUSTRATION FROM THE ROMANCE OF AMIR HAMZAH

In the Brooklyn Museum

coming. But their love of art was greater than their fear of the Prophet, and Akbar worked out for himself a most elaborate, unorthodox creed, the "Divine Faith" which salved his conscience for his disobedience.

The two artists whom Humayun brought with him into India were Mir Sayyid Ali of Tabriz, a pupil of Bihzad himself, and Kwajah Abdus Samad, who excelled not only in painting but in calligraphy, which was considered superior to the art of painting. It was Humayun who gave to these artists a commission which occupied them and a number of their associates for many years, long after Humayun met his sudden death on the steps of the library at Delhi and through more than fifteen years of Akbar's lengthy reign. It was this commission which resulted in the pictures reproduced in this article, book illustrations for the *Romance of Amir Hamzah*, the work of many artists, although the illumination is generally considered to have been done by Mir Sayyid Ali while the beautiful nastaliq in which the story is written on the back of each illustration is attributed by Mr. Shirani, to whom the Indian section of the Victoria and Albert Museum submitted its particular group of Hamzah miniatures for inspection, to be the work of Kwajah Abdus Samad.

The illustrations for the *Romance of Amir*



AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE ROMANCE OF AMIR HAMZAH
In the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin

Hamzah were done in the early part of the period of Akbar, the transition period in Mughal painting, representing the grafting of Persian form on Hindu spirit and while in the main these miniatures bear a more obvious relation to the former than to the latter, there is now and again a flash of the bigness of spirit, a touch of the interested observation of life which is a purely Indian inheritance from the wall painters of Ajanta. And while we are on the subject of this union of Hindu and Persian art it may be helpful to differentiate between the two forms which it took—Mughal and Rajput. The Mughal painters were court painters, directly in the employ of the king, executing his commands, making portraits of himself and the officers of his court, portraying courtly ceremonies, hunts and battles. The Rajput school, quite similar in outward form, was developed under the Rajputs of Rajputani and was devoted to Hindu subjects, to Hindu folklore and legend and domestic scenes. But so closely did the Hindus working for their own people follow the methods of the Hindus who were working under Persian masters that the resemblance of a Rajput painting to a Mughal is often that of one twin to another. The illustrations for the *Romance of Amir Hamzah*, a Persian novel, the work being done directly under Akbar's supervision, are classed as Mughal. There were fourteen hundred illustrations made for the *Romance*. Abu'l Fazl, who was Akbar's historian, records in the *A'in-i-Akbari* that "The story of Hamzah was represented in twelve volumes and clever painters made the most astonishing illustrations for no



ILLUSTRATION FROM THE ROMANCE OF AMIR HAMZAH
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

less than one thousand four hundred passages." Sixty-one of these are now in Vienna in the Museum for Art and Industry and are to be published soon in an illustrated catalogue, which may have already appeared in Vienna, with text by Heinrich Gluck and Josef Strzygowski. There is another of these pages from the *Romance* in Berlin and one in Leipzig. Twenty-seven are in the Indian section of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington. A catalogue of these with collotype reproductions of a number of them was published by the Museum in 1921 with an admirable introduction by C. Stanley Clarke, son of Sir C. Purdon Clarke who had brought back from Srinigar in 1881 twenty-four miniatures of the series which he found in a wooden hut on the Hawa Kadal Bridge that spans the River Jhelum. Some of them were covering the latticed windows to keep out the cold in the frosty season and all of them had the faces smudged out by Moslem fanatics who took the Prophet's word in its literal sense. The Metropolitan Museum in New York has three which Mr. Lockwood de Forrest brought back from Kashmir. Twenty-two more illustrations came to this country in the collection of the late Reiza Khan Monif, and from these, catalogued as a *History of Timur* in a New York auction, Mr. John Frederick Lewis, Presi-

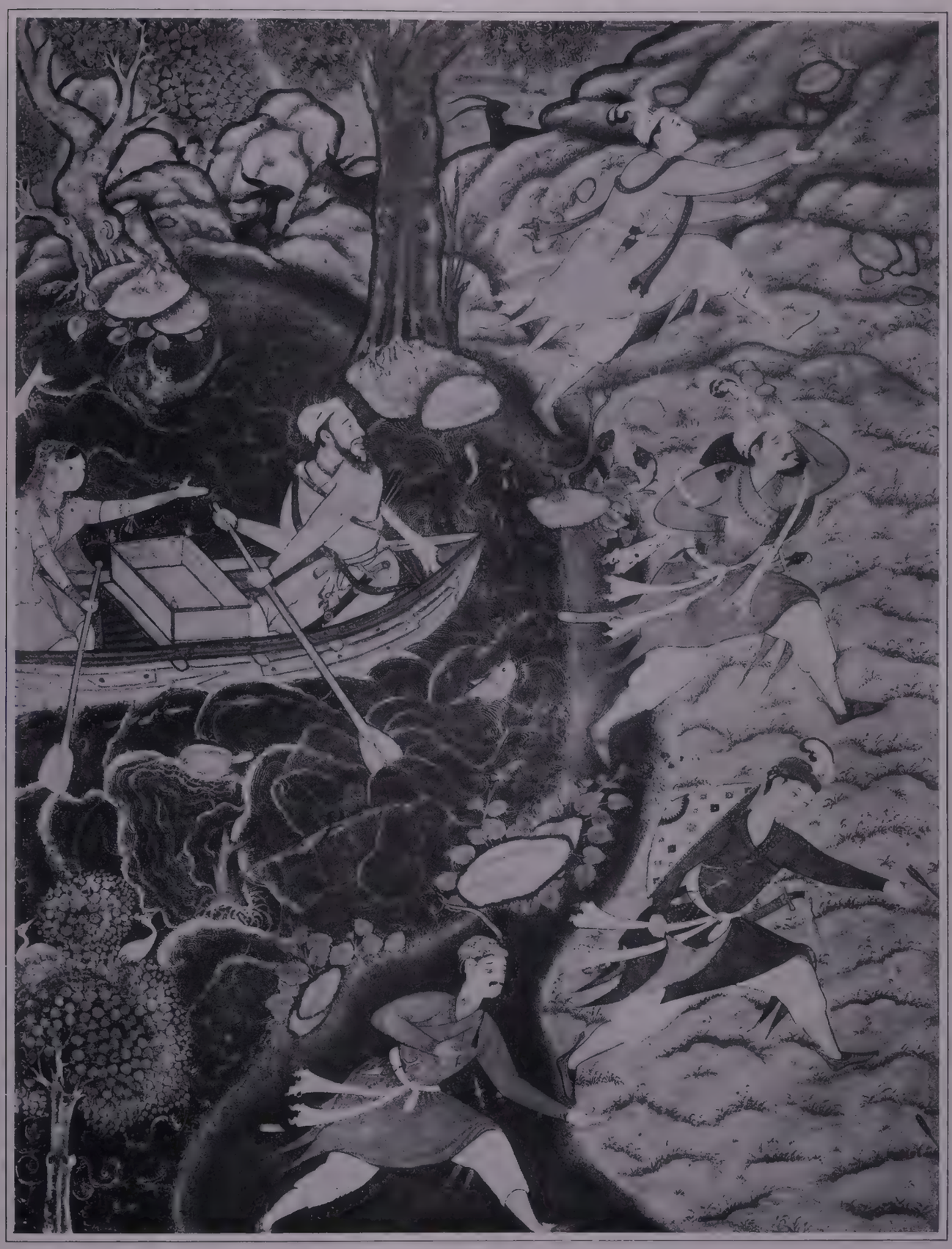


ILLUSTRATION FROM THE ROMANCE OF AMIR HAMZANH
In the Museum of Art and Industry, Vienna

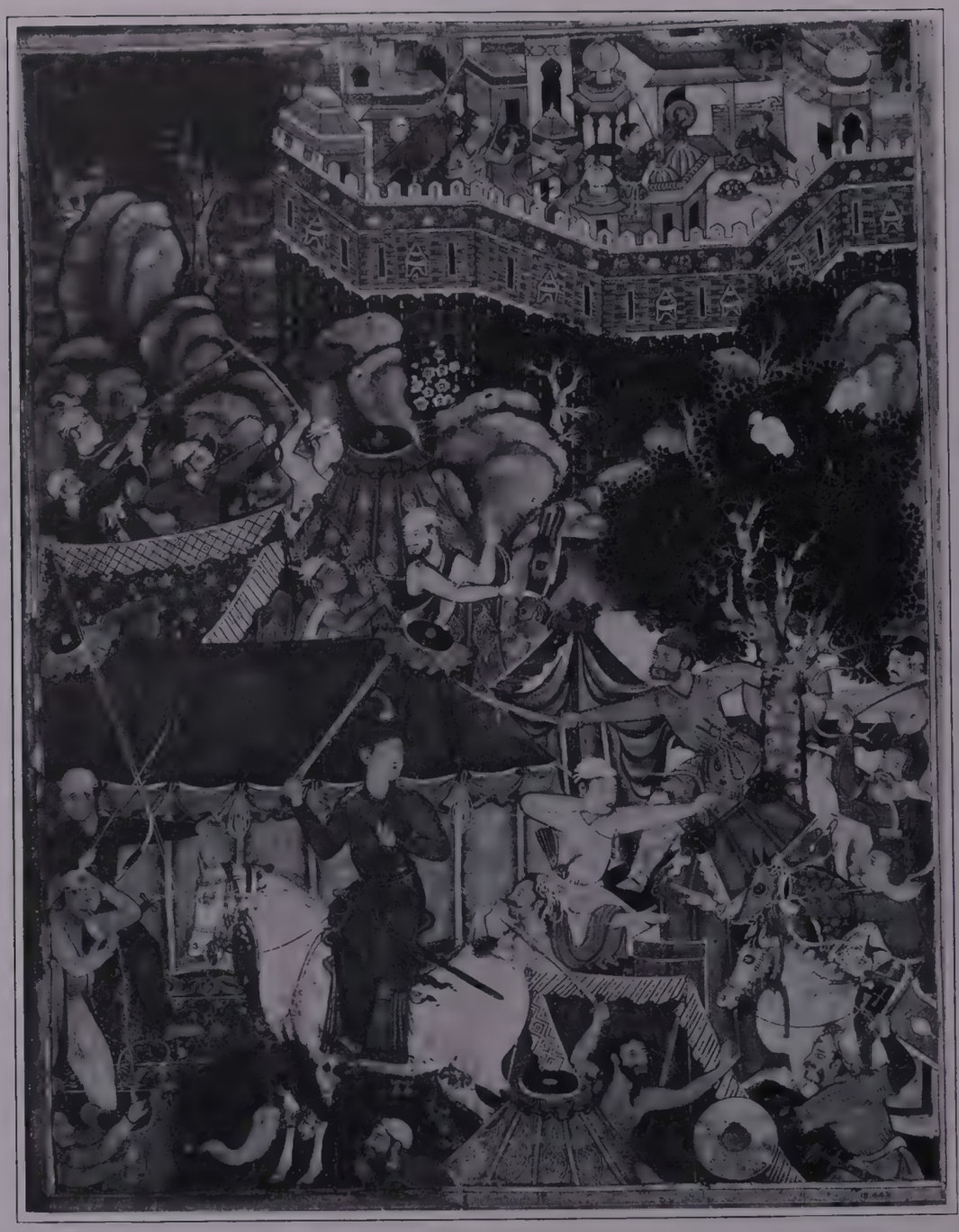
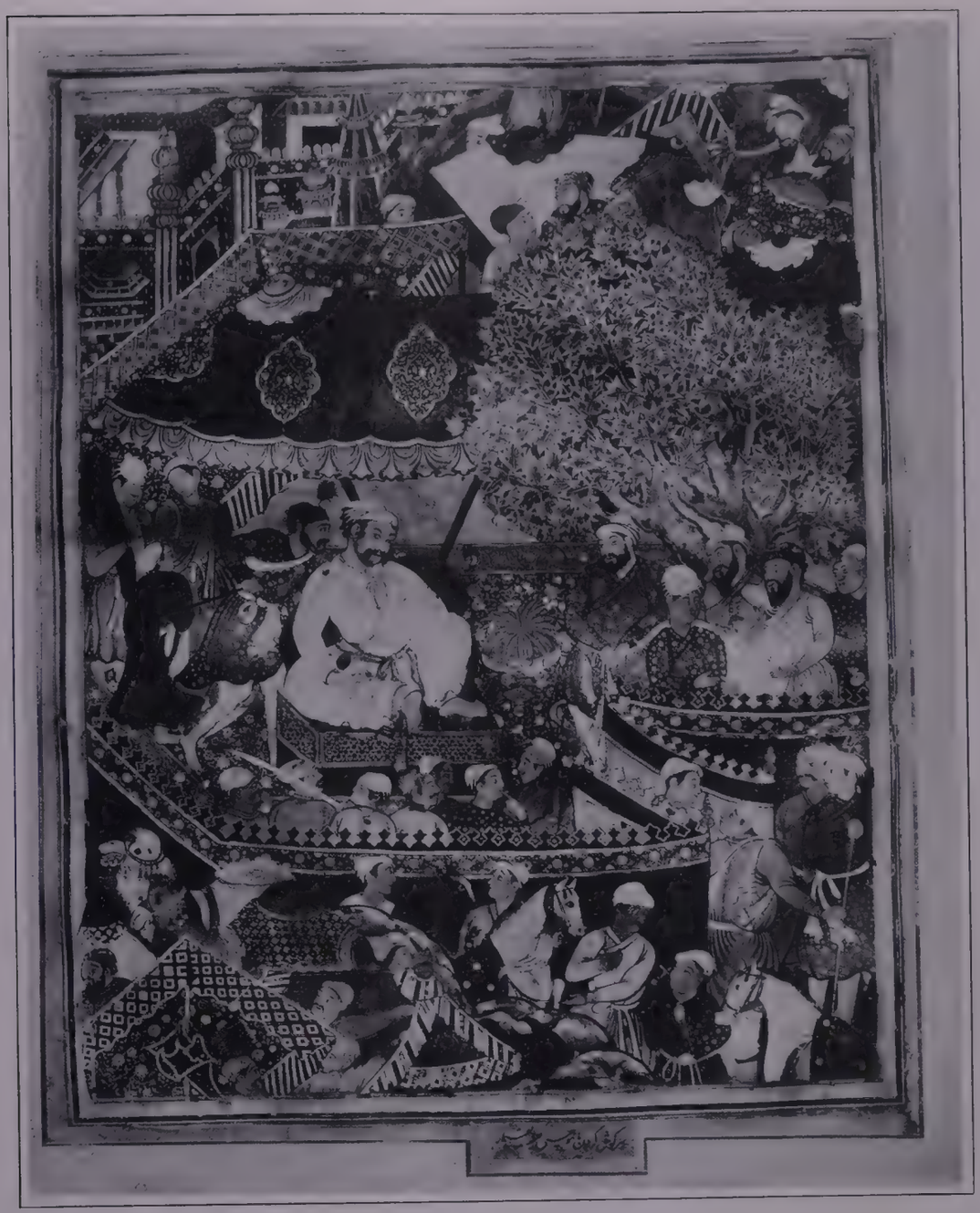


ILLUSTRATION FROM THE ROMANCE OF AMIR HAMZAH
In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

dent of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, chose three for his private collection, for he recognized them for what they were, being familiar with those in the India Museum. The Museum of Fine Arts in Boston bought one and very recently the Brooklyn Museum has acquired nine very fine examples, perfectly preserved, from the same source. Stewart Culin, writing of these in the *Brooklyn Museum Quarterly* for October, 1924, sums up their power briefly and adequately in this sentence: "Unlike most of the Persian miniatures, which are colored drawings, these pictures may be regarded as basic designs in pure color depending for their rhythm upon the juxtaposition of their masses." They are conceived in color, and this is the real mark of the Hindu, who loved color because his country lacked it. In his dress, in his architecture, in his pictorial art he proves that he is a great colorist, for he works with it basically, he thinks in terms of color. He does not draw and then tint; with him the two processes, mentally at least, are one.

Regarding the *Romance* as literature, C. Stanley Clarke writes in the introduction to the catalogue published by the India Museum referred to before: "The *Dastan-i-Amir Hamzah* (*Romance of Amir Hamzah*)—sometimes incorrectly called the *Hamzahnamah* (*History of Hamzah*)—is neither



"THE CONQUEROR SEATED ON HIS THRONE" ILLUSTRATION FROM THE ROMANCE OF AMIR HAMZAH
In the collection of John Frederick Lewis, Philadelphia

allegory nor fable, but partly a wild panegyric and partly a childish series of fairy tales. As a literary effort the record, devoid of genius, compares unfavorably with other surviving specimens of Arabian and Persian literature. As fairy tales, its stories, contrasted with works such as the brilliantly imaginative *Arabian Nights* (the *Thousand and One Nights*, the original compilation of which dates from the eighth to ninth century), are found sadly lacking in essentials, especially in 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn.' Present day Moslems for the most part hold the *Romance* in contempt, preferring to regard it rather as an inelegant and feeble absurdity than as a libelous or profane work. Still further proof of its failure is afforded in the fact that no truly serious attempt has been made to translate it into a Western tongue."

Of the life of the hero Mr. Clarke says: "Hamzah, the son of 'Abd al-Muttalib, was born at Mecca about A. D. 569. He was the uncle of the Prophet Muhammad (b. about 570). Tradition also makes them foster-brothers, asserting that both were suckled by Thueiba, slave of Abu Lahab. Up to 594, excepting references to his abnormal physical strength, prowess and proficiency with the bow in hunting, the records are wanting of his early life. In 595, at the age of



"THE CONQUEROR AT THE GATE OF A CITY" ILLUSTRATION FROM THE ROMANCE OF AMIR HAMZAH
In the collection of John Frederick Lewis, Philadelphia

twenty-six, he witnessed Muhammad's marriage with the widow Khadija, at Mecca. From about 610 to 614 he consistently opposed Muhammad's religious notions and doctrines, but in 615, in his forty-sixth year, he was definitely converted to the Faith. The years 616 to 621 were devoted to Moslem propaganda, and consequently brought vicissitude and persecution. In 622 Hamzah accompanied the Prophet in the eventful flight (Hijra) from Mecca to Medina (Yathreb).

"During 622 and 623 he both commanded and assisted in various expeditions against the idolatrous Kuraish tribe at Mecca; battles in which he was the first leader to carry the sacred white ensign called Raet-ul-Islam (Standard of the Faith), and in which his indomitable courage and heroism in action gained for him the title of Asad-ullah (Lion of God). . . . Finally, in 625, Hamzah met his fate at the disastrous battle of Uhad, where, outnumbered and outflanked, the Moslems suffered a signal defeat. In it, after killing the Kuraish leader Uthman in single combat and performing other prodigies of valor, Hamzah, whilst closely engaged with another foe, was sought out and slain by Wahshi, an Ethiopian slave and warrior, who through this act obtained the freedom promised by Hind. The Meccans for some reason or other failed to follow up their advantage, and thus afforded Muhammad an opportunity for burying the mutilated remains of

the fallen hero before retreating to Medina."

Hamzah himself does not seem to figure in any of the illustrations which are reproduced here. In a number of instances the illustration has simply been catalogued as a Mughal, Mogul or Indo-Persian miniature of about 1556, but in certain instances a title is given to the picture, as in the reproduction in color of "Dr. Mozmahil Curing the Gypsies," which belongs to the Brooklyn Museum. Another of this Museum's miniatures is "Badi Emerging from the Chest." Badi seems to be the Joan of Arc of the time, for it is recounted that she had overheard a conspiracy of some sort while hidden in a chest and that she emerged suddenly, fully armed, and killed the conspirators. Mr. Lewis' miniatures show "A Conqueror Invading a Harem," "The Conqueror on the Throne Surrounded by His Retainers" and "The Conqueror at the Gate of a City." There is so much besides the actual story of Hamzah in the *Romance* that these few illustrations do not pretend to present an account of the narrative highlights in the story. For the technically minded, here is the description which the museums and collectors referred to attach to these paintings: "The Hamzah illustrations were the work of a small coterie of artists, Persians and Kalmucks, trained in the style of the late Timurid school, who accompanied Humayun on his return from Persia to India in 1556 and subsequently as court painters to Akbar the Great received unusual consideration and treatment. Each painting is executed in tempera colors and gold on a page of cotton fabric 28 3-4 inches long by 22 inches wide. the surface of which has been treated with a slip, or plaster, of lime and gum arabic and when dry polished with a smooth agate. The manuscript which appears on the reverse side of the page is written in gold in Persian nastaliq, a round Persian character composed of curved lines, on coarse, thin paper of poor quality, previously pasted on the fabric."



AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE ROMANCE OF AMIR HAMZAH
In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

It is interesting to find that appreciation of Indian miniatures has not been lacking in the occident from very early days, although it has never been so widespread as it seems now on the point of becoming. The *Literary Remains of Albrecht Dürer*, by W. M. Conway, mentions that Dürer made an entry in his diary that some Portuguese East Indian traders had presented him with "a child's head painted on linen, and a wooden weapon from Calicut." Rembrandt acquired some Indian miniatures of the early seventeenth century and his copies of them in sepia line and wash on Japanese paper, a portrait of Jahangir is among them, made about 1656, are now in the British Museum. Sir Joshua Reynolds admired some of the Indian miniatures shown at the British Museum in July, 1777, while a more recent appreciation comes from William Morris whose delight in them found tangible expression in some of his designs for tapestry. They have also served as inspiration for the design of many contemporary textiles.

COSTUMES OF ISPAHAN

In sixteenth-century Persia the costume which man wore was indicative of his station and popularity at court

EDNA B. DONNELL

IN THE FIRST decade of the sixteenth century, Ismail, a ruler of a district in northwestern Persia, conquered all the domains of the Turcoman rulers and by a clever policy and successful campaign transferred his capitol to Ispahan. By 1510 he had united Persia under a native ruler for the first time since the sixth century. Coincident with this period of political unity and consequent economic prosperity is one of the finest periods in Persian Art. The Persians had been, for eight centuries, overrun and attacked by the surrounding Turks. Most of their energy had been spent in vain attempts to fight off the intruders. The Persian nation, through all this period of strife and struggle, had clung to its love of beauty and its love of nature; and as the virility of the seventh century had disappeared, we get in the sixteenth century a sophisticated and delicate art. This art became one of surface decoration. It ran riot in the colored mosaics of the walls and in the designs of the rugs for the floors. In this period, there was the same elemental make-up that in eighteenth-century France expressed itself in the furniture and in the interiors. Persian art found one outlet of expression in the rugs and mosaics. But the most interesting contribution was that which it made to the art of dress.



SKETCH FROM A MINIATURE BY SULTAN MUHAMMD SHOWING A PRINCE WEARING THE TURBAN NAMED FOR THAT ARTIST

Dress, to the sixteenth-century Persian, was a very important matter. While in the western world, rank is denoted by a coat of arms, rank in sixteenth-century Persia was denoted by the aigrette fastened to a turban or the feather in a hat. And whether or not a grandee was in favor at court was determined by the costume which the new ruler sent him. Chardin in 1686 writes of the coronation of Solyman, King of Persia: "As every grandee paid his submission, his majesty honored him with a *calate* or royal vest, an invaluable mark of esteem which the sovereign has for the person to whom he sends it, and showed that he was free to approach his person. For, when a kingdom has changed its ruler, a grandee who has not received this vest dares not presume to appear before the king." And it was an unfortunate moment in a man's life if he received a *caftan* of black wool, which was the sign of approaching death. When life, death and banishment are all in the color of a caftan, clothes acquire a deep and terrible significance. And when a court painter does not scorn to design a rug or give his name to a turban, it is not surprising that the nation attains a *chic* in personal appearance which has never been surpassed, not even by the French of the eighteenth century.

Persian costume changed very little from the sixteenth through the eighteenth centuries. The caftan became shorter and the turban smaller. The women's costume did not change until about 1890 when it is said the Shah of Persia made a trip to Paris. He became enamored of the ballet at the *Folies* and tried to purchase it for his harem. When he was unable to buy the ballet he bought the costumes,



SIXTEENTH CENTURY. PRINCE WEARING SAFAVID TURBAN AND JEWELED BELT

brought them back to Persia, and dressed his harem in them!

In the Sultan Muhammd miniature, in the Metropolitan Museum, the prince has achieved a smartness in dress which modern women might do well to study. His gold brocaded caftan is of the most intense vermillion. lined with white, and held in at the waist by a blue leather belt boasting no less than five jeweled buckles, very like the one in the Moscow Museum, dated 1511. Under this caftan is a shirt, a chemise-like garment also made of brocade, in a dull blue.

The shirts might or might not have long sleeves like the caftan and were often lined. Through the belt was knotted a blue and gold handkerchief, anywhere from one to three yards square. One ruler, in fact, carried his entire jewel collection around in a handkerchief which when spread out was the size of a rug.

The hair was shaved off except for two locks just in front of the ears. These and the eyebrows were dyed black. These locks were called "love locks" and worn, wound around the ears, as a mark of distinction, by the "beauty men," or dandies. The head was always covered and the most ignominious thing that could befall a Persian was to lose his turban.

Where turbans came from, no one really knows. Maybe from Assyria, or perhaps from India. But in Persia, whether or not you were in style depended upon the way you wound your turban. To this day that is the determining factor in dating Persian miniature paintings. In the first picture the prince wears a "Sultan Muhammd" turban which is characterized by the long flowing ends. Any turban consists of between ten and twenty yards of cloth wound over a cap, like the Turkish fez. The aigrette or heron tuft was the badge of royalty. One Persian king kept a notorious pickpocket at his court, for the special purpose of insulting his guests by stealing their aigrettes



DETAIL OF MINIATURE SHOWING THE WAY THE CLOTH STOCKINGS WERE HELD UP



SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PERSIAN DANCING GIRL

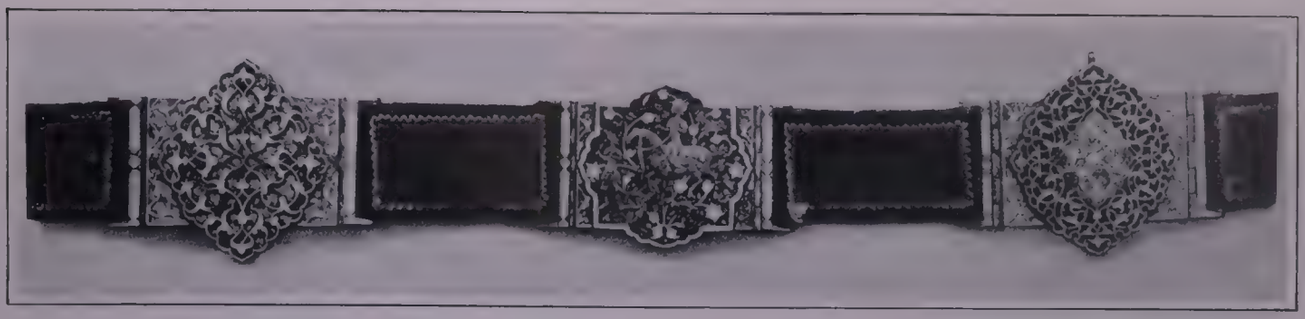
PERSIAN PRINCESS WEARING A DRESS IN A FIGURED TEXTILE. FROM "MARTIN: PERSIAN MINIATURES"



from their turbans and handing them to his royal master who would produce them at embarrassing moments. In the miniature from the Goloubew collection, in the Boston Museum, the prince is wearing a Safavid turban which was worn quite continuously during the reign of that dynasty. This turban was wound over a pointed cap and had projecting ends. Shah Abbas is described as wearing on his head, "a cappe with a sharpe end of half a yard long, standing upright of rich cloth of gold wrapped about with a piece of Indian silk of twentie yards long."

The men's costume was completed by slippers and cloth stockings to the knee, or soft leather boots with pointed toes and heels like our modern French heels.

Trousers were worn by both men and women. In fact, they were more a feature of the women's dress than of the men's. The beautiful diagonally striped pieces of brocade, called *Gilets Persanes*, are nothing more than sixteenth-century pantalets, from which our grandmothers got their inspi-



BELT WITH BUCKLE SHOWING PRINCE WEARING SAVAFID TURBAN. DATED 1511 IN INTARSIA



UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY PERSIAN BROCADE. THE WEAVER'S SIGNATURE IS IN THE CARTOUCHE JUST UNDER THE LADY'S SLEEVE

In Cooper Union



PERSIAN LADY OF MID-SIXTEENTH CENTURY IN HER SO-CALLED GILET-PERSANE

Boston Museum of Fine Arts



ONLY KNOWN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY COAT DEPICTING THE LEGEND OF ISKENDER AND THE DRAGON

Moscow Museum

ration. The seclusion of the harem no doubt has its influence on costume. When modesty is not a consideration, we can't help but wonder whether comfort or the opportunity for display-one's charms dictated trousers as an article of feminine apparel. Over the trousers, women wore a straight, unbelted garment with sleeves several inches longer than the arm. As the garment went on over the head, it was slit down the center of the front almost to the waist, and was fastened by loops and buttons. With this was worn a short-sleeved mantle identical with that worn by the men. After the middle of the sixteenth century, if it were not for the head-dress, it would be practically impossible to distinguish between the men and women in the miniature paintings. For about this time the women adopted the men's caftan and with it the striped sash elaborately knotted in front. At first a simple white kerchief was worn on the head and reached to the shoulders. Then two kerchiefs of brocaded silk were worn folded diagonally with the pointed ends over the ears. In the seventeenth century came the spire-like diadem with the long veil down the back. From this diadem a gold plate hung on which an Arabic prayer was engraved.

DETAIL SHOWING SAFAVID TURBAN WITH THE POINTED END OF CAP PROJECTING



The brocades out of which these clothes were fashioned have probably never been equalled either in color or design. These materials were highly prized in their day and were sent as presents to foreign monarchs and signed by the maker. In the inventory of the goods of Akbar, the Mogul Emperor of India, appears this item, "a brocaded velvet from Yezd, a piece woven by the famous Gheva i Naqshband." In Cooper Union there is a piece of brocade, illustrated here, with this same maker's signature, woven in the cartouche of the palanquin.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

JOHN N. WILLYS COLLECTION

A small but representative group of old masters used intimately and effectively as decoration

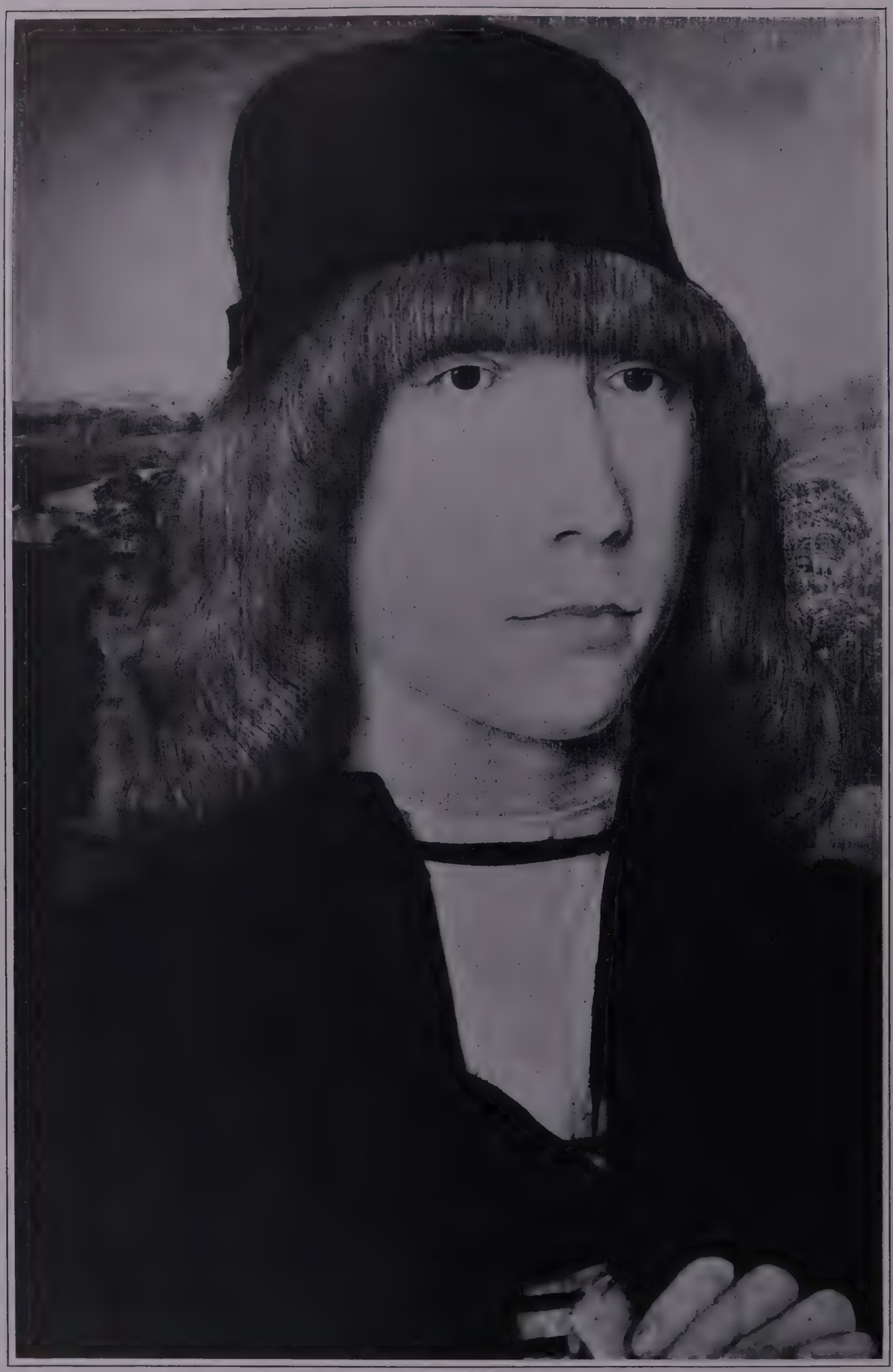
RALPH FLINT

THE COLLECTION of paintings which adorns the New York residence of John N. Willys is an effective challenge to the old order of amassing art when walls were hung in serried rows of gilt-edged canvases for all the world like any public picture show, and pride of possession rather than appreciative understanding was the main motivation in collecting.

While the Willys collection is relatively small in numbers—some thirty paintings all told—it is a remarkably well balanced group. Italian art of the fifteenth and eighteenth centuries; Dutch, Flemish and Spanish painting of the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries; English portraits of the eighteenth century; and French art of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are assembled here harmoniously and without too great emphasis on any particular painter or epoch. Perhaps the *meubles* and *boiseries* of the various rooms are responsible for keeping the paintings within the proper decorative envelope. Although no attempt has been made to adhere strictly to period and place in the disposition of the collection, yet the French group fits most pleasingly into the gay little Louix XVI morning room, as do the primitive into the Italianate entrance hall and dining room. The remainder are distributed through the sumptuously appointed drawing room and library, English, Spanish, Dutch and Flemish paintings ranged alongside each other in perfect decorative amity.

As to the matter of authenticity, this collection, like every other important gathering of ancient art today, is plentifully supplied with pedigrees and distinguished authorizations, so that any discussion along this line would be rather futile. A group of old masters in any sense worthy of the name means such a large monetary investment at this period when practically every canvas of consequence has been docketed and verified this long while by experts on both sides of the Atlantic that very few dealers would care or dare to stake their reputation on dubious "masterpieces" or try to inveigle unsuspecting clients into making uncertain investments. There are no examples of doubtful nomenclature which can be cited in so short a consideration as this. All have been authenticated, even the Velasquez "Portrait of a Young Girl" which Dr. August L. Mayer attributes to the Spanish master as an example of his work done toward the close of his career. And this in spite of the almost unique nature of the artist's known technique and pigmentation and of the thorough listings which have been made by many other authorities of the canvases which may properly be given to him. And this may be taken as a feather in the cap of Mr. Willy's picture, for it can be said that for a canvas to be taken into the exclusive fold of productions which are unquestionably by Velasquez is today more difficult of accomplishment than for the proverbial passage of the camel through the needle's eye.

Most logically the tour of the Willys collection begins with the fifteenth-century paintings which are installed among the richly carved furniture and colorful accessories of the entrance hall. While the small head by Memling is the more splendid of the two, the "Madonna and Child" by Giovanni Bellini is the first to catch the eye by virtue of its brilliant and luminous coloration. In tone and quality this panel is most certainly of this Venetian painter's rich middle period, when his reds, blues and greens had reached a point of dazzling saturation. Bellini has once more placed the Virgin before a greenish curtain which partially hides the soft blue of the Italian sky and distant hills and behind a convenient parapet upon which the Infant Jesus stands. The Virgin's mantle of deep blue falls from her head about her arms, letting a glimpse of red bodice show here and there. Against these glowing colors the flesh tones of the two figures stand out in striking contrast, being set down with that firm yet supple impasto which made the art of flesh painting a matter of meditative and sequential labor in those far-off days, when the great Venetian masters were in the habit of building up their flesh tones with repeated layers of thin pigment—a dozen or fifteen applications to a painting—which method explains Titian's famous saying that "Those who improvise cannot hope to make metrical verse." The Child embraces His Mother who, while she supports Him with firm and loving hands, yet turns slightly away in contemplative abstraction. Despite Bernard Berenson's ardent allegations of personal espousal of the panel—he wrote from Florence in 1913 that "The last twenty years have brought to light many pictures by that master which hitherto have been utterly



"PORTRAIT OF A MAN" BY HANS MEMLING



"MADONNA AND CHILD" BY GIOVANNI BELLINI



"PILGRIM AT PRAYER" BY REMBRANDT

unknown or which have passed under other names. I venture to tell you that none of them surpass yours (the Willys Bellini) for largeness of design, simplicity of coloring and soundness of condition. On the side of feeling, I find it tender, yet grave, very human and healthy."*—this "Madonna and Child" remains a baffling Bellini, one which has imbedded within its loveliness an almost alien something that is truly difficult of analysis. This painting comes from the Sir George Campbell Collection, and was publicly shown in America at the time of the Fiftieth Anniversary Loan Exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Modestly fronting the Bellini "Madonna" at the other end of the hallway hangs the lovely little Memling "Portrait of a Young Gentleman,"

*Catalogue Raisonné of the collection of pictures formed by John N. Willys, Esq. by W. Roberts, New York. Privately printed 1917.



"MADONNA AND CHILD WITH ST. JOHN" BY LORENZO DI CREDI

painted about the same time as its Venetian neighbor but in a cooler, more secular manner. The same placidity of mind and thoroughness of technical procedure informs this little Flemish masterpiece, and it is one more of the almost incredibly fine works that this "little master" has left to his everlasting credit and renown. The young Hollander is limned with the traditional landscape background and with his fingers just showing at the lower edge of the panel in the manner so dear to this painter. He wears a black outer garment which shows a white linen shirt at the opening, and on his somewhat bushy hair a circular black cap with narrow brim. His deep blue eyes gaze into space with a look of introspection almost beyond his years. As in the case with all fine heads by this Flemish painter, the modeling of the flesh is exquisite to a degree, the various planes merging almost by themselves, so subtly is the brushmanship achieved. Delicacy and richness, restraint and vigor are wonderfully mated here in a characterization that has that intimacy of interpretation which Memling was always able to add to his portraits. Two other fifteenth-century panels complete this phase of the Willys collection, a "Madonna and Child with Saints" by Pier Francesco Fiorentino and a "Madonna and Child with St. John" by Lorenzo di Credi, both circular in shape and nearly equal in size. In each case the same serenity of exalted sentiment is felt, the early Fiorentino version having gold applied and tooled and a thicker pigmentation, while the di Credi enjoys that engaging suavity of style which he developed in company with

those two illustrious fellow students of his, Perugino and da Vinci. This pair of fifteenth-century panels is in the full Florentine tradition as regards sentiment, style and color. They are lovely inheritances from a golden age of painting. A jump of some three hundred years, but still within the limits of the Italian school, brings the sparkling little Guardi "View of the Grand Canal" into view, a breezy, compelling piece of architectural and atmospheric *bravura* by this delightful eighteenth-century Venetian pictorialist.

Next in order may be considered the later Dutch, Flemish and Spanish canvases, all belonging to the seventeenth century. The finest picture in the Willys Collection is found in this group—Rembrandt's "Pilgrim at Prayer." This notable example of the great Dutch master has figured prominently in many famous collections, coming to Mr. Willys' from the Maurice Kann Collection in Paris, but no documents are needed here to tell of its authenticity. The presentment of this pious pilgrim, seen half length while kneeling in prayer with hands joined in supplication, is deeply powerful and moving in sentiment, expressing that poignant and communicating sympathy with things of the heart which gave this great Dutch humanitarian the power to evolve his glowing passages of dazzling light and luminous shade. It stands among the splendid *objets d'art* of the drawing room a point of richest tone, the softly modulated browns blending harmoniously with the old nut-colored velvet wall hangings. The face and hands are painted with such knowledge and feeling, not alone for matters relating purely to his craft but also for the metaphysical aspect of his subject, that "The Pilgrim" has become almost a prayer itself—a painted prayer grown potent with the passage of the years. Dr. Bode, in his great monograph on this master, writes of the Willys Rembrandt as "a magnificent study of character, rich in graduation in spite of the absence of local tints, luminous in coloring, broadly treated, and in its way perfectly elaborated;" and he further states that "it was the pilgrim's personality, his esthetic features and fervid devotion that fascinated the master." The picture is signed and dated at the lower right: Rembrandt F. 1661.

The Rubens canvas is a portrait of Susanna Fourment, sister of the artist's second wife, Helene, who sat to her famous brother-in-law a number of times, the most notable outcome being the dazzlingly blonde and luminous "Chapeau de Paille" in the National Gallery, London. This is one of a number of Peter Paul's canvases which has come to light within recent years, and while it is not in his most unctuous style, it has unmistakably all the hallmarks of this Flemish master. The lovely sitter wears a low-cut, brown satin dress fashioned with the large outstanding white lace ruff of that period, and is adorned with a necklace of large pearls, elaborate earrings, and other ropes of beads on corsage and waist. The flesh tones are solidly painted but the rest of the portrait is still in a sketchy stage, very possibly left by the artist for his students to finish. Nearby are the Hals and Van Dyck canvases. The subject of Sir Anthony's large portrait is Herzog Wolfgang Wilhelm von Pfalz-Neuberg, founder of the Düsseldorf Gallery, which contained many of the pictures now in the Alte Pinakothek at Munich, certain of which he bought direct from the artist's private collection. He is shown standing, three-quarter length, clad in a grayish-black costume with richly embroidered sleeves and with a cloak falling loosely from his shoulders. His face and hands are well characterized and the whole composition is of the highest dignity and simplicity. Dr. Bode thinks that pupils may have aided the master in certain of the accessories but places the canvas among Van Dyck's so-called "Antwerp" works. The Hals portrait is of Joseph Coymans (or Koeijmans), of an old Dutch family that used the "Three oxen heads sable" on its coat of arms just as shown in this painting. He is a stout, middle aged man with bushy hair, moustache and chin-tuft, and wears the regulation black costume and wide white collar of his day. The broad-brimmed black felt hat, so helpful a property to the seventeenth-century portraitist, is also introduced. This picture is very typical of the dashing Dutch master, although it is far from being one of his ranking productions. It comes from the Southesk and Maurice Kann Collections, and was shown at the National Loan Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries in London, 1909.

An interior by Pieter de Hooch, a Hobbema landscape, and a Wouverman panel complete the Dutch and Flemish group. De Hooch's "Music Party" is a jolly affair, gay in color and sentiment. A group of figures elegantly attired are disposed about a very sumptuous interior with large windows and open doorway admitting upon a garden. A lady dressed in cloth of gold and scarlet is seated in the foregound of the apartment beside a table spread with a highly patterned cloth. She is engaged in song with two men nearby, and further to the rear are two other figures in conversation and a serving man. The walls are hung with a striped red material, which color is echoed throughout the picture in the various carefully painted details. This panel



"SUSANNA FOURMENT" BY PIETER PAUL RUBENS



"A MUSIC PARTY" BY PIETER DE HOOCH

comes from the Saltmarshe, Morland and Levy Collections, and is one of the most colorful notes in the Willys group of old masters. "The View of a Water-Mill" by Meindert Hobbema hangs in the Willys dining room, a very inviting prospect of cool countryside and cloudy sky amid the dark and heavy splendors of this Italian interior. It is one of those extensive views so popular with the Dutch landscapists, filled with carefully developed vegetation and with incidental touches of cottage life. The foreground figures of shepherds and their charges are by Adrian Van de Velde. Philips Wouverman's "Halt at the Inn" is another of the genre-landscapes so often favored by the Dutch painters, and is one of the many versions of this scene which Wouverman painted. A gray horse is the focal point of the composition which includes a number of figures grouped about the entrance to a dilapidated and picturesque old inn. It is from the Nieuwenhuys Collection and is fully authenticated by Dr. Hofstede de Groot, an authority on this master.

Before the English and French paintings are introduced, the Velasquez canvas calls for a more extended appreciation, because like all the canvases from the hand of that prince of painters, it is a piece of a most interesting and charming nature. Together with the Bellini, it was shown at the Fiftieth Anniversary Loan Exhibition held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and appeared most creditably among its very distinguished neighbors. It is very like certain canvases of the master's latest period and shows the head and shoulders of a young peasant girl, hair and white sleeveless bodice somewhat in disorder, holding an open volume in one hand to which she points with the other. There are many passages of fine tone and rhythm, and the whole composition is exceedingly pleasing. But, withal, it only approximates the magic touch of Spain's greatest painter.

The English group is composed of Gainsborough, Lawrence, Romney and Hoppner, with Raeburn added for good Scotch measure. John



"COUNT OF PFALS NEUBURG" BY ANTHONY VAN DYCK



"VIEW OF A WATER MILL" BY MEINDERT HOBBEMA

Hoppner's portraits of Mrs. Parkyns (afterwards Lady Rancliffe) and the lovely Miss Pringle and Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Portrait of a Boy" are the most imposing in this part of the collection. The large Hoppner shows the heiress of Eltham Park walking through a verdant English prospect dressed in a décolleté white gown touched with gold and wearing in her powdered hair a bright green feather. It is a magnificent Hoppner, very much in the grand manner, and decorative in the way that this English school knew so well. Until 1910 this portrait had been a part of the Bunny Park Collection from the very time it was painted. The small bust portrait of Miss Pringle is highly captivating in its spontaneous presentation of carefree youth and native beauty. The almost full-length Lawrence "Portrait of a Boy" shows a handsome child of about eight years in a plum-colored suit with soft white collar, golden hair loosely brushed back, gazing out of the canvas with frank expression. The greenish background sets off admirably this dashingly painted figure. Another Lawrence is a small oval sketch of Emily and Laura Anne Calmady made for the famous "Calmady Children" portrait which ever since its first appearance at the Royal Academy in 1824 has been one of the ranking pictures of child-life of the English school. It is a composition of the happiest kind, filled with many a felicitous touch of childhood charms. Three Romneys give a further glimpse into that wonderful group of fair women who sat to these eighteenth-century masters and inspired so many of their pictorial flights. "Lady Ramsay" is one of his nearly full-length portraits of lovely young women in soft white gowns set amid sylvan shadows. Artful simplicity and persuasively romantic sentiment inform this happy portrait for which she gave seven sittings in the October of 1788. Her husband, Sir George Ramsay, paid forty guineas for it the following February, according to the artist's book of accounts. A second portrait from his hand is of "Miss Mills" (afterwards Mrs. Molony), from the collection of W. B. Molony of Liltanon, and shown at the Romney Exhibition at the Grafton

"PORTRAIT OF A GIRL" BY VELASQUEZ





"EMILY AND LAURA ANNE CALMADY" BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

Gallery, London, 1900. It is half-length; her hair is dressed somewhat high and bound with a ribbon. The third is a bust portrait of the great Mrs. Siddons, her striking profile being set against the dark background almost like some piece of marble. The white gown is indicated very sketchily and the whole effect is of intense dramatic import. The portrait of "Mrs. Mary Russel, of Elsick Kincardine" by Sir Henry Raeburh is one of his radiantly brushed in likenesses, luminous, facile, spirited. It comes originally from a member of the Russel family, and was shown in the Raeburn Exhibition in Edinburgh in 1876. The Gainsborough landscape—"Peasants Driving Cattle: Evening"—is one of the loosely swept in visions of rich wooded landscape that he so delighted in, very luminous and mellow. It is from the Goulding Palmer Collection and was shown at the British Institute in 1845. The French school fares not so well, perhaps, in the Willys Collection, although the "Foret de Fontainebleau" and the "Fontainebleau: the Pool" by Diaz de la Pena are fine examples of the Barbizon landscapists. The Jules Dupré—"Paturage au Bord d'un Ruis-



"LADY RAMSEY" BY ROMNEY

seaux"—from the Laura Hoe Collection is also fine, but the "Fontaine d'Amour" by Jean Honoré Fragonard is not in that master's most expansive and colorful style. The "Head of a Lady" by Jean Jacques Henner brings the Willys Collection very close to the twentieth century, and completes the pictorial progress that this little group of old masters makes possible. This collection, formed within a few years, is one which many men would have been proud to regard as the work of a lifetime. The spirit of their choosing was in accord with Emerson's statement that "the search after the great is the most serious occupation of manhood."

Photographs by courtesy of the Reinhardt Galleries

The EAST MEETS the WEST

In the sculpture of Beniamino Bufano the forms of the Orient express Western ideas

PHYLLIS ACKERMAN

KIPLING with his lilting rhythm has fixed upon us one of the most fallacious of the many false *clichés* that are an unfortunate substitute for ideas. That East and West never shall meet is not only arrant nonsense but destructive nonsense, for it is when they do meet that great things are born. The contact should be, therefore, encouraged rather than denied in advance. Indeed it is almost safe to say that it is only when the cultures of the East and the West are intermingled that there is a great period of artistic production.

The anthropolo-lists generalize this observation into the theory that great and fine productivity is the result of the confluence of different cultural traditions. The historians substantiate the theory by citing the specific instances. First there is the Hellenic art, not pure Greek even in its most classical moment, but nourished by the Egyptian and Cretan civilizations and stimulated by the contact with Persia. Next, even as the oriental tradition had thus first traveled west so then the Hellenic and Roman traditions traveled in the opposite direction and met at Constantinople the luxurious arts of India and Persia whence the Byzantine style was born. On the following swing of the pendulum the art of the East was carried by the crusades into France and Italy and the Romanesque was born. And then, the pendulum swinging rapidly back and forth in the quick interchanges of travel and trade, the Gothic was evolved, built on oriental prototypes though built in western terms. And thus the history of art has repeated itself with the Renaissance the last great brilliant instance. Artistic productivity came when East and West did meet.



"PORTRAIT OF A CHINESE" BY BENIAMINO BUFANO

A strikingly original contemporary instance of this fusion of the two tastes is the work of Beniamino Bufano. Bufano is himself a European, an Italian born and purely Italian until adolescence. Before he left Italy, moreover, he was already a sculptor of parts with Paris and Roman successes to his credit in spite of his scant years. Then he came to New York and became, insofar as there is such a thing artistically, an American. He studied in the Art Students' League, took prizes there, worked in the studios of several New York sculptors including Paul Manship, studied and learned wherever there was anything of beautiful form to see. Then he went to the Orient. He went to Cambodia and saw the architectural sculpture in rich massing which he still considers the greatest sculptural art of the world; went to Java and watched the silhouettes of the shadow plays; went to Sumatra and collected the sumptuous native fabrics; and finally went to China and was reborn. China gave him, first, a profound obsession with a new point of view. He was absorbed by the monumental calm, the unhurried certainty of an old, wise race. In the still but deep flowing detachment of the Chinese individual and the Chinest art of the Tang and Sung Dynasties he found something fundamentally sympathetic. He walked over the unusual ways, came upon abandoned temples, ferreted out bits of discarded statues, a head, an arm, a foot, studied them, took them with him, where the taking was legitimate. Out of his own personal instinct for coherent form grew a direct understanding of these simplified but inevitable Chinese forms. China gave him a lesser but yet important thing, a heightened awareness of decoration.



"MOTHER AND CHILDREN" PORCELAIN BY BENIAMINO BUFANO

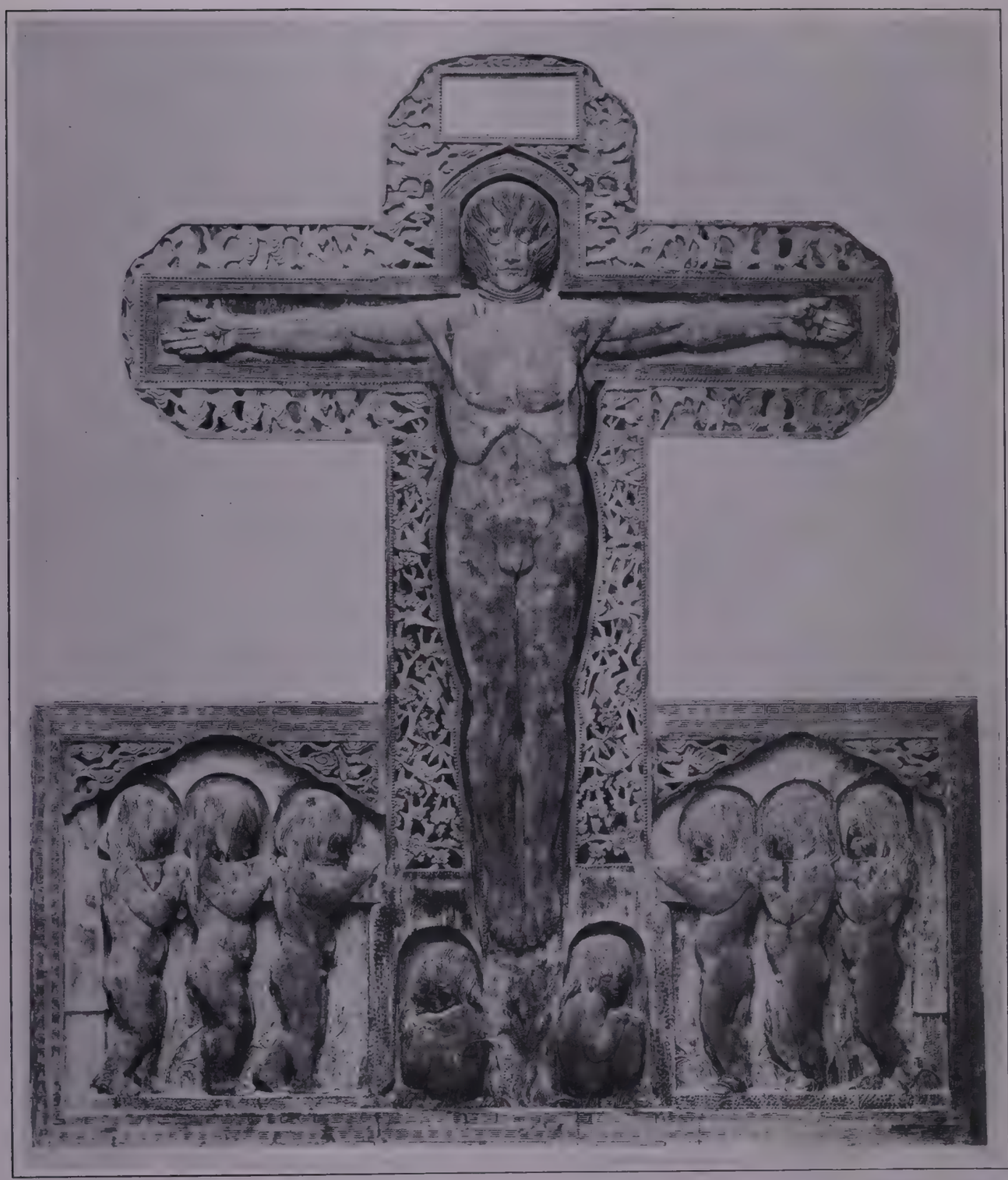
Bufano was too close to his own native Italian tradition not to have been basically a decorator. He never became too absorbed in representation to search for pattern and design. But the Chinese examples ever in his eye enhanced this tendency and focused it on the central and very oriental quality of rhythm. The swing of lines into each other with a broken beat, the flow of spaces continuously but with an emphasized succession came to be by degrees inherent in his conception of form.

And finally China gave him of her long technical experience. Or rather Bufano wrested it from China for the Chinese craftsman is jealous of his secrets. Bufano was already interested in glazes. He had experimented with glazed terra cotta as a sculptural medium, led by the example of his own countrymen, the Della Robbias. And he had won some charming effects. But he needed a surer control of texture and color and a greater range of material.

So he went to Kingtehchen, the porcelain city that has for eighteen hundred years produced fine ceramic wares and for a thousand been the greatest center of pottery making the world has ever known. He lived with them their own life to win their confidence. Some secrets he could never penetrate. The wily Chinaman fosters superstitions about his methods in order to lead the curious away from the facts and these false clues Bufano had to avoid at every turn. Take the red, for instance. Popular tradition has it that it is made of gold and the one family of Kingtehchen that holds the true knowledge as its family heritage fosters this idea. For a rival will soon ruin himself experimenting with gold and get nowhere. This, and many other tricks, Bufano had to learn by long and expensive experience.

But in the end he did learn not all but most of the difficult and important processes of the Chinese glazes, the purest and most lustrous in the ceramic arts with the exception of certain early Persian glazes which stand alone. Moreover he worked right there with the Kingtehchen porcelainous clay, firing in Kingtehchen kilns. Thus he fused his new technique with his renewed point of view in the setting that had given it birth, making his oriental acquisitions a closely welded part of his own artistic thinking. More than two years he stayed and worked in Kingtehchen so that when he came to leave he found himself possessed of an embarrassing collection both of Chinese models he had zealously acquired and of his own work.

It is one of his Chinese pieces that the Metro-



"CRUCIFIXION" BY BENIAMINO BUFANO



"THE TWO FRIENDS" BY BENIAMINO BUFANO

politan Museum of Art has just bought, the "Honeymoon Couple." They stand together, aloof yet intimate, charming persons but something more than that, the essence of the high principled domesticity that Confucius enjoins and the Chinese poets have for two thousand years and more descriptively extolled. They are, moreover, not two persons but genuinely a group, unified by the relations of masses and the flow of draperies. And they are covered with fresh and lustrous glazes that have a moist translucency.

The Chinese pieces are fine decoration and, what is more important, they are truly sculptural decoration, but some of the things Bufano has done since his return are sculpturally more important. There is a portrait head of Colonel Wood, the head of a rugged lofty prophet, the portrait of an idea. There is a group of a mother and two children, charming but serious, the three forming a closely knitted mass that is unobtrusively symbolic of the interdependence of the relation. There is a "Man of Sorrows," a small figure glazed in brilliant deep red but with the majesty of human tragedy in the few inches.

But the most important thing Bufano has done is a "Crucifixion" in two slightly different interpretations. The Christ, a young Christ, is on the cross. But he is not hung by the cruel spikes. He is suspended almost without weight, rising by his own spiritual exaltation, comes not within the compass of earthly things, though he is God's Son in the flesh, but is slightly disengaged with a detachment that at once expresses his transcendance of corporeality and also creates the esthetic isolation from the world of natural things which is so difficult and so important in sculpture. And he is a young Christ not only because Jesus himself was young but because He was the voice of unsmirched youth in the world. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." And there are the little children, lovely solemn children in a row at the base of the cross. And all about the cross are fruit blossoms and singing birds, the springtime of the year and the renewal of life. All this, moreover, is in color, colored bronze in the one instance, stained red and copper green and touched with gold, and colored glazes in the example that is to be shown in the Arden Studios in New York, the colors of spring and new life.

Thus even the most solemn and profoundly expressive thing Bufano has done is decorative.

But it is not decorative in any light sense. For there are three conceptions of decoration in sculpture: pattern of silhouette, ornamentation of surface and design of masses. A sweep or dash of outline is what many decorative sculptors content themselves to achieve. Hunt Diederich, for example, could work as well in cut sheet metal as in cast iron or bronze and indeed he has recognized his fitness for that medium both by actually using it and by drawing in blackened silhouettes. A rich incrustation of surface is what many other decorative sculptors seek. Paul Manship relies sometimes on the one, as in his "Dancing Girl with Two Fauns" which is largely an outline pattern, and sometimes on the other as in his "Hindu Sundial" which is primarily a setting for an elaborately applied pattern, though it is enhanced, too, by the outline. But the man who thinks in really sculptural terms is not satisfied until he has underlaid silhouette and surface with a design of heavy masses in contrast and compensation.



"MAN OF SORROWS"
BY BENIAMINO BUFANO

There is always a respect for the fundamental pattern of masses in Bufano's work but the finely balanced use of all three decorative elements, outline, surface enrichment and balance of bulks is best accomplished in the Crucifixions. This is the great contribution of the Orient to his education. Take, for example, one of the great Bodhisattvas in glazed terra cotta made in the late T'ang or early Sung period which were brought out of China not so long ago and placed in various western museums, two of the finest going to the Metropolitan. Seen in twilight against a glowing western sky so that only the outline was sharp cut against the light they would have monumental and expressive poise. Seen against a brocaded curtain that confused the outline with its continuous pattern they would be lovely and still expressive designs of colors and applied patterns, even considered for the moment in the flat. Or seen in a sharply lighted photograph that minimized outline and pattern and neglected color they would be a fine articulation of massive segments defined by shadows and builded into a coherent equilibrium. This equal importance of all three qualities of composition is characteristic of the great sculpture of the Orient. It is sculpture and it is decoration. Thus the Cambodian round reliefs though they might seem almost excessively jeweled and highly wrought are always built of substantial parts.

The same constructive soundness though not yet in the same exalted degree is present in Bufano's modeling; and to get the full realization of his masses and their relations he has, again following the Orientals, learned simplification. It is this simplification that classes Bufano as a modern, for though it is at least as old as the Assyrians it had been forgotten for four hundred and fifty years until, recalled, it became the school mark of the Post-Impressionist sculptors. It is an essential of good sculpture. But it can become, as much of the modernistic work has shown us, a trivial trick.

Bufano does not depend on his hands alone. He works with his convictions and with his esthetic principles. He has but recently digested his Orient and is still formulating his theories. Thus he is in danger of being a bit over-conscious of both. But he is first and persistently a sculptor. And he is remarkably young. With a more complete fusion of his intellect, his technical skill and his emotions, he shows promise of being one of the few enduringly important sculptors that America, if she can claim him, has had.

Photographs by courtesy of the Arden Studios

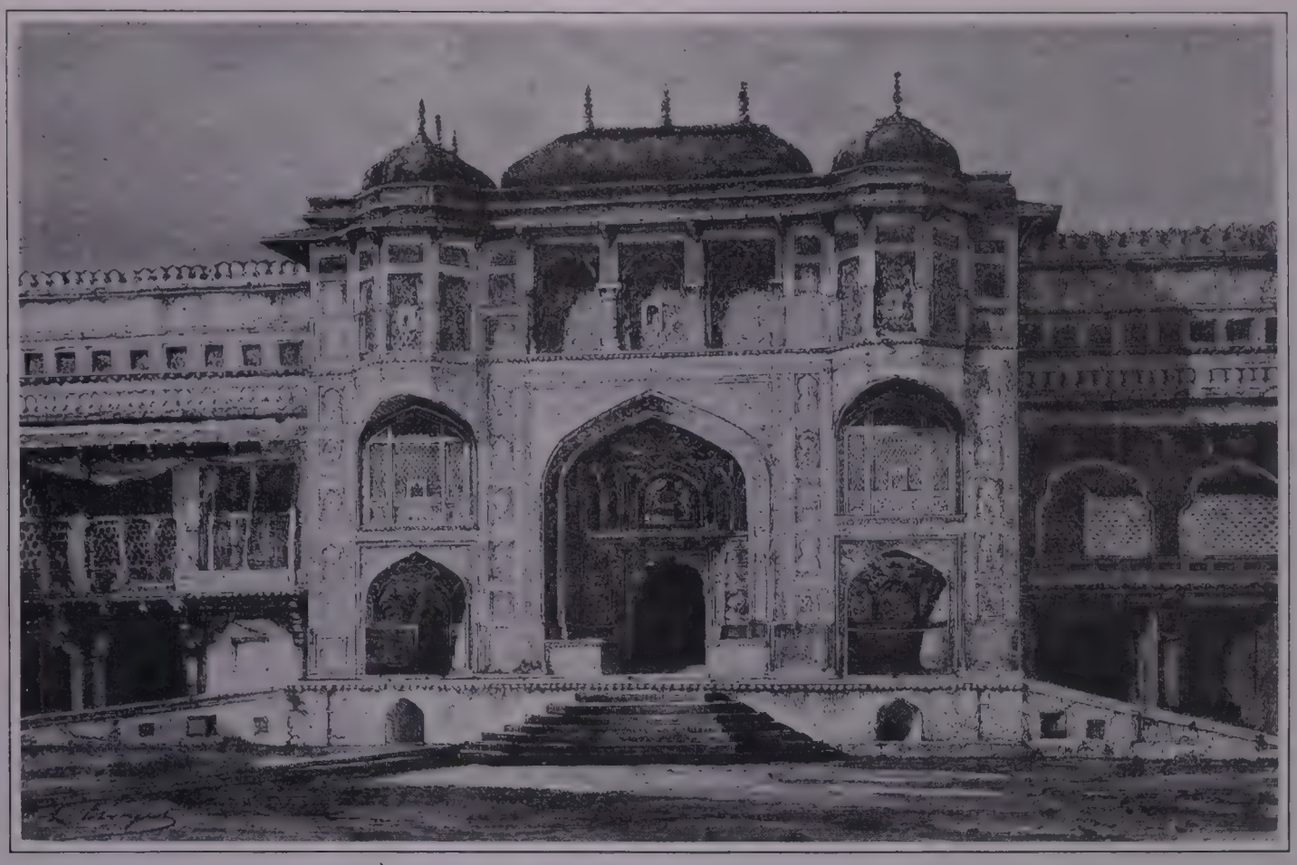


DETAIL FROM A PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN BY W. F. K. TRAVERS

A Portrait of Lincoln from Germany

IN 1864-5 an artist from Frankfort-am-Main painted a full-length portrait of Lincoln which was greatly admired. A bill was introduced into Congress for the purchase of the portrait for $15,000. It was not passed, however, until 1892 and in the meantime the painter, listed in the Congressional Record as G. W. F. Travis, had returned to Germany and sold the portrait to a Mr. Webster in the American consular service.

The portrait was cleaned recently, and the signature appears as that of W. F. K. Travers. Of the picture Mr. Jonce I. McGurk, the consulting expert of the Smithsonian Institute and the National Gallery, says: ". . . it is the most worthy portrait of Lincoln from every standpoint. I know of none that can be mentioned in comparison. I will state further that I know of no [American] portrait that equals it in point of importance of subject or painting quality with the exception of Stuart's full-length portrait of Washington in the New York Public Library. It was painted by a master who shows the influence of the Dutch masters of the seventeenth century."



THE SOWAE GATE, PALACE OF AMBÈR — FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING

AMBÈR—INDIAN FAIRYLAND

In desolate Amber, a city two centuries forsaken, monkeys hold court in the ancient palaces of the rajahs

PERRIN JOYCE

NOT EVEN in the opium-colored dream of a great poet could there have been such a vision as Ambèr, the ancient capital of Jeypore state in India. The glories of Xanadu pale before the glories of Ambèr. It stands, triple-walled, in a crater-like valley circled with mountains; and the jungle that covers the sides of the mountains is not half so luxuriant as are the beauties of its palaces. It is as impossible to set down all of the glories of Ambèr as it would be to catalog all the beasts and plants of the jungle; they are so thickly interlaced, they grow in such rich profusion that words cannot tell of them. Even the driest list of the decorations of the palaces reads like a fairy book.

In Ambèr there are doors inlaid with ivory and ebony, set in frames of carved marble. In Ambèr there are mosaics, made of agates, turquoises, ivory and ebony; and frescoes, brilliantly painted in intricate designs. There are screens of marble tracery and perforated windows that, from a distance, look like muslin curtains. There are ceiling cloths and draperies, painted in a prodigal variety of patterns, with which the apartments of the princes were once draped. For centuries, thousands of men must have toiled on these fairy palaces and on the three walls encircling the city. And at last there came a ruler who decided to move the capital from Ambèr into a new city five miles away on the plain. So the citizen and the court sloughed the ancient beauties of Ambèr as a snake sloughs its skin; and they built new homes and palaces in the city of Jeypore.

In the history of the world there has probably never been so magnificent a gesture; that a whole city full of people should, at a word of command from their sovereign, leave their homes and their temples and begin life over again in a new place. The new city of Jeypore was laid out by its founder according to the most approved laws of city planning. Its streets are wider than the streets of any city in India. Today it has gaslights and tramways and other modern improvements; and even in the days of Jey Singh II it had shining new palaces and a library and a most advanced observatory, and other glories to recom-



EMBROIDERED CURTAIN, THE BACKGROUND OF GOLD, FROM AMBÈR

like palace, an enchanted castle. A sensitive and erudite scholar warned the writer, in describing Ambèr, to "beware of adjectives" worn out by usage to a mere mockery of sense. Kipling's picture is best: "From the top of the palace you look into the very heart of the city of Ambèr—a heart that has ceased to beat. . . . There may be desolation in the Indian desert to the westward and there is desolation upon the open sea; but the desolation of Ambèr is beyond the loneliness either of land or sea."

As soberly as possible, avoiding treacherous adjectives, let us begin the story of Amber.

Once upon a time, among the hills of northern India, not far from the borderland of Thibet, a potentate named Dhola Rae founded a city which was named Amba or Universal Mother. Another of its names was Ghaut Rani or Queen of the Mountains. Palaces and forts, houses and temples sprang up and walls were built around it; and as there was no dearth of workmen and no lack of time, as materials of all kinds were plentiful, all was done on a scale of unparalleled magnificence. In the year 1600, a ruler named Mirza Rajah or Jey Singh I, began work on a palace which he named the Dewain Khas. The Dewain Khas was an audience hall with a double row of columns forming its three sides. The outer row was of red sandstone and the inner of grey marble. The capitals on the outer row of pillars were sculptured elephants of marble, supporting the vaulted roof with their upraised trunks.*

Now this was in the days of Jehangir, the Great Mogul of India. Travelers' tales, especially those of Bernier, tell of the splendors and magnificence of the rajah's court at Agra. When word came to the ears of the Great Mogul that his

pense the citizens for the lost glories of Ambèr. Today much of Ambèr is in ruins—all save a small group of palace buildings; but there is none to say that the ruins of Ambèr do not eclipse the hygienic splendors of Jeypore.

It is impossible to speak sanely of Ambèr. A sober English missionary, Bishop Heber, struggled to sum up his impressions but in the end could only assert that in all his travels he had found nothing comparable to it. Travelers of a later day, overstuffed with the "sights" of the Orient, wrestle vainly with a few inadequate phrases and then, with conscious futility, say that it is a fairy-

**This hall was paved with inlaid marble of many colors and had a white marble throne at one end.*

CARVED IVORY PACHISI PIECES FROM AMBÈR



vassal, Mirza, was building a palace more beautiful than anything at Agra, he became jealous. His especial jealousy was reserved for the red sandstone pillars whose sculptured beauties had been so dazzlingly described to him that he could not brook the thought of their existence. Accordingly he sent an emissary to Mirza, bidding him destroy the palace because he would have nothing in all India that surpassed the splendors of his own court. Mirza either loved beauty or he hated waste; at any rate, he did a wily thing. He had the sculptured pillars covered with a thick coating of plaster; and when Jehangir's emissaries reached Ambèr, they found nothing that answered to the description given to the Great Mogul. Stucco columns indeed! Need the Great Mogul envy *them?* They returned to Jehangir and reported that the accounts of Mirza's new palace had been greatly exaggerated. And the work went on. But neither in Mirza's lifetime nor at any later time has the stucco been removed from the beautiful pillars of the Dewain Khas.

Mirza also built the Jess Munder, a pavilion of white marble that must have looked, at first glance, more like a Moorish than an Indian palace. Within it was divided into three apartments, the walls of which were covered from floor to ceiling, with mosaics and inlays. The mosaics were made of polished stones—agates, turquoises and others—and bits of looking glass. A ray of sunlight falling upon them sparkled brilliantly and broke into a shower of colored light. This and the Dewain Khas were part of buildings in the inner court where the princes themselves lived.

After Mirza came Jay Singh II, a most worthy scholar and a most illustrious prince whose name is still honored throughout India. There is much to his credit, as we shall see; but to his everlasting discredit it must be told that it was he who commanded the inhabitants of Ambèr to abandon the city and move into his newly-founded city of Jeypore.

Jey Singh II was a man ruined by an excess of industry; he grew too quickly bored, too easily surfeited with the manifold and fascinating activities of his life. In the early part of his reign, he warred royally upon all and sundry and even had to reconquer some of his own territories wrested from him in battle. When his wars were over, he turned to architecture for amusement, and added to the beauties of his ancestral palace in many ways, chiefly by the erection of a gateway at the entrance to the inner court. This is the gateway with the windows whose marble frames, carved from single slabs, are so delicately sculptured that they look like muslin curtains.



PANEL OF HINDU PAINTED CURTAINS FROM AMBÈR SHOWING EUROPEANS IN ELIZABETHAN COSTUMES



INLAID IVORY DOOR FROM AMBÈR

Having exhausted the destructive pleasures of war and the creative pleasures of peace, Jey Singh II unfortunately turned to science. He gave over the building of fairy gateways and began to invent and build mathematical instruments. He was particularly interested in astronomy and, unlike other rajahs of India who dabbled in that science because, being obscure, it might fittingly engage royal attention, he took it seriously. Finally he came to the most regrettable decision that in Ambèr science would never have room to expand; astronomy needed a larger home in a more accessible spot. So he planned a city to be built on the plain five or six miles from Ambèr — a new, shining city with wide streets — unnecessarily wide streets — and gardens, and a temple, and a mighty observatory just outside the palace walls. This observatory had a dial with an indicator ninety feet high to throw a shadow against the sun; and a series of twelve dials upon one platform so that he might, at any season of the year, find the moment of true noon. He made instruments for calculating eclipses and other devices of appalling accuracy, and he died and was buried under a marble tomb on a hill overlooking the city.

That is how Ambèr came to be deserted by its inhabitants. That is why, when you stand before the palace that crowns the hill overlooking this ancient capital, you look into the heart of desolation. Nowhere eles in the world can you take so sudden a step backward from the twentieth into the eighteenth century; in no other city in India can you sense, so perfectly, the "riotous, sumptuous, murderous life" that went on in the courts of the rajahs. The princes who came after Jey Singh II have felt it obligatory to keep up the palace buildings in Ambèr and so, while the city itself is in ruins, the former royal dwellings are kept in repair. But so great is their indifference to the beauties of Ambèr that no one has ever removed the stucco from the red sandstone pillars of the Dewain Khas; and the visitor must chip off bits for himself if he wishes to uncover the original sculptures so artfully concealed by Mirza. Ambèr does not awake at the prick of your chisel, for Ambèr is a dead city, more beautiful in death than any living city of India.

THRONE FROM THE PALACE OF AMBÈR
THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND NOT IN INDIA



Meanwhile the treasures of Ambèr are finding their way into the markets of the world. It is, of course, impossible for anyone to assert that this or that thing comes from Ambèr; the source of such precious loot cannot be divulged until many years after the looting. Dealers in India invent fabulous stories to account for the sudden appearance of these things; but no story they can invent approaches the romance of their actual origin. To visit Ambèr itself, you must go from Jeypore on an elephant provided by the Mahrajah; but you

may see a curtain or a throne from Ambèr by taking the subway to the Brooklyn Museum.

The section of a painted curtain reproduced is one-sixth of the whole curtain. It shows figures clothed in English costumes of the seventeenth century. A visitor to the Brooklyn Museum, after studying this particular section carefully, went to the curator of ethnology and assured him solemnly that he recognized among the figures on it one of his own ancestors. The curator kindly warned him not to persist in his assertions as they were likely to bring upon him such unpleasant consequences as incarceration. It did seem a little beyond the range of probability that a resident of Brooklyn should see on a curtain painted in a remote corner of India about three hundred years ago one of his English forbears; but the visitor persisted and in the end he convinced the doubting curator that he spoke the truth. The aim of the artist or artists who painted this curtain had been to depict as many different races of men as possible; and the presence of Englishmen upon it is accounted for by the fact that Sir Thomas Roe, first official ambassador from the court of England to India, was in Agra in the early seventeenth century. It is not strange therefore that he and his suite should have been a highly welcome addition to the variety of races painted on this curtain.

The treasures looted from Ambèr do not leave it bare. The buildings themselves, the fairy palaces and temples, still stand; and within them are many beauties that cannot easily be moved. The palace itself, with its marble turrets and gilded balconies, stands almost a hundred feet above the level of the lake. In one of its buildings there are walls paneled with sandalwood and inlaid with ivory and silver. Its apartments have marble troughs through which water once flowed into basins decorated with designs of flowers, fish and sea monsters. Some of these designs are of white marble circled with lapis lazuli or green marble; others illustrate mythological and historical scenes. There are royal baths once equipped with ingenious warming devices, furnished with stone chairs and tables and fitted with bronze conduits for the water. The zenana or palace for the wives of the rajah has fallen into greater ruin than the other buildings. Its walls, unpierced by windows, shut in gloomy interiors. It is more like a prison than a palace. It consists of a block of buildings surrounding a central court, one being reserved for each of the rajah's wives. Each compartment could be completely shut off from the rest of the building at the royal pleasure. Visitors were once forbidden access to this series of buildings because it was "likely to inspire unpleasant reflections on the social conditions of the women of the country."

Doors in the palace were usually made of blackwood with ivory and ebony inlays. The door frames were of marble or stone carved in elaborate designs. They were usually fitted with a pivot at the top and bottom on which they could swing. Most of the rooms were small and dark and the passages narrow; and there is a perfect mass of stairways that seem to lead nowhere. Screens of marble tracery, inlays of precious stones in a perfect riot of varied design, and brilliant frescoes are everywhere. Such was the splendor of the palace and the city that Jey Singh II bade his people abandon for the ordered ugliness of Jeypore! So well have his successors consummated the plans he made that visitors to Jeypore are shown, as the greatest sight of the vicinity, the Maharajah's cotton press with its twenty-seven per cent. profit, its two fifty-horsepower engines and its hydraulic press, all under a neat corrugated roof. And only five miles away, as the elephant goes, is Ambèr, the sleeping beauty who has been under a spell for two hundred years.

The curtains on the walls of her palaces are rotting away and the inlaid doors are decaying in their marble frames. The royal residences are kept in repair, but the rest of Ambèr is falling into ruin. Monkeys run through the women's quarters; trees grow in the city's walls; windows are filled with brushwood and the streets are rank with cactus. The days when the apartments of the rajah were completely lined—walls, ceiling and floor—with painted cloths that royalty might not touch anything unclean, are no more. The little temple of Kali, a perfect gem of marble tracery and inlay, no longer knows its daily human sacrifice. When this quaint custom had fallen into decay for some years, Jey Singh II had a dream in which the goddess asked him why her altars had so long been dry. Jey Singh, although not especially averse to the shedding of human blood, suggested to the goddess that although men were plentiful, it might be better, for the sake of public sentiment, to substitute a goat and the goddess was apparently appeased with the shedding of blood, whether that of man or beast.

At the last one turns to the problems presented by that indefatigable monarch, the problem of science versus art. Naturally Jey Singh II did not think of it as a problem at all, nor did he think of Ambèr as "art." Ambèr was simply the old home, out of date, inaccessible and badly equipped for scientific research. Did he not, after all, serve the cause of beauty more by withholding his hand from adding further to the glories of



DETAIL OF A CEILING CLOTH FROM AMBÈR

Ambèr? When his energy as an architect had spent itself, when his desire to continue the work of his fathers had congealed into an interest in mathematics, is it not better that he should have carried his new enthusiasm into a new city? Had he remained in Ambèr, he might have planted his scientific laboratories in the very heart of the palace. He might have torn down palaces to widen streets and built a silly observatory beside the Jess Munder. Had he gone on in this way, we should now find in Ambèr open plumbing instead of bronze conduits and marble basins decorated with lapis. There would probably be elevators instead of those intricate stairways that lead nowhere; and indirect lighting to brighten up the zenana. There might be an art-brick railroad station, with posters and a char-a-banc to take travelers sight-seeing. Instead of a peacock irradiating the deserted streets, there would be gaslights; and in place of the monkeys overrunning the empty buildings, there would be an official guide with an itching palm. It is even possible that a friendly protectorate might, attracted by the scientific importance of the city, have erected a Victorian post-office or a group of government buildings. Such things have been known to happen with results beside which the ruin of an earthquake is pleasant to contemplate. Let us thank Jey Singh then that, at just the right moment, he stayed his hand and left Ambèr to sleep in drowsy beauty and everlasting peace.

In the center of the city itself, there is a basin filled with spring water; and in this basin is a *lingam*, the symbol of the god Siva. An ancient prophecy has said that when the water completely covers the *lingam*, Ambèr will disappear. As late as 1876, there were still a few inches of the *lingam* uncovered, but before long it will be hidden under the water, and then we shall know if the prophet spoke truly. But even if all that is material in Ambèr perishes, if doors rot and marble troughs and arches crumble, if traceries and inlays vanish and frescoes grow dull, Ambèr cannot die. The rich and varied designs of her painted curtains survive in modern Oriental carpets and pottery. All the removable treasures that trickled through the hands of native dealers into museums the world over will be more carefully preserved than they could be in Ambèr itself. And as her palaces crumble, she will look more than ever like an enchanted city. When at last the water in the basin completely covers the *lingam*, visitors, standing in the midst of the ruins, will say to themselves: Here stood Ambèr, Queen of the Mountains—the city whose smallest houses were palaces.

Photographs by courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum



NUMBER ONE. *The control of eye movement through organization into three dimensional, or form, design is the vital quality of pictorial art rediscovered for us by the "modern movement" of the day. This quality compels the transforming of subject matter, by the use of partial abstraction, from the momentary, or particular aspect, to the universal aspect, and therefore has enduring value. The works here shown are chosen from the entire history of etching for their possession of this quality.*

The above, the earliest dated etching (1515) is evidence of etching's early inheritance of the design quality which was then basic in the training and work of all artists. The illustrations are arranged according to the birth dates of the artists.

ETCHINGS AS WORKS OF ART

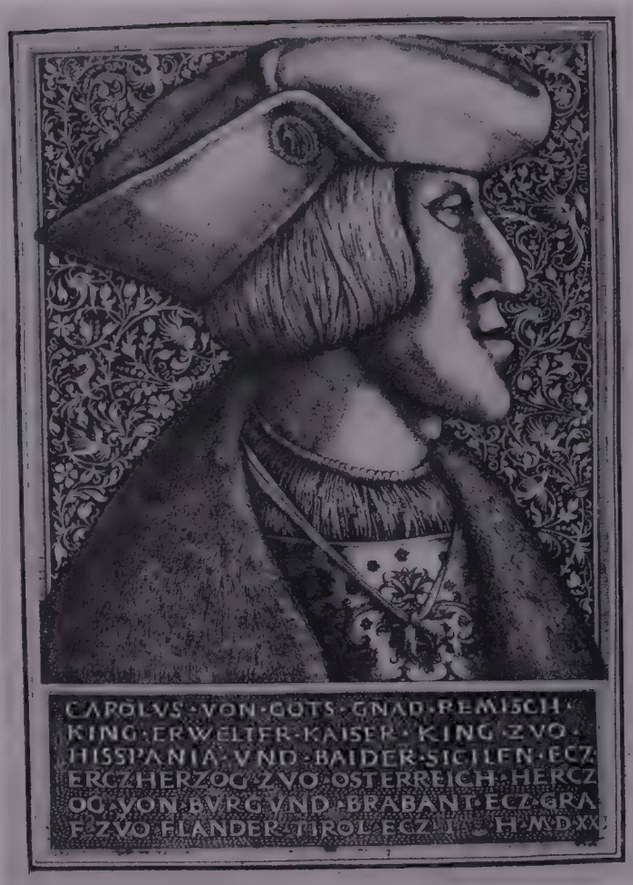
A forecast of the coming change in the standard of valuation in this aristocrat of all print mediums

RALPH M. PEARSON

DURING the past three centuries out of the four which measure its history, etching has probably conformed more strictly to a single tradition than any other medium within the range of occidental fine art. While in other mediums of expression, painting, sculpture, wood-block, literature, music, drama, the general pressure of the times toward realism has been interrupted by many individual and group revolts, in etching immunity from contemporary movements and thought has been the rule. In other mediums there has been the give and take of conflicting standards—the outrage of the crowd at successive departures from the accepted. Especially during the last fifty or sixty years has this been true, since the growing realization of the insufficiency of the "truth to nature" theory has resulted in wave after wave of innovation beating against the bewildered public, and successively shocking it with Turner, Whistler, the Impressionists, the Post-Impressionists, with Wilde, Shaw, Whitman, with Wagner, Brahms, Scriabine, with the new idea of abstraction in pictorial art, of expressionism in stage setting, of free verse in poetry, of controlled discord in music, etc., etc. In all the arts the ferment and change of evolution has been normal. In all but etching. Only in etching has one tradition held its power straight from Rembrandt to us with no general change, no general ferment, and, since Rembrandt as an etcher has never been surpassed, with no general growth. This comfortable state of conformity suggests coma. It has existed long enough. It is late in the morning of a new day. It is time for

the world of etching to wake up. It is time that etchings cease to be judged as *etchings* and begin to be judged as *works of art.*

The tradition referred to as having so profoundly influenced etching is, of course, representation. Before Rembrandt popularized representation, the etchers and engravers, like the painters, had built their pictures into works of art as an architect builds a cathedral, or a composer a symphony. Every line, form and space was part of a structure, was built into an organization, was a unit in definite visual relation to all other units. Such conformity to the needs of the organization forced certain changes on the treatment of subject matter. For instance, if the arm of a man in the foreground of a picture must be used to direct the eye of the observer to the head of the Christ, and to balance, as a form, the bent torso of the soldier, then no petty details of coat-sleeve wrinkles were allowed to distract the eye from following that organized direction. The arm was simplified in the drawing. Even if drawn from a model it was so changed that it no longer was a representation of a particular arm of a particular model, but became a universal arm serving three or more purposes —that of conveying the concept "arm" to the mind, and the equally important ones of controlling eye movement within the picture, and of holding its place as a shape or form related to all other shapes and forms about it. The changes thus consciously imposed on subject



NUMBER TWO. *An etching in which organization of lines, shapes, forms, and above all textures, is strikingly present.*

NUMBER THREE. *The semi-abstract arrangement of landscape forms in the right-hand portion of this picture reminds one of much of the strong modern work of today, particularly that of Derain. Since Derain arrived at his results by a very different process than that of imitation, the similarity proves the basic kinship of old and new.*



matter resulted in partial abstraction—partial departure from the actual appearance of things in nature for purposes of design. This process was called stylization. All classic art depends upon such stylization to make possible its escape from the particularized to the universalized subject. The laws of design, or visual organization of the parts of a picture, were the very foundation of the training of the old masters, as they had been of practically all artists of all ages. (The exceptions were during the few periods when representation gained temporary ascendency, such as the late Greek and Roman, now called decadent.) Rembrandt, the father of representation in etching, was full heir to the highest development of these laws and a thorough master of them, yet he discarded the stylized drawing of Dürer and Schongauer and carried representation to a height of achievement which has never been surpassed in etching. In doing so, however (and this is the significant and generally overlooked fact), he did not discard design. He built representative subject matter into design. This was his great contribution to etching—the contribution which has been overlooked, which has failed to influence, with very few exceptions, the etchers who have followed him. His achievements in representation were hailed as masterly, and, since they were in line with the scientific awakening which was then beginning to prompt inquiry into the facts and concern itself with their accurate reporting, inspired his followers in all directions to turn their efforts toward similar achievement. Rembrandt put skillful representation on a pedestal; the scientific attitude of mind enthusiastically approved, and has kept it there ever since. And, in the excitement, design and the power of organized relations of lines, forms, spaces and colors to arouse visual esthetic emotion, were gradually forgotten, and have remained largely forgotten, by our civilization, to this day.



NUMBER FOUR. *These are universalized shapes. All accidental, particular details are ignored and the essential forms are built into design. Note the masterly relations of curved lines.*

Representative pictures, or those which copy objects essentially as they appear to exist in nature, have one serious weakness. They depend mainly on subject matter, as such, to give interest to the picture. Representative etchers, and painters for that matter, search for interesting subjects. The quality of the picturesque in nature gives this subject interest above all other qualities, and therefore old buildings, boats, ragged beggars, smoke-draped factories, or the transforming obscurity of twilight, make a quick appeal and are transcribed to the copper plate along with as much of their charm as the etcher can capture and report. The weakness in this process from the standpoint of art value lies in this: by its dependence on subject matter to supply interest it demotes the maker of the picture from the great role of creator to the lesser role of interpreter, or, in cases of faithful truth to nature, to a mere skillful imitator or craftsman. When interest is shunted to subject, no creative contribution is demanded, or even looked for, from the man—the supposed artist. He gives skill and the flavor of his personal style but none of that organized



NUMBER FIVE. *Here is a richness of complicated design that is certainly intriguing to the eye. Looking at it upside down, note the controlled variation in the play of diagonal lines in spears, lances, horses' legs, etc.*

creation which has vitalized works of art since man first scratched pictures on the walls of his caves—none of the thing which all human history declares is *art*.

Dependence on matters of skill and personality of the artist as reflected by his style of handling his needle, or brush, also contribute to the weakness of representative pictures in art value, and for the same reason. They direct attention both of the maker and observer to matters other

NUMBER SIX. *In this the controlled line and form movement in the trees in relation to the movement in the figures is the striking feature. The trees, though obviously arranged to meet the needs of the design, are still normal trees.*





NUMBER SEVEN. *Note the quiet dignity of universalized subject matter built into design.*

than the creative art content. Skill is a tool with which a work of art may be built; never, as skill, has it any of the blood of art in its veins. And the personality of the artist is also irrelevant—interesting from a humanistic or psychological point of view, perhaps, but entirely outside the realm of art. Skill and personality and subject interest are all side attractions tempting interest

NUMBER EIGHT. *Here is the beginning of the change from the universal to the particular—from the classic ideal depending on simplified form and abstract treatment to the romantic ideal depending on the presentation of actual facts and appearances. Note the accidental shadows from a particular light, and the accidental shapes so revealed.*

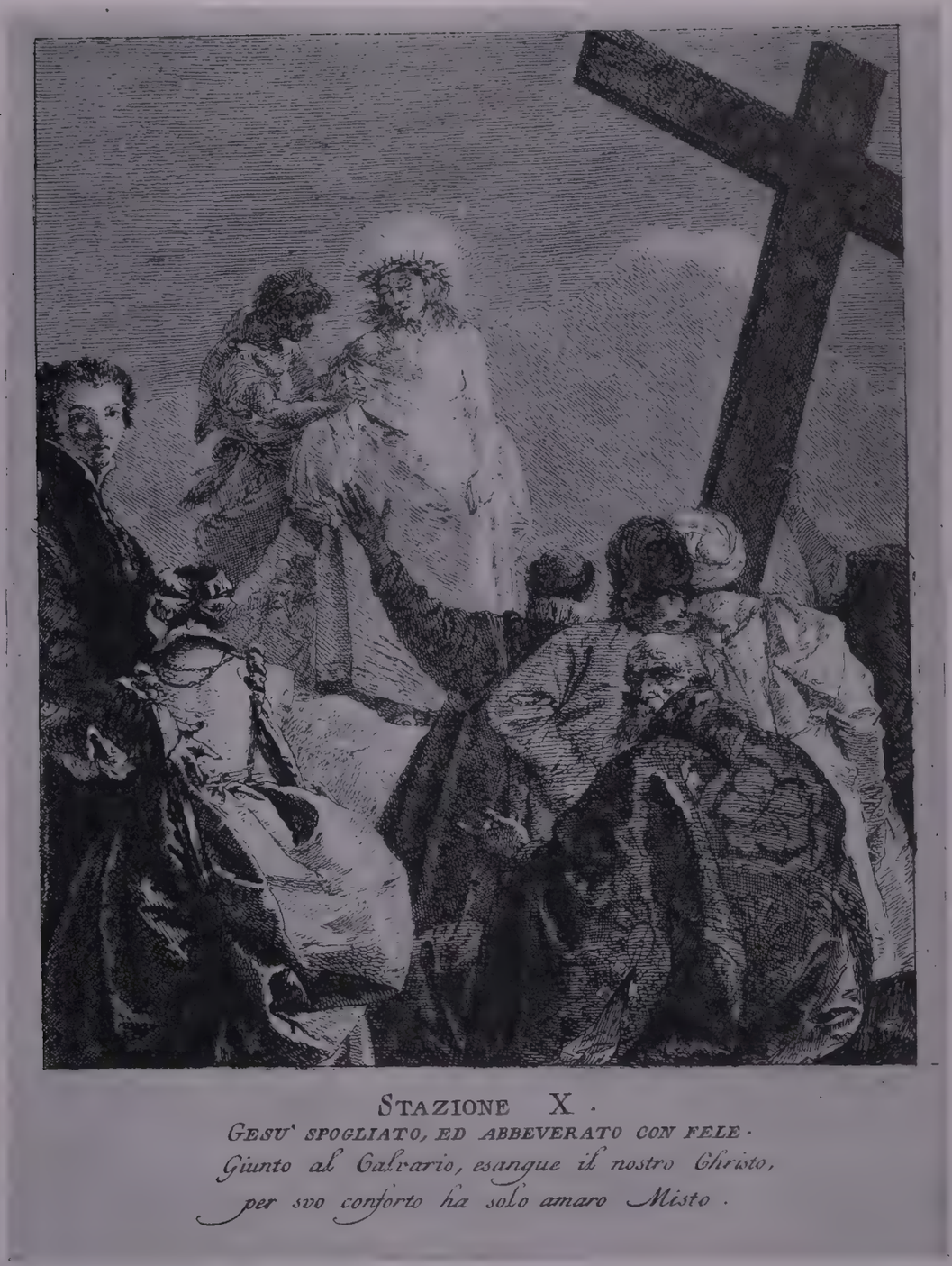




NUMBER NINE. *Though contemporary with Rembrandt this artist maintained the older design quality in his work. There is a sense of restrained power here that gives great distinction and enduring value.*

NUMBER TEN. *In this picture less surrender is made to representation than in Rembrandt, and, though shadow edges are often meaningless as part of the design, still the ensemble, by its subordination of detail, has classic (or universal) quality.*





NUMBER ELEVEN. *This etching is strikingly built on diagonal construction, and gives, therefore, the great vitality which is inherent in this method of eye control.*

from the main performance. The fact that they have been featured so prominently, and accomplished the distraction of interest to themselves so thoroughly, during the past three centuries, probably accounts in some measure for the general indifference toward art which is the prevailing condition today. An observer of pictures may be momentarily interested, or amused, by an old house or smoking factory; he is never stirred to the depths by them—never gains from them a release into esthetic experience.

In music particularly, and in poetry and drama to a somewhat lesser degree, perhaps, it is the creative contribution of the maker of the work that is valued most highly and is given the name of art. In pictures the same has been true, to judge by the work produced, in all ages except those in which concern with the tools and materials, of which subject matter is one, has eclipsed concern with the creation, as in our own representative period. The modern movement in art has directed attention back to the creative con-



NUMBER TWELVE. *This also has diagonal construction which, with the omission of every unessential, contributes to its strength both in the presentation of the idea, and as a picture.*

tribution of the maker—*i. e.*, in pictures, as in music, to the organized relation of the parts—to those elements which exist to be seen as ends in themselves. We listen to combinations of notes in music and are thrilled by their quality—by the relations of the parts to each other—the design. It is how the composer *composes* that measures his achievement as artist and arouses the enthusiasm of his audience. In pictures it should be the same. This creative contribution is the meat in a work of art. It takes any subject matter, story-telling, nature, human-emotional, or what-not, and bends it to its purposes—builds it, according to those mysterious universal laws of the human spirit, into the organized relations which create ecstacy through the agency of the organ of sight.

Concern with subject matter, or skill, or personality, is strictly within the scope of ordinary,

everyday human experience. But when concern is given to this organization of lines, spaces and forms into pictorial design, the sensitive observer is taken out of everyday experience into an entirely new and different and more thrilling experience, called esthetic emotion. Because of our inherited habit, a bad habit which is almost universal, of thinking only about the subject in pictures instead of seeing them as visual symphonies (when they are that), very few people today have ever experienced visual esthetic emotion, or know what it is, or give it any place in their horizon. This is true, in particular, of those who deride the true modern work — that which includes a return to design organization. It is outside of their experience. They are unaware of the very qualities in it which makes it art. Esthetic experience from pictures need not displace intellectual reactions to subject matter, personality, technical dexterity, etc. Such different pleasures may be indulged at will. The great arts of the race, such as those of China, Japan, Greece, Egypt, the American Indians, the old masters of Europe, all have subject interest, all tell a story, all are skillful. The spiritual tragedy lies in seeing no more than these matters in them—in missing the thing the artist has done with these elements—the *how* he has built them into a work of art.



NUMBER THIRTEEN. *The sense of design is again found in the work of this artist after it had been almost totally lost for a hundred years.*

Etching, as has been said, has lost contact with this art content probably more than any other medium. It has varied the representative approach from time to time, but, in general, has kept well within its borders. The method of suggesting facts in nature instead of recording them faithfully (a much easier process, by the way, when once the trick is learned) has become a tradition within a tradition since Whistler popularized the process, but it climbs over no walls. Suggestion stimulates the imagination, it has been said. Yes. But to what? To the completion of an unfinished inventory of facts. Pleasing without doubt, but entirely within ordinary experience. And what we need in this material age is an escape from ordinary experience into greater experience. And it is just that escape that etching has not given, and does not give, in the work of the representative etchers.

The effect of the representative tradition on the quality of work produced in etching has been indicated as forcing preoccupation with minor, even if charming, qualities. Its effect on the etcher can only be one of prostitution of his possible creative abilities to the skillful hack-work of a recorder. Purchase of mediocrity stimulates the production of mediocrity and penalizes production of creative work. Purchase of creative work, on the other hand, has advantages from several points of view. Gilbert K. Chesterton says we have lost the age of wonder. Perhaps the greatest asset of creative work is its ability to restore wonderland to those who go in search of it. Purchase of such work is evidence of the search, evidence of the real desire backed by willingness to make material sacrifice to gain the end. It is spiritual adventure. It is carving one's own path through experience instead of following the dusty and crowded highway of the respectable.

LIST OF TITLES AND ARTISTS

1. "THE CANNON" — Dürer 1471-1528
2. "CHARLES V" — Hopfer 1493-1536
3. "LE CONCERT" — Guilio Campagnola 1482-1514; Domenico " 1511-1563
4. "SHIPS" — Brueghel (Pieter) 1525-1569
5. "BATTLE SCENE" — Tempesta 1555-1630
6. "MISERIES OF WAR SERIES" — Callot 1592-1635
7. "LANDSCAPE" — Van De Velde 1593-1641
8. "CHRIST HEALING THE SICK" — Rembrandt 1606-1669
9. "MALVASIA" — Hollar 1607-1677
10. "LE GOUTE" — Van Ostade 1610-1685
11. "STATIONS OF THE CROSS NO. 10" — Tiepolo 1696-1770
12. "LE SUPPLICE DU GARROT" — Goya 1746-1828
13. "THE MORGUE" — Meryon 1821-1868

FROMKES PAINTS SPAIN

Maurice Fromkes was the first foreign artist to win high praise from Spaniards for his pictures

HELEN GOMSTOCK

A Spanish gentleman who is a connoisseur in the exact meaning of the word came to the exhibition of Maurice Fromkes's paintings at the National Museum of Modern Art in Madrid last year and expressed his surprise that what he saw was the work of a foreigner. "It seems unbelievable," he said, "that this man is not a Spaniard." This tribute was not a solitary example of such a reaction; the opinion was universal among artists and critics that it was remarkable that a stranger should have seen them as they saw themselves. Spain had found a real protagonist in one of another race and they were astonished. This applied especially to his portraits and his landscapes for in these he had given himself completely to Spain; but in his still life subjects, with the reverent use of old Gothic carvings, he offered to Spain something new, something not seen before in the work of her own artists.



"THE SHEPHERD BOY" BY MAURICE FROMKES

The very fact that he was invited to exhibit in the National Museum of Modern Art, which occupies the same relation to the Prado that the Luxembourg does to the Louvre, is an important one, for this honor has never been granted to an American before. The invitation came as a surprise to the painter for he had not sought it, and had not even contemplated showing his paintings in Spain. But his acquaintance among artists and those interested in art had grown during his years in Madrid. His first acquaintances, the brothers Zubiaurre (whose work was seen in New York last year and is now touring the country) had brought others and gradually the circle of Spanish friends widened and his studio dispensed the informal hospitality which the painter and his wife found so delightful a part of Spanish life. One day a newcomer came to the studio whose name the painter did not catch. He came again, and finally he came with an invitation to hold an exhibition in the Museum of Modern Art. The gentleman was the director of the Museum, Don Mariano Benlluria. Two rooms were given to Fromkes's pictures. The Queen and the two young Infantas came to the exhibition accompanied by the American Ambassador. Critics came and treated the painter more than kindly. Artists came, and the part that pleased the American most was that "modernists" and conservatives alike were enthusiastic. At the close of the exhibition one of the paintings, "A Madonna of the Road," was purchased for the permanent collection of the museum.

The mother who posed for "A Madonna of the Road" was also the model for "A Spanish Mother" which is reproduced for this article. She was the niece of the Fromkes's washerwoman in Madrid and she also posed for another picture in which the baby is wrapped close in her shawl in a way typical of Spanish mothers. In all his wanderings over Spain Fromkes never employed a professional model. It was the people who came into his life that he painted—the porter, the servants, the boy in the market, a shepherd boy in the hills, the friend of a friend—these were his subjects. "The Belle of Ronda" is a shoe-maker's daughter in that picturesque town of gorges and bridges where the houses perch insignificantly on the top of smooth rock walls that reach down to the black water. The painter and his wife had scarcely arrived in Madrid when he saw a little lace-maker on the street whom he wished to paint and he asked his wife to run after her and ask her to pose, for Mrs. Fromkes had learned Spanish in order to help them on their travels.

"But I can't speak Spanish well enough, and



"SEVILLE HOUSETOPS and CATHEDRAL"

by

Maurice Fromkes



"JACINTA AND HER FAMILY" BY MAURICE FROMKES



"THE BELLE OF RONDA" BY MAURICE FROMKES

besides I don't know what to tell her," said Mrs. Fromkes reluctantly.

"Tell her that I have come three thousand miles to paint her," said the artist, "but hurry."

So off she went and put her case before the young Spanish girl, and then the father and mother had to be consulted and their permission obtained. Finally she came to his studio, this daughter of the people, and put a red Spanish shawl around her shoulders and turned her profile, and behold, she was an aristocrat, radiating that ease and charm that Fromkes never ceased to wonder at in these people of simple birth. The painter fell sick while painting the picture and when he had recovered and wanted to go on with it his model had become engaged and the fiancée's consent had to be won as well.

Fromkes's finest work seems to me to be in the portrait of the peasant girl, Esperanza. This rises to the highest level of portraiture in which not only the individual is revealed but the race. She is significant of her time, her type, her age, and yet she is an individual, a personality. Only occasionally does a portrait attain this height. It is a very fine thing when the particularities of the moment are omitted from a work of art and the feeling of an age and of a race expressed instead. It is such works as this which remain to represent us to the future, which join the imperishable body of art of all time.

The figure subjects of Fromkes do not consciously strive after the unusual, or attempt obviously to be "different." It is in very subtle things, the way the hand of the Spanish mother reaches down in a gesture of tender protection over the baby in her arms, in the turn a lady in a black mantilla gives to her fan, in the shy, upward glance of a young girl whose carriage is proud and poised—in these things Fromkes's portraits have distinction for not affectation but sympathy has inspired them.

The landscapes, of which the reproduction in color of his unusual painting of Seville Cathedral across the roof tops is our only example, are rich in color and enthusiastic in spirit. They are not cold, intellectual disquisitions on what he saw, but a passionate response to the joyous color of Spain. They are paintings of mood in which the emotion of the painter is transferred to the beholder. In the "Golden Fields of Ronda" the broad, rolling hillsides have the lyric appeal of a song. There is also a painting in which the sunlit façade of some Gothic church is seen through a Moorish arch, bringing together the two influences, Mohammedan and Christian, which exist everywhere side by side in Spain.

The still life subjects are not so much a product of his contact with Spain—something he took from Spain—as his other work; in these he gave to Spanish artists a new conception of still life. His subjects were old Gothic stone carvings; one is of a thirteenth-century virgin against a reddish background; another is a beautiful polychromed wood "Descent from the Cross" against black; a third is the Virgin and Child with angel musicians on either side. This is in polychromed wood, with warm pinks and gold and faded blue against a background of that deep rich blue which he favors so often and uses with so much effect. These subjects, or rather this use of them, was noticed especially by the Spaniards and Ricardo Baeze, the art critic of *El Sol*, a Madrid newspaper, wrote this very appreciative and illuminating impression:

"Nevertheless, I wish, before concluding, to



"VIRGIN AND CHILD" (CARVED WOOD POLYCHROME) BY MAURICE FROMKES



"A SPANISH MOTHER" BY MAURICE FROMKES

call especial attention to the extraordinary novelty which his art of still-life presents—this still-life, in which Mr. Fromkes not only portrays natural or industrial objects such as fruits, flowers or porcelains, but sculptural works of art. such as polychromes, Gothic carvings, or a Chinese ceramic figure; pictures in which the artist does not limit himself to reproducing the object but interprets it; commenting thus, so to speak, upon the emotion which its contemplation caused in him. It is possible that we may be here at the beginning of a new pictorial era, the end of which would be a criticism, in this manner, of pictorial works, classical and modern. Something which, in a word, might arrive at being a critique of art itself, not through literature but through painting."

This is a novel and interesting idea. The Spanish critic recognized, as indeed all must who see these gracious Madonnas, this poignant "Descent from the Cross," the intense reverence with which they were painted, the re-birth of a truly Gothic spirit of tender awe which belonged to a day when religious feeling dominated art. Just as Fromkes's landscapes express an emotional reaction, and his figures a deep sympathy with a people, so these remarkable still-lifes are conceived in an exaltation of spirit which is potently manifest. They actually become a comment upon Gothic art in which the painter's contribution is his own measure of the spiritual quality that goes back across the centuries to find its match in that of the craftsmen of an earlier day.

A word must be said of Fromkes's color. José Frances, writing in *La Esfera*, an art weekly published in Madrid, wrote: "He is a virtuoso of color, a most subtle luminist. It would be easy to look for precedents and to find an affiliation with Anglada if we wished, because of our pride, that all his good points should be founded upon our own. He has, like Anglada, those delicious 'empasts,' delightful to look upon, malleable and brilliant . . ." and in further praise he says he "would exalt the ceramic quality of his paintings," with their profound blues, transparent reds, his white a little yellowish, as if time might have mellowed the polished surface of an Oriental porcelain.

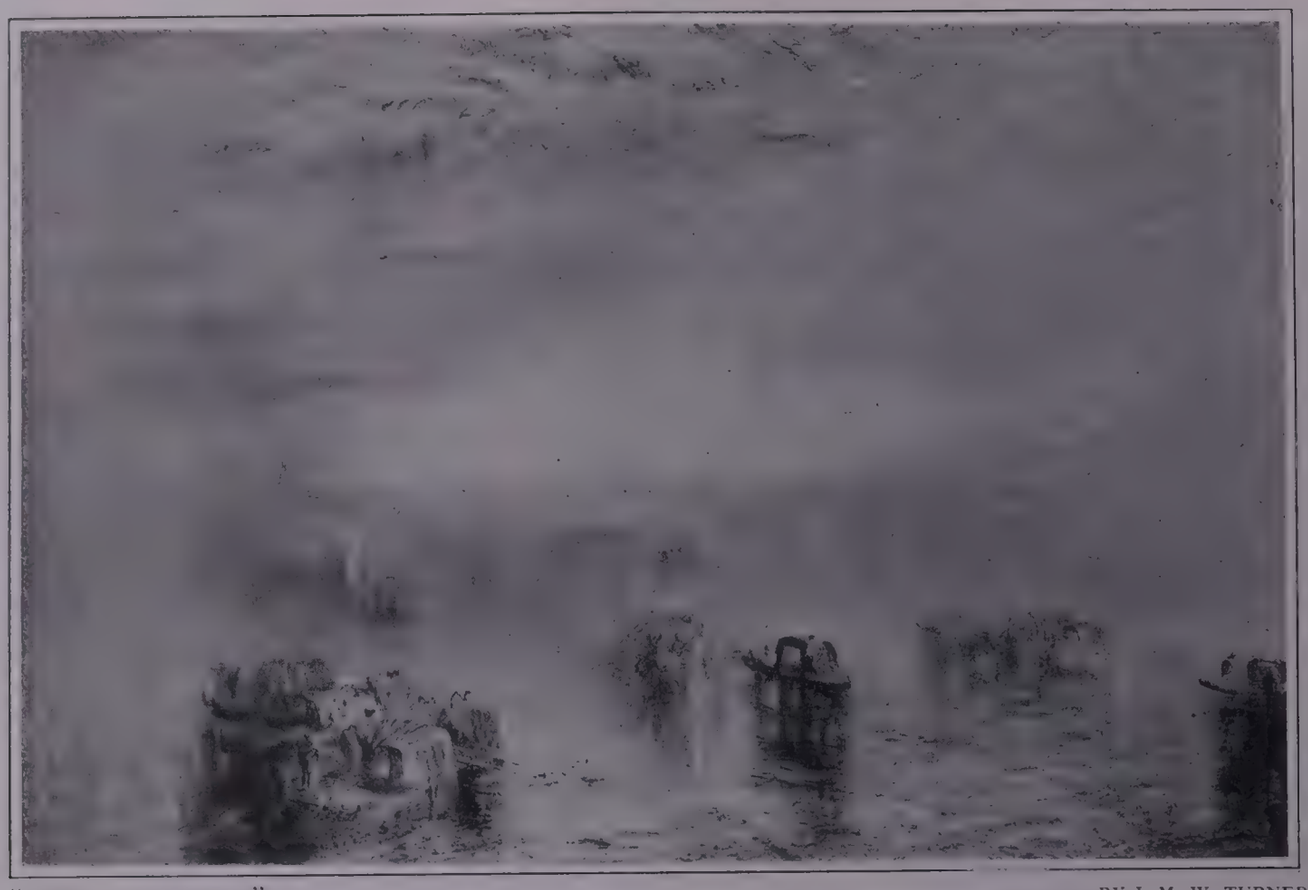


"ESPERANZA" BY MAURICE FROMKES

Maurice Fromkes and his wife sailed for Spain in the autumn of 1920. They returned to this country just four years later. It had always been the artist's intention to live in Spain over a period of years. To his friends who asked him why he stayed longer than several months, saying that he could easily "do" Spain in that length of time, he answered that he felt it would take not several months but several life-times to paint Spain. So great is his enthusiasm that he plans to return next year. And, too, after four years of the more quiet living which he found in Spain he finds that what he calls the unnecessary bustle of New York disturbs him.

The exhibition of Fromkes's paintings in New York took place at the Milch Galleries last December. During February it will be at the Boston Art Club, of which the painter is an honorary member. The Rhode Island School of Design in Providence will have it in March, the Corcoran Gallery in Washington will show the pictures in April and the Museum of Fine Arts in Rochester has invited them for May. Thus the signal success with which his pictures met in Spain is being echoed in his own country.

Photographs by courtesy of the Milch Gallery



"APPROACH TO VENICE" BY J. M. W. TURNER

TEN ENGLISH PAINTINGS

A group of pictures from the Tennant-Glenconner collection, recently brought to America

JULIAN GARNER

THE TENNANT-GLENCONNER collection of eighteenth-century English paintings, formed by Sir Charles Tennant and now in the possession of his grandson, Lord Glenconner of the Glen, Innerleithen, is a unique collection, for it is devoted exclusively to British art of one period. That period, the Georgian, was the golden age of English painting. Last year ten paintings out of this collection belonging to Lord Glenconner were bought by M. Knoedler & Co. and have passed to American owners who desire to remain anonymous. The group, however, was exhibited as a loan exhibition in their galleries in New York last fall. Seven of these paintings are reproduced on the following pages; the remaining three include two of George Morland's earlier but very fine works, "Robbing the Orchard" and "Playing at Soldiers," and also a head of Lady Hamilton by Romney.

All of the paintings are familiar through prints or books and their importance is such that any discussion of their quality would be superfluous. The following facts as to their history are taken from the catalogue of the exhibition. "Elizabeth, Countess of Derby" was painted by Romney in 1777 at about the same time that Reynolds painted his second portrait of her. She was the *Lady Betty Hamilton* of Boswell's *Life* and was the daughter of the sixth Duke of Hamilton. She married on June 23, 1774, Lord Stanley who became the twelfth Earl of Derby two years after. Her amazing career is described in a letter attached to the back of the canvas written by J. Pitcairn Campbell to Sir Charles Tennant on April 26, 1892.

"The Lady Derby of your picture," he writes, "was the first wife of the twelfth or 'cock-fighting' Lord Derby and she ran away with the Duke of Dorset, from Knowsley, the Duke having been disguised as a workman in the gardens for three weeks before the elopement. She lived for three years afterwards without being divorced and six weeks after her death Lord Derby married secondly Miss Farren the actress by whom he had one daughter who was the late Lord Wilton's first wife. The lady represented in your picture had a daughter by the Duke of Dorset, who, however,



"THE FRANKLAND SISTERS" BY JOHN HOPPNER



"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST" BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS



"BOY WITH GRAPES" BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS



"ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF DERBY" BY GEORGE ROMNEY

was always recognized as a sister by the thirteenth or 'menagerie' Lord Derby and she died in a house in Knowsley Park as Lady Elizabeth Cole. The last named Lord Derby was always very kind and dutiful to his mother in spite of her escapade."

Sir Joshua's self-portrait, painted in 1775 when he was fifty-two years old, shows him in the robes of a Doctor of Civil Law, an honorary degree bestowed by the University of Oxford in 1773.

"The Portrait of Miss Ridge" by Reynolds was done in December, 1773. There is an old label on the back of the stretcher on which is written:

"This is a portrait of a Miss Ridge by Sir Joshua Reynolds, daughter of Counsellor Ridge,



"PORTRAIT OF MISS RIDGE" BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS



"VAN TROMP'S SHALLOP AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE SCHELDT" BY J. M. W. TURNER

a Gentleman belonging to the Irish Bar. Mentioned in Goldsmith's Poem of *Retaliation* thus:

> *'. . . full certain I am*
> *That Ridge is anchovy and Reynolds is Lamb.'*

This picture has never been out of the family of Sir Joshua Reynolds."

The rest of the verse reads:

> *"To make the dinner full certain I am*
> *That Ridge is anchovy and Reynolds is lamb.*
> *That Hickey is Capon, and by the same rule*
> *Magnanimous Goldsmith is gooseberry fool."*

The picture passed from Reynolds' family to Mrs. St. John in 1859, then to the Marquess of Landsdowne, to Alfred de Rothschild and finally to Sir Charles Tennant.

The "Boy with Grapes" by Reynolds has been etched and lithographed and also appears in many works on Reynolds and his period. After passing through three collections it went to Kirkman Hodgson, M. P., from whom Sir Charles Tennant bought it.

"The Frankland Sisters" by John Hoppner was painted in 1795. Marianne and Amelia were daughters of Sir Thomas Frankland, of Thirkleby, Yorks, and granddaughters of Admiral Sir Thomas Frankland, a descendant of Oliver Cromwell. The elder sister, on the right, is Amelia or Emily, born in 1777. This painting was acquired directly from the Frankland family by Sir Charles Tennant.

"Approach to Venice" by Turner was called by Ruskin "one of the most beautiful bits of color ever done by any man, by any means, at any time." It shows the city as it appears across the lagoon from Fusina. The hour is sunset and a full moon rises on the left. It was exhibited by Turner in 1844 at the Royal Academy and was purchased, probably direct from the artist, by B. G. Windus, from whom it passed to Mrs. Emma Moir and then to Sir Charles.

"Van Tromp's Shallop at the Entrance of the Scheldt" was done in 1832. After being exhibited by Turner at the Academy it was purchased by H. A. J. Munro, of Novar, Mr. Munro being a friend of Turner and his executor. At the Novar sale in April, 1878, Mr. Agnew, the dealer, got it for £5,260, for his client, Mr. Kirkman D. Hodgson, who sold it later to Sir Charles Tennant.

Photographs by courtesy of M. Knoedler & Company

Cathedral of St. John the Divine

This cathedral, which will be one of the finest in the world is beautiful in its detail even though far from finished

Antoinette B. HERVEY

To see it—really to see it as it is—and to help others see what I have seen, that has been my joyful work for many years with the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in the City of New York. And in this delightful task my camera, with its lens turned on some lovely aspect of column, chapel or choir, and its ground glass selecting, interpreting the scene for my eye, has been my best guide and teacher—that and the love of the Cathedral itself, growing with its growth and ripening with the years.



CATHEDRAL IN SPRING

Living for thirty years at the foot of the wooded slope of Morningside Park that rises to the cluster of chapels and the choir that as yet form the hope rather than the realization of the Cathedral—living thus almost on the Cathedral close—I have had the best of opportunities for my work. From every one of my twelve windows, from the roof and from the windows and roofs of neighboring houses, as well as within the Cathedral itself, with its choir, crossing, ambulatory and seven chapels, I have exposed my plates, at each season, in rain, snow and sunshine, by night and by day and at every hour, except possibly at the more glaring hours which are by amateurs thought to be the best, but which are usually the worst for artistic photography.

"Artistic," by the way, as applied to photography, is a term with which many will quarrel, having been sedulously, or possibly just casually or thoughtlessly, taught by painters and critics that photography is merely reproductive and that photographic is the opposite for selective. For the sake of my "art" I feel bound to say that I have some hundreds of plates that support or tend to support the modest claim that photography too may be one of the fine arts, that as Prof. Arthur W. Dow said, photography is "painting with light."

Perhaps these random jottings from a photographer's notebook may help some readers who now have only a passing or hearsay acquaintance with the Cathedral to catch something of the designer's vision, something of the spirit of the Cathedral itself. If they do, I shall be glad, particularly if incidentally there dawns a respect for photography as something other and higher than mere reproduction.

"Still taking that same old building!" exclaimed a friend when I was taking my thousandth picture, more or less. "I thought you did that some years ago." She did not realize, as Monet and his fellows realize so well, that a building is like a baby, not changing so rapidly in form, but varying with every hour of the day, and with every mood of the earth and sky.

'Is the Cathedral ever as light as that?" inquired Canon Jones when looking at one of my pictures. "Come to my window at five or six on a sunny June morning and you will see. Gabriel's wings are then as white as those of any angel pictures by Milton and the chapel of St. Saviour gleams in the morning light with all the colors of an opal."

Spring with its running leaps into leafage keeps one literally on the jump to catch the tender



IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. JAMES

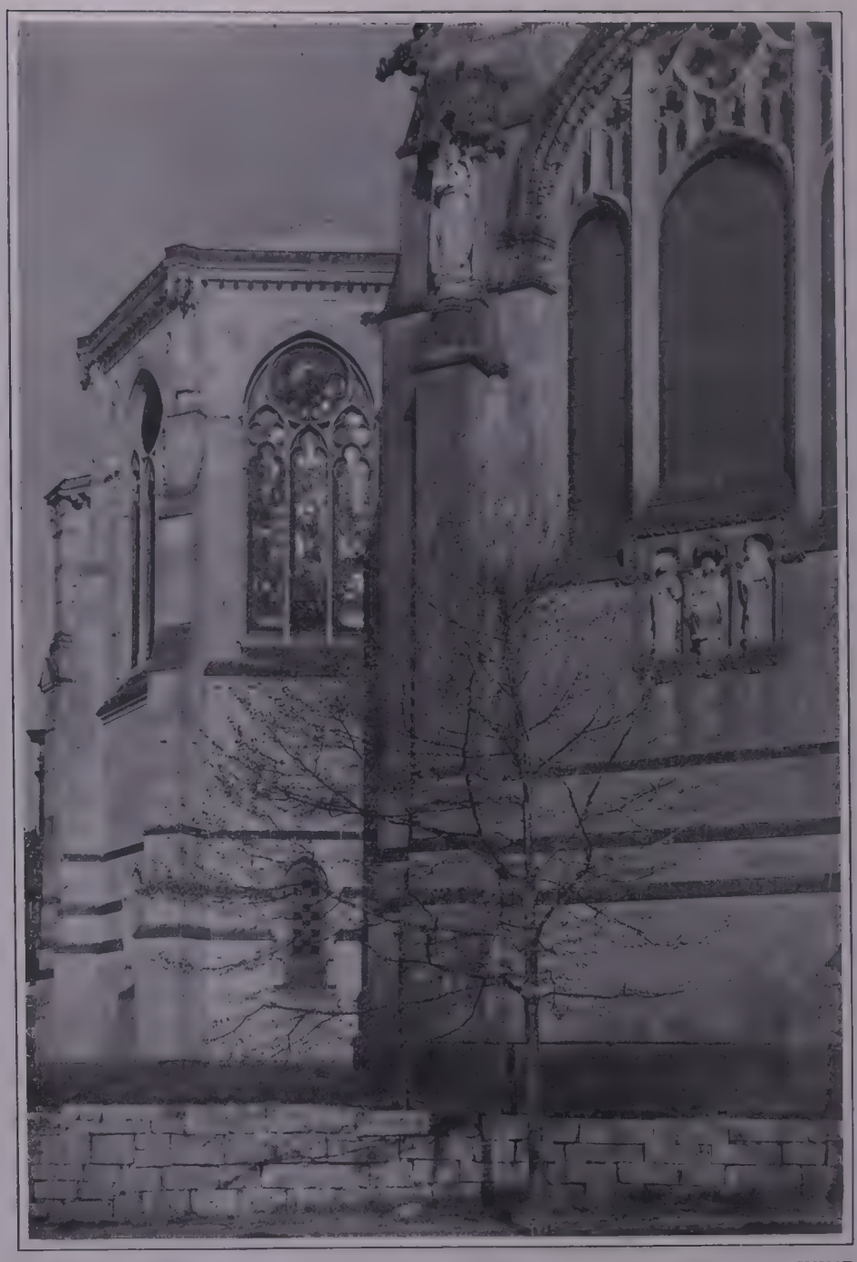
foliage against the golden granite. Even in July and August as one looks dismally at the dusty trees, suddenly the sky grows dark and lowering and our much pictured building takes on the tone of time with deep, sombre shadows. The storm comes quickly and is quickly over. There is an afterglow in the west with rays of light gilding and glorifying the trees in the park and the Cathedral on the heights. Only those who have lived under its shadow at all seasons can know its infinite possibilities.

It is now many years that we have lived under its lengthening shadow. At first we looked up at what we familiarly called "our ruin"—a huge rough arch, now covered, which was to separate the choir from the crossing. On a moonlight night this "ruin" was magnificent and we marveled that persons who go to see the Colosseum by moonlight did not make a trip to some apartment roof to see their own majestic arch. Our ruin, however, was facing forward, and when we playfully inquired if the completed structure would not cut off part of our sunshine, we were told emphatically that the Cathedral would not be finished till three generations after us had rolled away. With the optimism of youth we did not believe this and we still cherish our early faith that the Cathedral is surely to be completed, and that in our children's day, even though its plan is so magnificent that it will be the third largest cathedral in the world. Not only the third largest, but as Prof. Alfred D. F. Hamlin has said, "as compared with both Milan and Seville the composition of Dr. Cram's nave-interior is a better design both in proportion and detail, while in structural organization it is more original, more daring and more logically worked out than any of the four; it is perhaps in these respects superior to any medieval cathedral whatever." The other two referred to are the Duomo of Florence and the Cathedral of Cologne.

When the Chapel of St. Saviour stood out grandly against the sky, the Cathedral ceased to be called our ruin and was rechristened "our Cathedral," on the principle that "he owns the Cathedral most who loves it most." For some time the Chapel of St. Saviour seemed to be a thing apart from the big arch, but we heard rumors of huge Maine granite columns which were being quarried and would soon stand in awesome dignity around the Sanctuary. When these columns, fifty-five feet in height and weighing one hundred and thirty tons, were brought from Maine, it was necessary to build a special truck to transport them from the cars to the Cathedral. The day the columns came, we leaned far out of the windows to see a traction engine drag the heavy load, for in that day there were no automobile trucks.

As the columns were in two parts, the lower

thirty-eight feet high and weighing ninety tons and the upper seventeen feet high and weighing forty tons, there was much anxiety among the Cathedral authorities as to how the upper part could possibly be put in position. What was their surprise when the contractor sent his wife to superintend the placing. Calm and self-possessed, knowing each step, she had everything arranged with men and derricks in position. Then she mounted a platform, waved her hand and the mighty stone columns moved into their appointed places as if they, like the hand, were under the immediate control of her will. We felt then, as we do now, that sending a woman for such a work was prophetic of the day when the great Episcopal church will give the women an equal chance in its upbuilding. When the cornerstone was laid, Bishop Doane had said, "Women should be seen and not heard in the churches." That was a very advanced position for the bishop to take, for in the early churches women were not even seen—they were required to sit behind a curtain.



SPRING

CHAPELS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

For a time the Chapel of St. Saviour remained rather apart from the choir, connected with it only by the Maine granite columns which stood like trunks of huge blasted trees.

After studying photography with Mr. Clarence H. White I went to work with keen enthusiasm on the inside of the Cathedral. On the inside as well as the outside color and light are ever varying and to know the Cathedral one must go at all hours and in all lights. The Chapel of St. Ansgarius, for example, is best seen in the light of early morning when Adam and Eve, instead of being driven out, seem slyly to step out of the Garden of Eden; but late afternoon is the time to see and love the Chapel of St. James.

After studying the Chapel of St. James for years one night at a five o'clock service, I saw for the first time a diagonal shadow creeping across the limestone reredos. Part of the canopies with the adoring angels were in shadow and part were in light and on either side of the fine arch were panels, one very dark and one very light—a pleasing pattern. The next day about that hour found me there with my camera.

Each chapel has its own charm and I have found that the one in which I am working always seems for the time the most interesting for photography and the most conducive to devotion. St. Saviour with its magnificent window and exquisitely wrought altar has the advantage of always having a good light which is sometimes so glowing that we feel ourselves a part of the representation of the transfiguration which forms the center of the window.

A more militant spirit is developed by the Chapel of St. Columbia where we may study the life of the saint, a real human being like ourselves. We get the same impression of reality from the



CHAPEL OF ST. SAVIOUR

iron screen of St. Ambrose Chapel where we follow the saint from boyhood through his eventful life to his lying in state at the end.

In the Chapel of St. Ansgarius stands a group executed in Caen stone by Miss Malvina Hoffman. The group is a memorial of Robert Bacon and of the Harvard men who lost their lives in the World War. A dead crusader lies upon a cross with his head resting in the lap of a woman who kneels with face uplifted and hands with palms open, as if offering him as a sacrifice for the world. The crusader's look is as baffling as that of Mona Lisa. At first you may see a face of noble purpose, tempered by perfect calm and peace. Viewed from another angle he has a half smile, as if he were looking at the world *sub specie æternitatis*, forever above all petty troubles.

A tyro in photography always begins with the choir and crossing which are the most difficult to photograph. After going five years at every hour of the day from 8 in the morning to 5.30 at night at last the view in the picture was captured. The lighting of the altar, the detail of the pulpit, the height of the bishop's chair and the faces of the



AMBULATORY — THE CHAPEL OF ST. ANSGARIUS IN THE BACKGROUND

parapet offer many engaging problems. In the niches of the parapet stand the men who were chosen by the authorities as the greatest men of the nineteen centuries since the birth of Christ. A man from Ohio, after spending an hour in a most careful study of the parapet, exclaimed, "It is very beautiful as a work of art but the question naturally arises, 'Are men so much more spiritual than women that men only should represent the spiritual greatness of the centuries?' I find women more spiritual than men and I hope the uncarved block will be filled by statues of women." Women angels there are and the woman in the sun, spoken of in Revelations, shines gloriously down from a stained glass window.

My tastes in saints and angels are very catholic. While I may have my favorites, I want pictures of them all, but there are times when the noses of certain male saints are unbelievably lengthened and they seem to make up faces at me —perhaps for my belief in women saints.

All photographs taken and copyrighted by Antoinette B. Hervey

ART *and* OTHER THINGS

By GUY EGLINGTON

I AM APPALLED at the ingratitude of mankind. Have I not reason? Impelled by the generous spirit of the New Year, I presented to Professor Riefstahl, out of the kindness of my heart, and also by way of a tactful rebuke for a most unsuitable calendar which he had just given me (unsuitable, that is, for a bachelor), a copy of the December INTERNATIONAL STUDIO. That was January 4, 5 P. M. Here, dated January 4, 12 midnight, is all the thanks I get:

Dear Eglington:—

As a member of the now defunct Luncheon Club to which you referred in the December STUDIO, *I feel obliged to make a rectificatory statement. The most generous contributor to the cigarette fund was not one of the female members, but no other than our distinguished president, Mr. E. Weyhe, who, in spite of the costly fines imposed, persisted in the frequent and convinced use of the word "artistic." This regardless of the fact that he was absolutely unable on any occasion to give a satisfactory definition of what he meant by the term. May I also recall at this occasion that you, my dear Eglington, were at that time successfully, if at great cost, cured of the habit.* *Yours,*

R. M. Riefstahl,
Treasurer.

Now there are several ways of rebutting an accusation. I could give Riefstahl the lie direct. That were perhaps a trifle crude. More subtly, I could launch counter-charges, remind him of the many and costly fines he himself had to pay for attempting—in vain, need it be said?—to clothe his own impudent inventions in scientific jargon and put them over as facts. That method would savor too much, I fear, of the Hylan administration. Or I could call witnesses: The President, Mr. Weyhe; The Secretary, Mr. Zigrosser; The Toastmaster, Mr. Arthur Pope; not to mention our brilliant Ladies' Gallery, Mary E. Titzel, Mary Morsell and Dr. Phyllis Ackerman, Ph. D. These would support me, I am sure, even at the cost of admitting an occasional frailty on their own part. But why should a mere professor of Oriental Textiles be thus honored? No, I will be dignified. Let the Sometime Treasurer of the Luncheon Club produce the books!

Alas, the Luncheon Club. The food was only moderate, but the talk was good. A little peppery perhaps, but keen and intolerant of long phrases and undigested ideas. In its small way, which, in view of the fact that everyone in the art game was dragged in sooner or later, was not so very small, it played the much-needed role of satirist. It laughed unmercifully and its laughter bit home. The offensive little word "artistic" was but one of its *bêtes noirs*, a symbol, if you like, of the kind of thing it wouldn't stand for, the heavy earnestness of the second-rate painter, the breathless enthusiasm of the neophyte connoisseur, the candy-coated phrases (*schleim* in the language of the Luncheon Club) of the professional critic, the pompousness of the new dealer, just fresh from Europe and all set to teach America the meaning of art. In the process, of course, we all lost our halos, but it is amazing how well we got along without them. Forbidden to speak *ex cathedra* we had to re-examine all the old words and phrases that had done such yeoman service, discover what, if any, was their exact meaning and hammer them into new shapes to approximate as closely as might be, new thoughts. It was hard work, but it did us good.

Now, since Pope went on his travels, Weyhe became prosperous and Riefstahl domestic, there is no one left to poke fun at the absurd characters that strut their little hour upon the boards. Even McBride becomes solemn, or oversubtilizes his wit, so that no one shall be hurt. And Forbes Watson's pen has become so attuned to moral issues that it will not dance for him. Since Hamilton Easter Field died art criticism has become a dismal thing.

And yet—Heaven knows—there is no dearth of comic material, had one but a tenth of Field's gusto. Tangible material, needing no wit for presentation, but crying out to be quoted. Four catalogues. De luxe, if you please. Lying on anyone's table. The catalogue for the Paolini Sale of Italian Primitives, plastered all over with Certificates, de Niccola of the Bargello, Perkins, van Marle. On every page a great master, and yet in the whole collection barely half a dozen pictures that one would thank the giver for. The catalogue for Mestrovic at the Brooklyn Museum, for Zuloaga at Reinhardt's, both masterpieces of Brinton's art. Then, as if to prove that Paris is not to be outdone by New York in the manufacture of fine phrases, the document Beltran-Masses, newspaper size, sixteen pages of *schleim* by the greatest drawing room critics of Paris. One is staggered. Is the public's appetite for ice-cream insatiable?

Meanwhile, in a charming little gallery on 57th Street, history repeats itself with inexorable logic. The genial Mr. Neumann is the latest to



"DOVER BABY" AMERICAN, POSSIBLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

undertake the education of America. With a superb gesture he stages what he calls a Modern History of the Graphic Arts. Ha, Ha, say I, as I receive his invitation. That ought to be something good. Probably the exhibitions at the Metropolitan and the Public Library have given Neumann the notion to make a reply, show the modern side of the coin. So, full of expectation, I make the pilgrimage. Alas for the lure of a high-sounding phrase, what do I find? One or two miniatures, latish and not very good; a few German woodcuts, raped from an early printed book, some of them showing suspicious traces of modern color, a handful of engravings, an early lithograph or so, not all good impressions even, culminating in a modern print or two from Germany, from France, a photograph by Strand, a photograph by Stieglitz. The whole would be ridiculous if it were not so pathetic. Leaving the Metropolitan and the Public Library out of it, any one of the print men, Allison at Keppel's, Carrington at Knoedler's, Zigrosser at Weyhe's, could stage a better show than this, out of their own stock, and at half an hour's notice. But they would know better than to call it a history of anything at all. Carrington and Allison may be tame enough, but when they put on a show they put months of work into it, pick their prints with amazing care and drive their little point home with a sledge hammer.

The pity of it is that Neumann has a real case to prove, while the others are for the most part working with dead material. Just think what a show could be put on along the lines that Neu-

mann's title suggests. A history of the graphic arts in the modern sense! And Neumann could do it, if he were not in such a hurry.

To it, Neumann, and show them. . . .

But indeed, there are so many things that cry out to be done that it is hard to be patient with all the petty little shows which fill the galleries. In the field of modern American art, for example, when will someone have the courage to make a comprehensive exhibition, bring together under one roof the Stieglitz gang, the Daniel crowd, the wild men from Bourgeois and Weyhe's and the best of the homeless? The New Gallery had a marvelous chance, but they preferred to put their pennies on Russian horses. And now Neumann, who promised to be a real live wire, fritters away his energy, discovering a new genius every week.

It is too late in the day to do things that way. Our capacity for surprise is pretty well exhausted. Anyone who hopes to make a success of modern shows now must have a clear notion, gained from knowledge of what has happened here in the last ten years and some hard thinking thrown in, of where America stands in relation to modern art. From that point he must build up, and all that fails to reach that point must be rejected. America is no longer a pale reflection of Europe.

In this connection Dudensing, with his charming group of early paintings by self-taught Americans, is opening up an interesting field. Something of the same kind was attempted last year at the Whitney Studio Club, but with a less clear notion of what constitutes a Primitive. Too many of the pictures shown in last year's exhibition witnessed merely to inadequate training, which is far from being the same thing. Your partially trained painter has been taught what the difficulties are and how to overcome them. Already he sees eyes, nose, mouth, ears, as separate entities, which, put together, make a face. So with the entire composition. He sees it in little bits, which he fits together as best he can.* Your Primitive on the other hand, whether he live in 1280 or 1820, is entirely innocent of such subtleties. For him a face is a face, a room a room. He knows that his only chance of rendering either is to take it in one bite, so he makes a manful effort to grasp the essentials and lets the accidentals take care of themselves. The result is often crude, but it is rarely lacking in power and, by contrast with the second-raters, of which American portraiture contains so many, acts like a tonic.

It is not to be expected that the Dudensing show is a picked one. The interest in American Primitives is too young to make anything like careful selection possible. Nor can it be claimed that the general level of pictures is up to that of the Freake portrait reproduced in these pages in November, though one portrait, in which I take particular pride as a co-discoverer, challenges comparison with that masterpiece. For the most part the pictures are much later, being mainly nineteenth-century, from 1820 on. They thus date with the paintings on glass, many of them admirable landscapes, which one finds embellishing early mirrors.

In portraiture of that time there was evidently an accepted style, adapted to slender purses; a small likeness on cardboard, painted very simply according to a fixed convention. Down from the left-hand corner hung the folds of a curtain, caught up in the middle by a rope, so that it fell clear of the sitter's shoulders. In the centre the sitter, posed slightly at an angle, is painted head and bust only, with sometimes one hand showing. The best of these are almost wholly without interior modeling, the hair falling in ringlets round the nape of the neck being used to frame the oval. Eyebrows, eyes, nose and mouth are finely penciled with bold sweeping curves playing one into the other. By way of a finishing touch a dash of pink in the cheek. In the dress little attention is paid to texture, but the lines of the bust are firmly established, the only decoration being a narrow fringe of lace round the bodice, and maybe a flower at the opening. I saw a great many of these in salesrooms this summer, many of only moderate interest, but all following the convention closely. At Dudensing's there are several fine ones. It is an interesting fact that the humbler Russian painters of the same time followed a very similar convention. In Mrs. Stephen Martindale's collection there is a small Russian portrait of this type that could almost be taken for American.

The larger portraits on canvas are less conventional and often, it must be admitted, more sophisticated. Really fine examples, like the "Cassandra" from Mrs. Brumback's collection, the two portraits which Stephan Hirsch bought this summer and Robert Laurent's "Child on a Sofa" are hard to find. This last, very simple in its lines and brilliant in color, is a joy.

Unfortunately I have only room for one illustration, of the "Dover Baby," as I shall take

*I collect documents. Here is one, a circular from the Alexander Archipenko School of Art. The italics are mine.

"As a result of long experience in pedagogy, I use in my school a new method of instruction through which I achieved great success in my schools in Paris and Berlin. According to this tested method the student obtains *easily and quickly* the essential elements of drawing, painting and sculpture. . . ."



"MOTHER AND CHILD" BY ARNOLD FRIEDMAN

leave to call it, from the town where we found it this summer. When I first saw it hanging in the back room of an antique shop, I thought certainly it must be by the same artist as painted the Freake portraits. It had the same Dutch feeling, the same solidity, the same delicate cool color. Comparing it with the photograph of the Freake, I see that I was mistaken, but it is sufficiently close to warrant one dating it fairly early (the portrait of Madam and Baby Freake is dated 1674). Possibly the shape of the bottle would to an antiquary suggest a date.

It is to paintings of this type, as also to certain landscapes, though these are rarer, that I referred last month when I suggested that the new American Wing at the Metropolitan might be enlivened by the addition of a little naïveté. A fine painted-glass mirror and one or two small curtain portraits would lighten up a bedroom marvelously. As for the "Dover Baby," it should certainly be given a place of honor on the third floor. But there, I take it back. The "Dover Baby" is much too alive to be condemned, so young, to a museum. Even in Mr. de Forest's new wing he wouldn't, I fear, be entirely happy.

He would be happier, I think, with Arnold Friedman's "Mother and Child," of which I wrote during the summer. After a year I still think this one of the greatest achievements of modern art.

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

OLD FRENCH ENGRAVINGS. *By Ralph Nevill. Halton and Truscott Smith, Ltd., London. Milton, Balch & Co., New York. Price, $20.*

LATER and more puritanical ages have pointed the finger of shame at the French eighteenth century. But it is possible that the frivolous persons of that time took quite as much pleasure in their folly as the puritans did in calling attention to it. But however that may be, the graphic record which the painters and engravers have left shows a people who went about in a delightful way, paying great attention to their surroundings, as delicate and charming in their loves as in their dress. Prettiness, far removed from insipidity, is characteristic of all their art.

The art was one of the aristocracy. Even in the pictures of peasant life it is the farmer seen through the eyes of a *noblesse* which amused itself with bucolic pastimes who is depicted. The reality which is concerned with unpleasantness they did not consider a worthy subject for art. It is probable that there was quite as much mud in the streets than as at any later time but it did not get splashed on canvas. Why should we, with our sturdy virtues and unamiable vices, quarrel with them?

Mr. Nevill has wisely refrained from any special pleading or apology for the subjects of *les estampes galantes* beyond a casual reference to one or two peculiarly flagrant stupidities of the censors. He does describe the prints charmingly, records their various states and their relative rarity and gives much information of particular value to collectors. For the general reader his notes on the making of the engravings, on the painters and engravers, will probably be of greater interest. Of the painters who made sketches for the engravings Watteau, Chardin, Fragonard and Boucher are the most familiar although Badouin and Lavreince were both prolific and popular. The engravers were perfect craftsmen and quite frequently the artist's design was not only completed but improved by them. Mr. Nevill has mentioned all of them whose works were of importance and devoted a special section of his book to the engravings of Moreau le jeune, the painter-engraver whose work has often been called the finest of his age.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING: FROM GIOTTO TO THE PRESENT DAY. *By C. Lewis Hind. Volume II: From Constable to the Present Day. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $8.50.*

THE SECOND half of Mr. Hind's "labor of love and lamentations" is now out of his patient and willing hands and the whole of his elaborate treatise on landscape painting is the public's to peruse and profit by. However much one may take exception to this appreciative critic's conclusions there is always the pleasure of sharing his enthusiasms and discoveries, since he writes as one who finds it "easier and more natural to enjoy than to disagree, to receive than to reject."

Having investigated the art of landscape painting from Giotto to Turner in his first volume, Mr. Hind has had, in his second, the more difficult task of charting the route of this branch of painting among the confluences and tidal waters of the last hundred and fifty years. He begins with an analysis of how Constable "performed the old legerdemain of a return to nature" and how the art of France was roused from its classic and stately slumbers by his now famous "Hay-Wain." Then, step by step, through the various schools and countries, he traces the lines of branching thought in the landscape art, showing how the restless shuttle—insofar as it is possible to unravel the complex weaving—gradually developed the general pattern for each period.

The tale, like some absorbing romance, runs from Constable to Delacrois and the Barbizon group, to the Hudson River men in America, through Jongkind and Boudin to the Impressionists, noting the Pre-Raphaelites, Whistler, Homer, certain Dutchmen, tackling Post-Impressionism, and then winding up with the twentieth century painters on both sides the Atlantic. The volume is copiously illustrated, splendidly indexed, and from a chronological point of view an invaluable reference book.

GOLD AND SILVER JEWELRY AND RELATED OBJECTS. *By Caroline Ransom Williams. The New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West, New York. Price, $10.*

THIS CATALOGUE of Egyptian jewelry belonging to the New York Historical Society is the first part of an extensive work which eventually will include its entire Egyptian collection, the greater part of which was brought by Dr. Henry Abbott to this country in 1852 and presented to the Society about eight years later. A catalogue was made by Joseph Bonomi in 1843 of the collection as it then existed in Dr. Abbott's famous house in Cairo. This catalogue has been added to and reprinted at various times up to 1915. However, modern scholarship and research have accumulated a vast amount of information since the early days of the collection when the well-known "Menes Necklace and Earrings" were considered by the Dr. Abbott himself to be his most priceless possession, a group which Mrs. Williams lists as only interesting forgery. The equally celebrated "Pharaoh's ring," thought to have been that of Khufu, builder of the pyramid of Giza, has since been determined to be the ring of Neferibre, priest of Isis. But even in its more modest estate it is still one of the envied possessions of the Society. It is of unusual weight and excellently preserved.

The collection contains many rare and unusual specimens, such as its oldest piece, dating from the second half of the twelfth dynasty in the nineteenth century, B. C. It is a cylindrical outer case of gold and one of the earliest examples of granulated work in existence. Furthermore it represents the best period of the Egyptian jeweler's craft, the Middle Kingdom. The next in age, and one of the loveliest, is a circlet for the head, from the New Kingdom eighteenth to twentieth dynasties) and is the first of this period to be published. Amulets, seal rings, scarabs and statuettes are some of the other forms with which these ancient craftsmen concerned themselves. The importance of these objects in reference to Egyptian life is much greater than that of modern jewelry as an expression of our civilization, for at that time men wore jewelry to the same extent as women and there was also the jewelry that was made for the dead, for the gods, and as royal gifts.

Mrs. Williams, whose home is in Toledo, came to New York to conduct a special examination of the jewelry she catalogues, and her remarks on processes, alloys and tools

are a valuable contribution to the subject. Her book contains also a catalogue of the more important pieces of Egyptian jewelry all over the world. In addition to some hundred and sixty photographic illustrations of the jewelry belonging to the Historical Society there are construction drawings of finger rings and a sampler showing technical details which would enable a craftsman to reproduce certain of these objects. Mrs. Williams was formerly assistant curator in the Egyptian Department of the Metropolitan Museum and is now honorary curator of the New York Historical Society's Egyptian collections.

SPANISH GARDENS AND PATIOS. *By Mildred Stapley Byne and Arthur Byne. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price, $15.*

Apart from a few famous palaces and gardens very little, and that in fragmentary form, has been published about the gardens of Spain. There are several reasons for this, chief among them being the fact that until recent years the art of Spain has, since the time of Goya, been neglected by foreign writers. Then, too, even among the Spaniards themselves, there is almost no record, either pictorial or written, of the gardens.

The finest of these, those most typical of Spain, are to be found in the south and owe much of their beauty to Moorish traditions. In many cases the gardens are actual survivals of the Moorish regime, modified through the centuries. As everyone knows it is the oriental character given its architecture by the Moors which makes Spanish building peculiarly interesting. That and the tradition which to foreign minds is more real than Spain itself. Spain and romance have become almost synonymous and it is quite possible that many persons would find Spain as it is less interesting than imagination has pictured it. It is a bit disquieting to realize that the lofty walls which distinguish Spanish gardens were erected, not to obstruct the path of an ardent Don Juan but to offer protection from the heat of the sun.

Nevertheless, the gardens of those castles in Spain which Mr. and Mrs. Bynne have described and illustrated are not lacking in beauty and romance. In them one finds the small formal garden carried to perfection. It is probable that these gardens where the color is supplied by tiles rather than by flowers are less suited to American country houses than they are to the city. But for town houses and apartments they have much to offer. And, which is more important, they are things of beauty in themselves and, in the excellent presentation given them in this book, they will afford the reader, whether he has traveled in Spain or not, much pleasure.

ARMS AND ARMOR: A Catalogue of the Collection Presented to the Cleveland Museum of Art by Mr. and Mrs. John Long Severance. *By Helen Ives Gilchrist. The Cleveland Museum of Art, Cleveland. Privately issued.*

A handsome volume dealing with the Severance collection of arms and armor in the Cleveland Museum has come from the pen of Helen Ives Gilchrist, with prefatory notes by Frederic Allen Whiting and Bashford Dean. It is catalogue raisonné, profusely illustrated, dealing with the various departments of the collection in an informing and succinct manner. Suits of armor, helmets, swords, guns, crossbows, daggers, horse armor, shields, banners—these and other divisions of the armorer's art are taken up under separate headings. The interest in arms and armor among American collectors and museums grows apace, and this volume is another response to this awakening.

LOUIS XVI FURNITURE. *By Seymour De Rici. Brentano's, New York.*

M. De Rici has undertaken in his present volume to present the absorbing subject of French furniture, particularly of the period of Louis XVI, from a somewhat new angle, from a point of view at once more intimate and exhaustive yet at the same time as authoritative as other compilations. He has accordingly eschewed much of the monumental and more renowned furniture of this period and has introduced among the nearly five hundred illustrations used in this volume many less sumptuous pieces quite as worthy of perpetuation in the art lover's library.

A preface to the illustrations takes up in a dozen or so pages the esthetic conditions that preceded the sixteenth Louis and that induced a revulsion of taste over the "contortions" of Louis XV design. Cochin, the apostle of the new mode, in his *Supplication to Silversmiths, Chasers, and Woodcarvers* (1775) pleads that "when they have to make a candle-stick, let the stem be straight, and not contorted, as if a rogue had taken pleasure in twisting it" and he further states that "the man of good taste who should find himself in possession of such an apartment (Louis XV) would be able to knock away all the herbage, bat's wings, and other trivialities with a chisel, and lay bare the naked moulding which would be a sufficient decoration for him."

The plates are grouped with reference to general headings, as ensembles and interiors, panels, mantel-pieces, doors, consoles, tables, commodes, screens, etc.; and whenever possible the history of each piece is indicated. This volume is thus an eloquent treatise on the refinements and delicacies of the Louis XVI period, and should prove a treasure trove to designer and student.

A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE. *By Sir Bannister Fletcher, F. R. I. B. A. Seventh Edition. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $12.*

Architects and students have long been familiar with this book, the first edition of which was published in 1896. Later editions have been revised and added to, the most important changes having been made in the sixth. In the present edition several illustrations and maps have been added and the illustrations have been increased in size over those of previous printings. Practicing architects and teachers have accepted this distinguished work as their standard history.

For the general reader Sir Banister's book will have more interest than the title might indicate, for it is really a comparative history of the architecture of the world treated as a record of civilization. It displays briefly and clearly the characteristic features of the architecture of each country and considers the special influences, geographic, social and historical, which have contributed to the formation of each style. Thus the various buildings of which it treats become something more than examples of masonry; they are seen as the expression of an essentially human art.

ART IN EVERYDAY LIFE

LEONORA R. BAXTER

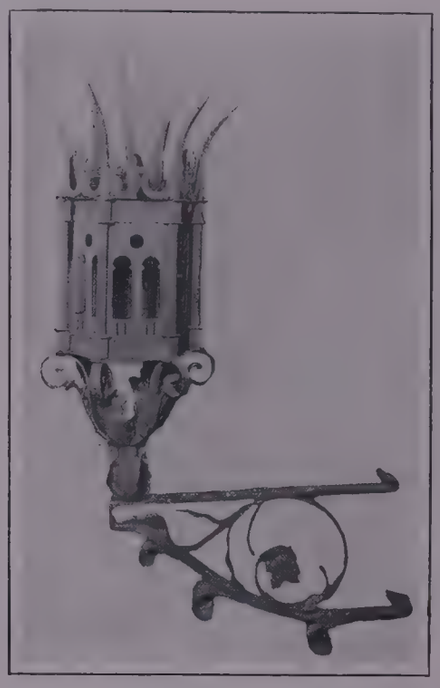
THE reproduction of a beautiful model gives more pleasure to a person of taste than a piece of furniture whose only recommendation is that it is an antique and the growing demand for faithful reproductions is meeting with cordial and intelligent effort from cabinet-makers. When Louis XV became king there was open



REPRODUCTION OF A LOUIS XV BERGERE
Courtesy of Somma Shops

rebellion against the gloomy magnificence of the preceding reign and the exuberant vitality of a young ruler was reflected in every walk of life. Decorative art gave full response and furniture soon bore the stamp of gaiety and caprice, evolving a grace and charm that has never been equaled. Comfort, as well as beauty, began to be considered an essential, and arm chairs of new shapes appeared. One of these took the name of *fauteuil de bergere*. It was, as a rule, quite large, wider than it was deep, and the seat was loose-cushioned and low. It was usually placed by the hearth, accompanied by a tabouret. What more could a luxury loving modern ask for? Somma Shops show a *bergere* of delightful dimensions, a copy of one of the best models of France. It is of dull finished walnut with delicate hand carving. Its unfinished cushions invite the personal touch of an owner and its soft curves suggest rest.

ANOTHER notable reproduction is the lantern illustrated here, which is exhibited with pride by John Guidotti, an importer of treasures from his native country. It brings to mind a famous old palace of Florence which stands as an everlasting monument to the art of its day. Backing into the via Tornabuoni, the most fashionable street in the ancient town, is the palazzo Strozzi, a perfect example of the Florentine Renaissance. Begun in 1489 for Filippi Strozzi, it was not completed until 1553 and during those years there were lavished upon it the best efforts of contemporary artists. The *fanali*, or corner lanterns, by Caparra, are among the finest specimens of Italian iron work of the period. On the second floor of the palace, hidden away from prying eyes, members of the Strozzi family still live—and the massive lanterns still shed upon passersby the eery gleam of another age, defying change and decay.



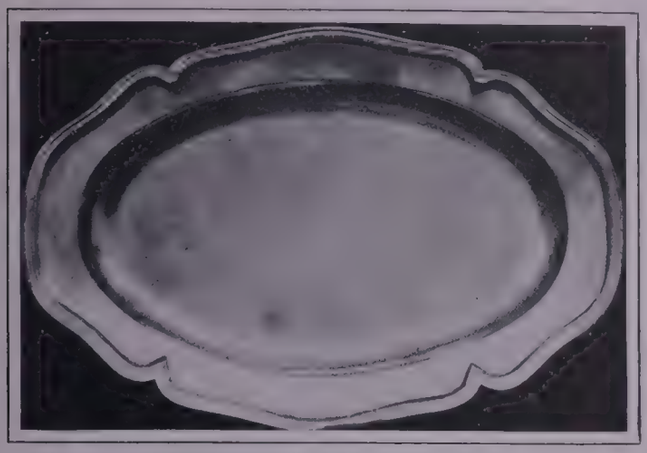
REPRODUCTION OF A FANALI
Courtesy of John Guidotti

IT IS indeed hard to overestimate the decorative value of a beautiful screen for perhaps no other article of furniture can be used to advantage in as many ways and places. The example given here is exhibited by French & Company, and is of very exceptional interest. The panels are early eighteenth-century Italian. Upon deep red-purple velvet peculiar to that period the design is worked with rare technique in scrolls of gold metal thread and flowers done in silk in old blues, green, rose and



EMBROIDERED PANELED SCREEN
Courtesy of French & Co.

yellows. The same velvet is used in mounting the back of the screen. These panels are from the collection of Charles M. Ffoulke of Washington, who had, by the way, the first important American collection of tapestries and embroideries. The frame is of walnut, in Queen Anne style, and the hinges are hand wrought metal. The scarcity of fine old embroidered panels in good condition, and particularly in a set, such as these, makes this screen particularly desirable.



STERLING SILVER MEAT PLATTER
Courtesy of Pyms & Co.

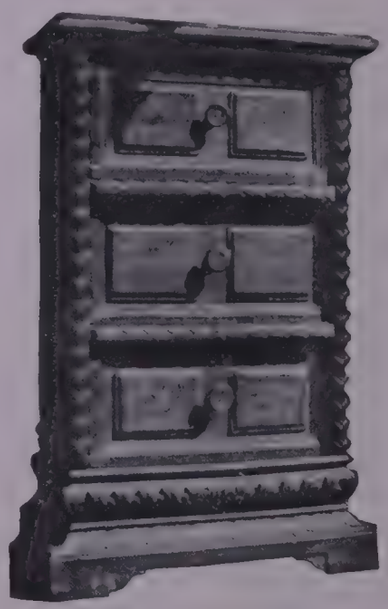
UNUSUAL and beautiful relics of the long ago are being rapidly absorbed by appreciative Americans and pieces of exceptional interest are no longer easily found. Literature could scarcely tell a more fascinating tale of old England than is conveyed by these sturdy meat platters. They are from the collection of the Princess Mecklinberg-Strelitz-Schwerin, who was first cousin to Queen Victoria and grandmother of the present Queen Mary of England, and are now in the possession of Pyms & Company. The Princess once paid a visit of more than twenty years to Victoria, and during her sojourn at Buckingham Palace her platters were in constant use, bearing precious cargoes to the hungry nobles. Made in 1742, of solid silver, they are engraved with the crown and the letter "G," which stands for the family name of the royal house of England. Marked with many signs of human usage, and mellowed by intriguing history, they are yet ready to render endless service, giving more than a hint of their lofty associations.



MARQUETRY CHEST OF DRAWERS
Courtesy of Fountain & Ellerm

THE ILLUSTRATION is of an exceptionally fine chest of drawers of the William and Mary period. Dutch influence that prevailed in England during the seventeenth century naturally resulted in marquetry coming into high favor and in many instances the work of the cabinet-maker shows the combined art of the two countries. This piece is very simple in outline, as typical of the period, but is elaborately decorated. The top is inlaid with four corner scroll-designs and a center adornment of birds and foliage in ebony and laburnum upon a ground of holly wood. The feet are restorations, and the dimensions are fairly typical of the era, being three feet four inches high, three and a half feet wide, and one foot two inches deep. Fountain & Ellerm plucked this chest from the collection of one Fenton, a seventeenth-century Straffordshire poet who seems to have spent his spare time gathering specimens of arts other than his own. In excellent condition and color, this chest would be a valuable acquisition to any collector of English furniture.

ITALY, as well, contributes beautiful examples of marquetry. Of all furniture used in the Italian medieval interior, the chest and cabinet were of the greatest importance and fulfilled numerous functions. It was not uncommon to find ten or more belonging to one household, and from some of the old inventories we learn that often



AN ITALIAN CABINET
Courtesy of Etta G. Menko

as many as fifty were included among the possessions of a patrician family. Most of those surviving from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries show a great variety of decorative treatment, inlay and intarsia being generally preferred to enrich the surfaces of the finer examples. The cabinet illustrated was recently brought from Italy by Etta G. Menko, and can be seen in her studio. It is fifteenth-century, of natural walnut, and shows an interesting combination of carving and marquetry, of delicate and detailed design, done in warm and beautiful tones of exotic woods, which covers all the plain surfaces of the cabinet. In shape and size it is extremely adaptable and would be a charming bit of color in any room. The illustration, taken from the best photograph available, unfortunately does not give any adequate presentation of the beautiful detail both in carving and inlay.

THE EDITOR'S FOREGAST

Of the many derivatives and ramifications of Impressionism to be found in American painting, the landscape art of John E. Costigan presents one of the most interesting phases. The idea that grew into this so-called school was based on a vibratory arrangement of broken colors, juxtaposed in a great variety of ways as each member of the group saw fit; and in elaborating this original idea Mr. Costigan has produced in a manner that is quite distinct from that of his fellow Impressionists a series of wholly delightful transcriptions of the wooded countryside that surrounds his Orangeburg home and studio. In next month's International Studio, Ralph Flint's sketch of this artist's pictorial accomplishments and methods of procedure will serve as an introduction to many who perhaps are as yet unacquainted with this worthwhile American painter.

Do you know what an "American Primitive" is? You may think it has something to do with the art of the aborigines, but it hasn't. The name has been given to paintings done by crude American artists in Colonial days or in the first decades of the Republic to satisfy the culture of isolated communities. The "American Primitive" was absolutely uninfluenced by Europe, and the artist more often than not was a graduate of sign or carriage painting. But he was an earnest chap and he did his best, and the portraits he made had a charm of naïveté that often puts them into the realm of art. He was called a "limner," and he went about in a wagon laden with canvases on stretchers. During the winter months he had painted the ladies' gowns, collars, coiffures, and even their hands, very precisely in the latest style. When summer came and he started with his wagon, all he had to do was paint the faces of his clients, they having previously selected their clothes, collars, coiffures and hands from his large stock. You can see that there will be quaintness both in the text and the illustrations of Mrs. H. C. Nelson's article on the subject in the March number.

Adolphe Barreaux in writing of Mayan sculpture in the March number points out that, on purely technical grounds, such as the knowledge displayed of foreshortening, composition and design, the art of the ancient Americans who dwelt in Yucatan may be placed in advance of that of Assyria and Egypt. It is the peculiar idea of beauty held by the Mayas, such as arrificial flattening of the head, straightened foreheads and retreating chins, that keeps their masterpieces from exercising such an esthetic appeal to us as Egyptian sculpture does. Like the Greeks, they polychromed their stone carvings, so that the temples and palaces of Yucatan must have been striking in their color. Those who suppress the first feeling of repulsion which the grotesque always imparts will be able to see the great beauty of design in the illustrations to this article.

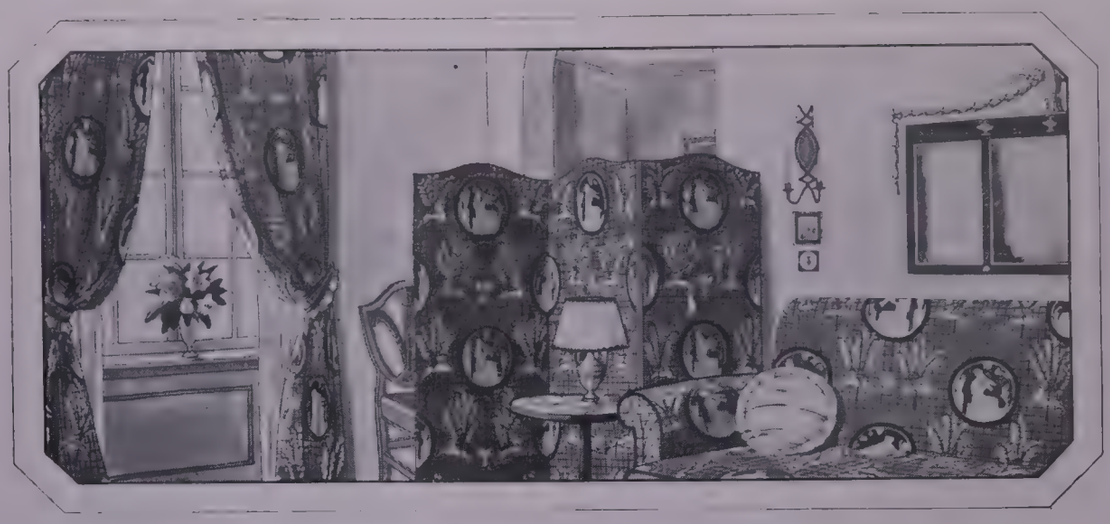
Charles Burchfield is an artist who has attracted legends around himself, not because he has fostered them; but because his art is so unusual that picturesque tales naturally attach themselves to his career. William B. M'Cormick, who writes of Mr. Burchfield for the next number of International Studio, recounts some of the phantasmagoria that have replaced the facts of the case, which would have him a coal miner painting in odd moments, while the truth is that he is a former student of the Cleveland School of Art who first made his living as a designer of wall paper. Burchfield, says Mr. M'Cormick, "presents himself as a man so wholly concerned with truth in one phase of his work as to be a realist of disconcerting frankness, while in his second form of expression he is almost classically romantic." In the former aspect he appears as the painter of Salem, Ohio, with its false store fronts, its sagging, dilapidated buildings, its miry roads, its dispirited citizens—in other words, of "unsuccess in life's business." In his second mood he paints a world in which man is not, a primeval world whose symbol is the wild, untamed joyousness of the horses which race across his panel, "October," one of a number of Burchfield's recent works reproduced for this article.

The woodcarvings of Robert Laurent are the best known examples of this sculptor's work, and it is probable that his most important productions have been done in this medium. Certainly the paneled study, done for Hamilton Easter Field, is a remarkable achievement in American sculpture. For this study Laurent carved panels for walls and shelves, doors and cabinets. Among the panels are representations of New York Harbor and Madagascar. Beside these reliefs and his figures in wood, however, Laurent has done a series of heads and figures in alabaster which are very fine. In the next issue of International Studio Guy Eglington gives a critical account of the sculptor and his work. The illustrations will include examples of Laurent's work in both wood and alabaster. His is a diversified gift, and it is that quality as it affects his production which forms the basis of Mr. Eglington's article. This is more, however, than a consideration of one sculptor. The whole modern field is hinted at.

Nowadays books are decorated rather than illustrated. Aubrey Beardsley gave the idea its initial urge and it has kept growing. But there was a time, around the middle of the last century, when the highest praise that could be bestowed on book embellishment was to say that the pictures were actual representations of the people in the book doing the things the author described them as doing. And pre-eminent among illustrators on this side of the Atlantic was F. O. C. Darley. He reproduced the characters of fiction so tellingly that they seemed to live on the printed page, and he put drama into their actions. He did this for Dickens, for Irving, for Trowbridge and for Cooper, Jane Porter, Poe, Longfellow, Sigourney, Ik Marvel, Frank Forester, Charles Dudley Warner, Ned Buntline, and divers others of the time. Frank Weitenkamp, an authority on prints, has written about him for the March number, and many typical reproductions will show what a wonderful stage manager Darley was.

The "Portrait of Lady Elibank" by Sir Henry Raeburn, reproduced on the cover of this issue, is used by courtesy of the Ralston Galleries.

Peyton Boswell



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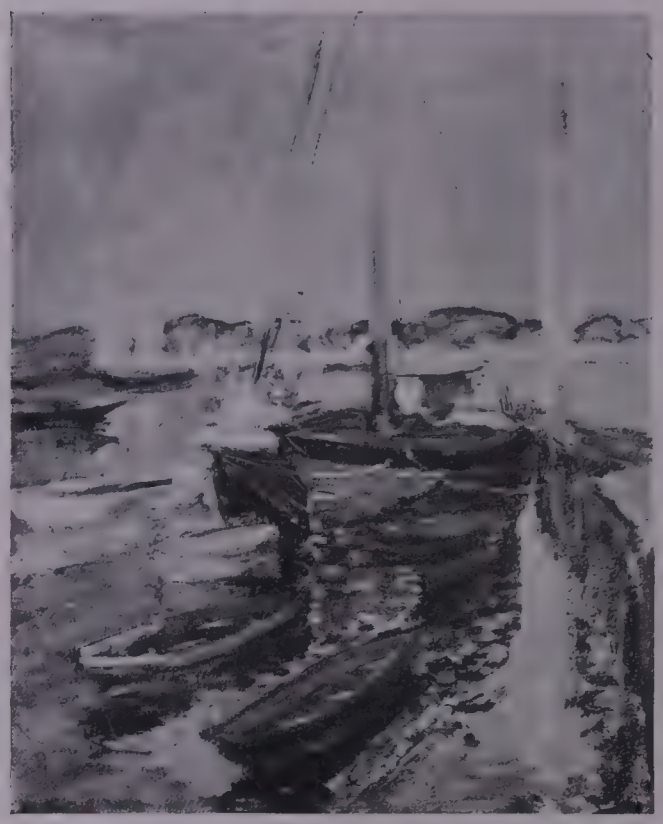
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[*page 18*]

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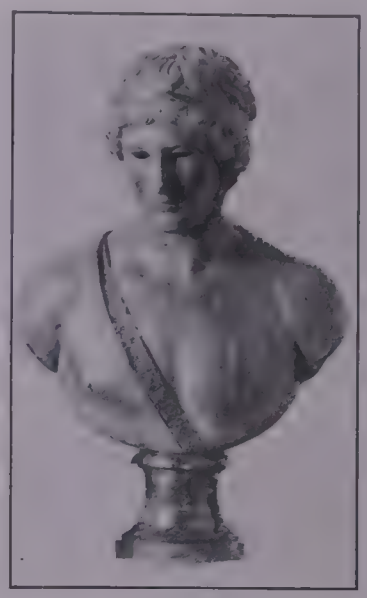
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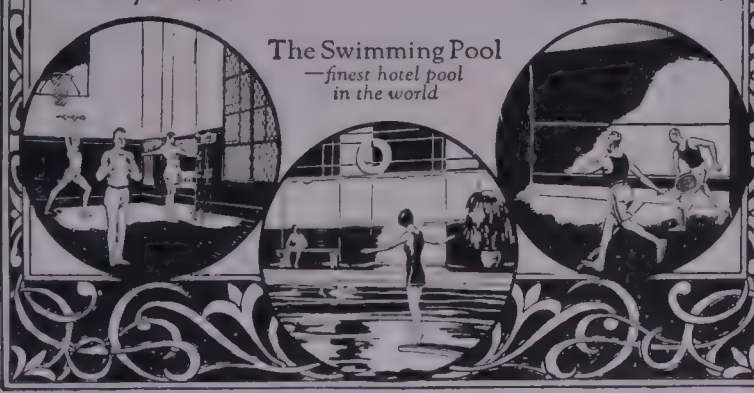
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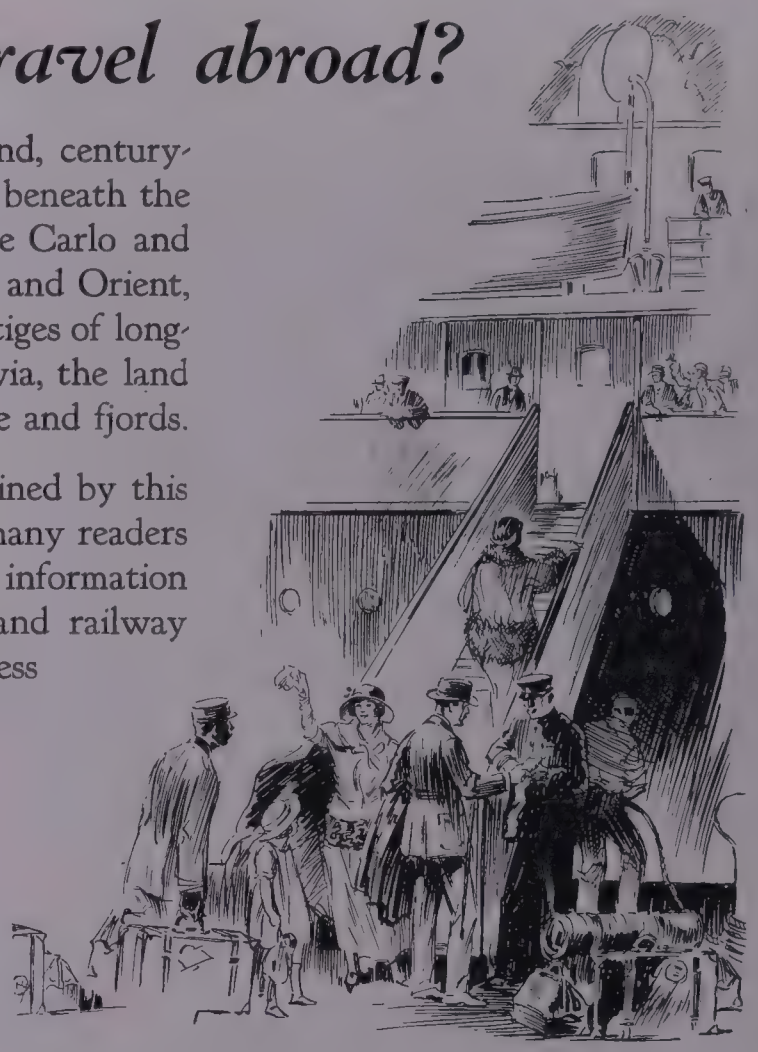
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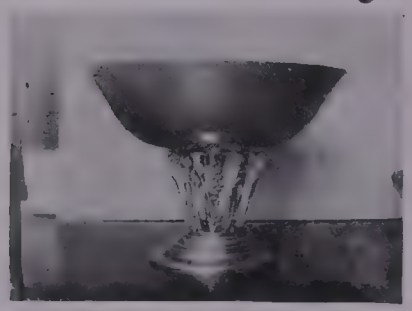
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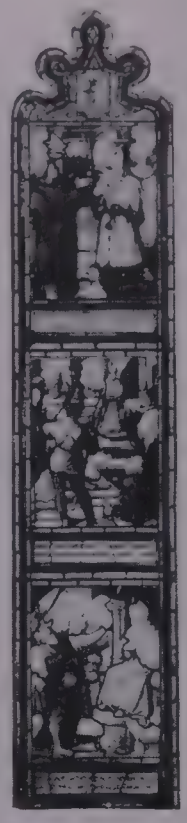
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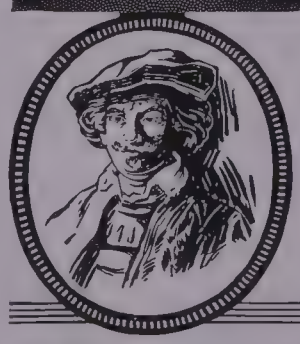


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ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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"SPRING"

by

John E. Costigan

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Volume LXXX

Number 334

March 1925

COSTIGAN, American Pastoralist

A painter who has made his own Barbizon and living there content, has developed an unusual technique

RALPH FLINT

THE QUESTION of pictorial material often proves to be a vexatious issue for the man who lives by his brush. The search for proper subject matter may easily involve him in a nomadic existence until he discovers some *endroit* where he can settle down to his quarrying of form and color without let or hindrance. Like those seekers for beauty who made the Fontainebleau forest famous by sojourning in it and painting its depths, John E. Costigan has found his setting and subject matter within the limits of his own wooded acres in Orangeburg, New York. There, with his little family, he leads a truly pastoral existence among his sheep and goats and paint-pots.

After a preliminary wandering among the schools and bazaars of the art world, this young American artist followed the promptings of his nature and took shelter among the woods and meadows of rural New York, where he might spend his days and nights in study of the seasons in their voluminous beauty. And perhaps the secret of his success lies in just this devotion to duty—to the painter's task of communing ever more deeply with nature until the mind becomes "divinely bent to meditation."

Mr. Costigan stands a unique figure among contemporary American painters, in the poignant pastorality of his art and in the manner of pigmentation which he employs. While there are landscapists without number in every section of the United States sincerely bent to their various pictorial tasks, there probably is none dwelling in greater *rapport* with natural beauty than he. Like some Attic shepherd wandering quietly with his charges through gentle copses and meadows and sitting happily beside melodious streams through uncounted hours, unconscious, beyond the bare facts, that a world of contentious interests is shuttling through time and space just over the edge of his horizon, this twentieth-century tender of sheep moves about his beloved homestead in daily contemplation of leaf and flower, ripple and cloud, flock and family, noting each subtle aspect of change and growth against some future occasion in the studio when a new picture shall come to pass.

"PEELING APPLES" BY JOHN E. COSTIGAN

Courtesy of the Babcock Galleries



Since his first appearance at the Babcock Galleries some



"EARLY SPRING" BY JOHN E. COSTIGAN

"LANDSCAPE WITH FLOWERS" BY JOHN E. COSTIGAN





"WINTER SHADOWS" (WATER COLOR) BY JOHN E. COSTIGAN

"DOWN-STREAM" (WATER-COLOR) BY JOHN E. COSTIGAN



eight years ago Mr. Costigan has grown steadily in ability and reputation. His style has ceased to be a matter of wonderment or even concern, and the success of his first one-man show, held this season at the Rehn Galleries, was not surprising to those who had watched him develop from year to year. Of course some inherent need for particular accent or quality lies back of the peculiar way in which he manipulates his medium, for such habits of procedure are but externalized processes of pictorial reasoning. From the very beginning, when attempting to sketch in oil pigments, he was drawn toward the idea of load-



"EARLY SPRING" BY JOHN E. COSTIGAN

ing his paint with a palette knife in order to secure a greater body of tone and a wider range of effect. He developed a technique, based on the *impasto* of the palette knife, which gradually grew into an exuberant loading of the pigments with the brush in the vibratory manner of the Impressionists.

Closely examined, the Costigan canvases present a puzzling surface to the layman. Hillocks of paint rise and fall like some raised topographical map, with channels and grooves darting here and there in apparently wild confusion. Let the painting, however, be seen at a proper distance, and these corrugations blend into a seemingly smooth construction where order and reason obtain. But this lavish display of pigment is not made with any desire to *épater le bourgeois*, nor is it through any personal predeliction of the artist for Penelope's classic contrariness that he raises his promentories and headlands of paint only to have them sink away when the picture is seen at a normal range. A distinct purpose lies imbedded in this Costigan technique which gives his paintings a wonderful carrying power. When seen beside pictures done in the usual flat manner, the coruscating, shimmering surfaces which he achieves with his heaped-up pigments are particularly effective and quite justify his technical procedure.

Thematically Mr. Costigan is as simple as he is technically involved. He has an almost Wordsworthian attitude toward the natural beauties that surround him. He puts their simplicities into strokes that sing with the same earnest emotion as do the phrases of the English poet. His art approaches, too, the deepness of Millet's pastorals, save that the Frenchman's melancholy is absent. Costigan celebrates the beauty of living humbly and contentedly, close to mother-earth, in a sort of self-appointed peasantry. He is a pictorial harvester bringing into the storehouse the fruits of his observation and meditation, gathered on the daily round of his little world.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO



"EARLY MORNING IN THE FIELDS" BY JOHN E. COSTIGAN

His wisdom has led him to find at his very threshold the essentials of his calling, and his penetration has led him to make the most of that which lay at hand.

It is in the woods that this painter finds his happiest subject matter. There, among the tangled branches and brush-wood, he sets himself to study the endless variations of sunlight and shadow as the touch of the seasons revolves the pageantry of leaf and light. It is here that the need for a special technique must have come to the painter. To represent the wonder of sunlight in its soft descent through countless layers of leafy boughs, when individual form almost disappears in a general translucency, or to seize the prismatic glitter of sun-shafts streaking through some bosky dell when twig and trunk, leaf and petal each have their high-light and shadow were an impossibility in a photographic sense. And so, in emulation of the feathery, fairy-like scenes within the woods, a glancing, interlacing way of painting evolved within the studio; and—*mirabile dictu*—the transference of sunlit wood to canvas was an accomplished fact.

It is seldom, however, that Mr. Costigan leaves his foregrounds untenanted. The usual occupants of these vantage points are his family and flock. In earlier years the figure of a woman, a struggling file of sheep or goats at her feet as she wandered through the woods, appeared times without number; her reddish skirt and dark bodice became a familiar accent in his compositions. Since the arrival of an heir to the Costigan homestead, the many guises of motherhood have engaged his brush, and now as the heroine of the story roams the woodland paths she bears on her shoulders the little son or holds him high above her head in fond affection, quite unmindful of the straying animals. He treats his dumb companions with the same pictorial interest as his wife and child, and the sheep and goats and cows are invariably as intimately rendered as they. Mr.



"WINTER" BY JOHN E. COSTIGAN

Costigan's paintings will never cause the cataloguer's much difficulty in the way of chronological sequence, for in them his menage in all its stages is on record. Lock, stock and barrel, the Costigan household stands revealed.

It is but natural that Mr. Costigan should feel the deepest admiration for John Singer Sargent's "Hermit," perhaps the greatest rendition of a woodland interior in all art. This famous canvas, which hangs in the permanent collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is a point of pilgrimage whenever he comes to town. He places this Sargent as his favorite painting, and goes to the Museum to stand before this consummate summary of forest forms in rapt attention, as still and observant as if he were in his own sun-shot glades, learning bit by bit to make his hold on art and nature more secure.

In patient, studious hours of closest attention has the way unfolded to this painter. Like Turner, he likes to sit hour by hour watching some tricky piece of foliage as it turns in the wind or some point in the brook where it slips out of its winter sheathing of ice with quaint and unexpected turn. This is what gives his seemingly unstudied tapestries of color their authenticity. In design, too, Mr. Costigan is well versed. The canvases in his show at Rehn's were strong in unified and unusual pattern, several of them indicating an advancing sense of subject matter and composition. He takes his place, therefore, among the most interesting of contemporary American painters because of his pioneering along a new direction in representation, for having evolved an individual and telling technique to meet a direct pictorial need, for making his own Barbizon and dwelling a happy master therein, and for the deep and abiding sense of beauty with which he invests his canvases.

Color plate and photographs except where otherwise credited by courtesy of the Rehn Galleries

THE ART OF THE MAYAS

In design and sculptural form this primitive race developed an art comparable to that of the Assyrians

Adolphe BARREAUX

THE MAYA are a people whose name is far less familiar to the general public than that of the Aztec but who, nevertheless, evolved a high culture of their own when the Aztec were yet primitive nomadic hunters. They furnished the latter people with much material for the civilization which attracted and so richly repaid Cortez and his followers in 1519. The Toltec or pre-Aztec remains were, for the most part, contemporary with the brilliant period of the cities of northern Yucatan, but much later than the first florescence of southern Maya art.

The region in which remains of the original Maya civilization and art are found corresponds closely with that still inhabited by Indians speaking dialects of the Maya linguistic stock. It comprises, roughly, in Mexico the states of Tabasco and Chiapas and the peninsula of Yucatan; entire British Honduras; the two-thirds of Guatemala lying north of the Motagua River and much of Honduras, including the headwaters of the Copan River, the lower course of the Uloa, and probably the rich central valley of Comayagua.

Relics of Maya art are, in some branches, quite extensive, while in others they are regrettably few. However, there is little reason to complain, for the body of material preserved for study is estimated as greater than that which has survived from the great art of Greece. Many of their remaining structures, both religious and secular, still show much of the original embellishment in stone carving, wood carving, frescoes and stucco work.

We find in the ancient masterpieces of Yucatan and Central America a fine technique and an admirable artistic sense largely given over to the expression of religious concepts. The works of the Maya artists furnish, upon close study, many analogies to the early products of the Mediterranean and eastern countries. In point of time, Maya art cannot boast a sensational antiquity or even one which will bear comparison with that in classic lands or in the Far East. But upon technical grounds—such as the knowledge displayed of foreshortening, composition and design—it may be placed in advance of the art of Assyria and Egypt.

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STELA AT QUIRIGUA

receiving considerable attention, was not all-important to the Maya as to the Greeks. The latter conceived and represented their divinities and mythical heroes in human form; hence they idealized this form until it embodied the finest possible conception of strength and grace. The gods and culture heroes of the Maya, on the other hand, had fundamentally the physical characteristics of reptiles, birds and lower mammals or were, at best, grotesque figures of composite origin. In many cases, however, these brute deities were more or less humanized, resembling in a general way the half animal, half human gods of Egypt and Assyria. Human beings appear only in the mundane guise of priests and the ruling classes. The strange subject matter of Maya art should not militate against the appreciation of its real artistic merits, for the products

SIDE OF STELA, QUIRIGUA



of an inspired imagination are always worthy of respect and study.

The Maya had considerable but by no means complete mastery of the technical difficulties of representing objects of three dimensions upon a surface with only two. High and low relief show something of a transition in this process. In foreshortening, they greatly excelled the Egyptians in that they were sufficiently skilled to draw the body in pure profile, as well as representing the legs and feet in a variety of sitting and reclining positions. The real difficulty in the development of perspective was that the artist's previous knowledge of the subject interfered with his visual impressions. He knew that a man possessed two arms and so felt constrained to always draw two arms in full view. The Maya artists achieved a sort of compromise between appearance and reality. When they could not find a way to correct a drawing, they at least succeeded by graceful and pleasing treatment in distracting attention from any errors in delineation.

The principal methods employed by the Maya in the graphic and plastic arts differed little from those of better known lands. Carving in wood and stone and modeling in clay and stucco were widely practiced. At the time from which the remains of their art date they were living, like the Mexicans, in an age of stone. The elaborate monuments and temple decorations were cut and carved with stone implements. These people might have accomplished greater wonders if they had had fine grained marble instead of coarse, uneven limestone and iron or bronze chisels instead of unwieldy stone knives.

The best achievements of the Maya are preserved on huge carved monolithic monuments,



A WELL-PRESERVED STELA AT QUIRIGUA

commonly called stelæ. These monster pillars, approximately rectangular, usually present a single figure, or one figure on the front and another on the back, in addition to relief carving, generally on all sides. The largest of these are found in Quirigua but the art of the neighboring site of Copan is the finer, since many of the stelæ here are carved in such relief as to approximate the full round.

The exact purpose of these stelæ is problematical. In the large majority of cases they stand in relation to certain buildings and are considered to be five-year count markers known as Hotun. Many are found with altars in front and appear to have been connected with certain religious ceremonies.



A RICHLY SCULPTURED ALTAR AT COPAN



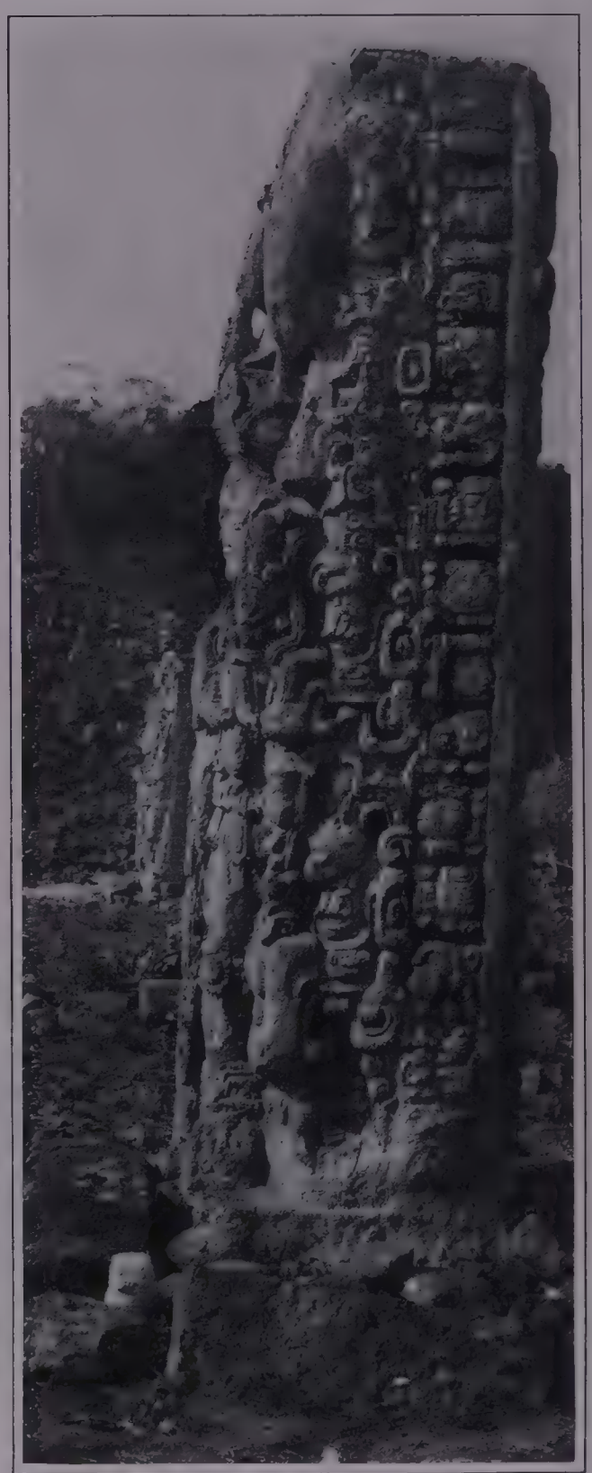
STELA A, COPAN

In Maya plastic art the three usual divisions may be made, namely; low relief, high relief and full round. Much of the high relief, however, shows no more modeling than does the low relief, the figures being simply blocked out and still retaining a compatively flat outer surface. Sometimes high relief shows flat sculpture upon two or more planes. Fine examples of blocked out high relief are found at Copan and Yaxchilan; but high relief with excellent modeling is also found, particularly in the stucco work at Palenque. Sculpture in the full round reaches its development at Copan, probably because the stone of that locality was easy to work. There may have been another reason; the custom of representing faces and bodies in front view seems to have led directly to the full round treatment, especially of the face.

On the Copan stelæ the majority of figures are presented in front view, and there is a consistent progression from low relief, through high

SIDE OF STELA B, COPAN

Note:—This is the stela on which Professor G. Elliot Smith, in his recent book Elephants and Ethnologists, *identifies the figures at the top as those of Indian elephants and seeks to prove from them the connection between Maya art and that of the Far East. The more generally accepted theory is that the figures are a variant of the macaw motif, common in Maya art.*—EDITOR.



relief, to the exact reproduction of the human form. At Quirigua and Piedras Negras, where other front view figures occur, the greater part of the body is shown in low relief, but the face is generally carved in high relief or in the natural roundness.

The pose of the human figure is practically uniform throughout the long Copan series. The chieftain, priest, or whoever is represented, stands in an erect attitude with his heels together and holds an object called the Ceremonial Bar against his breast. The body shows perfect bilateral symmetry. In the earliest stelæ the upper arms lie close to the side and the forearms rise almost vertically. In later examples the arms are almost horizontal. On the greater number of these stelæ the feet are represented as turned directly outward, forming a straight angle. However, at the end of what we call the Archaic period, the sculptors began to take advantage of the increased relief offered by the heavy apron and turn the feet inwards until in the most advanced carvings the pose became almost natural. The stelæ of Quirigua, though generally later than those of Copan, show a reversion to less skillful treatment. The poses are much the same, though in some cases a mannikin figure on a staff replaces the Ceremonial Bar. This substitution breaks up the bilateral symmetry, since the staff is held diagonally across the body and not horizontally. Many monuments here, as well as at Tikal and Naranjo, parallel the sculptures of Copan, except that the face is often turned in profile.



THE SMALLEST STELA AT COPAN

Maya carving is seen at its best when applied to wood, but owing to the perishable nature of the material few examples remain. Nearly all of these are from Tikal and consist of lintels upon which are sculptured designs in low and beautifully modeled relief. The relation which these specimens bear to the work in the northern Maya region, makes it evident that wood carving antedated skill in stone sculpture. The lintels of Tikal, of the durable zapote wood, have survived, owing to the solidity of the buildings, while those of Palenque and Yucatan, less well protected, have vanished.

At Palenque, the limestone is of a hard nature and difficult to cut, with the result that in that locality modeling in stucco attained high development. The Maya artist there displayed definite signs of modifying the technique borrowed from wood carving to suit a less tractable material. He showed that the quality of his work depended greatly upon the plasticity of this material, while he gained much from his experience in stone. A peculiar feature of the work at Palenque is the comparative restraint exhibited by the artist. That he still loved complexity of detail is shown by many reliefs, but he no longer feared the vacant space and appreciated its value as a background.

Like the Greeks, the Maya painted their stone sculptures. Many of the stelæ still show evident traces of color. In some cases an entire monument was painted over with a single tint; in others, details of ornament were picked out in contrasting tones. The colors were usually applied in a fairly definite way; red for flesh tones, blue and green for ornaments and green for feathers. In Piedras



ALTAR G AT COPAN

Negras there is considerable variety in coloring, with the result that the details of the complex sculptures have been simplified and rendered much more decipherable.

The general physiognomy represented on Maya sculpture differs widely from the accepted European types of beauty. Artificial flattening of the head was practiced and straightened foreheads and retreating chins were held to be marks of beauty.

It is quite doubtful whether any sculptures were seriously intended as portraits of living chiefs or priests. We find a number of face types, variation depending upon form of features and expression. Usually one type prevails in each ancient city. On the stelæ of Quirigua several types are to be seen, but the degree of individualism is slight. Possibly, as was the case in Egypt, the faces of portrait statues varied little, while individualism was expressed in dress, ornament or inscription.

There has been widely advocated the theory that primitive art was purely communal. Of course the first artists did not sign their works, but strict regard for ownership of designs is a principle by no means rare among primitive peoples. Worthy contributions to the progress of art are always referable to individuals and the loss of written records is of no consequence. But the individual, it must be remembered, lives and works within the mode of his nation and his time. The works of the most flagrant individualist of today will tomorrow fall into an inevitable scheme of evolution.

It is therefore reasonable to suppose that each of the various groups into which the stelæ of Copan may be divided was the work of a single sculptor or of a school working under his supreme direction. Each group shows a conscious and typical arrangement of common elements. But through the whole line of groups runs a thread of change and consistent development of which the artists themselves were probably entirely unconscious, except in its more obvious features.

The influence of a national religion upon a national art was never more unmistakable than in the case of the Maya. All the great monuments were apparently shrines of some sort and connected with sacerdotal ceremonies and even minor objects were never too humble to receive decorations with religious significance. Without doubt, the art reacted strongly upon the religion which gave it birth, filling that religion with symbolism and imagery. They progressed hand in hand; the spreading of the religion meant the spreading of the art and the graphic representations of the art rendered the religion intelligible.

The origin of Maya culture has not yet been solved. It is impossible to deny a certain superficial similarity, often surprising, between the Maya ruins and those of southeast Asia, but this disappears, for the most part, upon closer analysis. Mere similarity of ornament has no meaning when the ornament in question is found to symbolize beliefs of an entirely different character. The evidence possessed at present, in spite of several ingenious theories such as that of the "Elephants," points unmistakably to the undisturbed evolution of Maya art on American soil and that art may be regarded as in every sense American.



"SLEEP" (ALABASTER) *In the collection of Mrs. Millett* BY ROBERT LAURENT

Modern Sculpture and LAURENT

Since the decline of the Greek canon as a sculptural standard the root of the art has sprouted a diversity of shoots

GUY EGLINGTON

WHEN next my friend Charles laments to me the modern tendency to theorize on art, our perennial topic of conversation, I think that I shall invite him to write an article on modern sculpture—on any living sculptor he may choose to name. I don't believe that he will enjoy the job. He will find himself sailing, with the aid of neither compass, sun nor stars, an exceedingly capricious vessel over an uncharted sea. He will discover that though steering by the wind may be a delightful occupation, as a means of getting any place it is less satisfactory. Finally he will be faced with the pleasant choice between charting the whole course for himself or foundering on the first submerged rock. And I fancy that after a short experience he will feel much more kindly disposed to the theorists, the chartmakers, if I may so dignify them.

It is perhaps not surprising that, despite their abundance in the field of painting, no historian of modern sculpture has presented himself. The cynic might even ask what there is to write a history about. And even the optimist, determined to recognize, as historians of modernity are apt to, a swan in every duck, would be hard put to it to invent a family comprehensive enough to contain them all. On whom or what could one father, without straining credulity, Maillol and Mestrovic, Bernard and Archipenko, Despiau and Epstein, Faggi and Manolo, Eric Gill and Lipschitz, Brancusi and Kolbe, Dobson and Lachaise, Zadkine and Bourdelle? Myself indeed, when younger and more inclined to follow the doctrines of Machiavelli, duly noted the universal reaction against the influence of Rodin, a reaction paralleled in painting by the revolt of the Post Impressionists against Impressionism, and planned a book which should lay about the shoulders of the sculptors the mantle of Cézanne. The idea has much to recommend it, for certainly Maillol is a more worthy son than ever the great Paul begat among painters.

But the historian of sculpture will have other problems to face besides that of reconciling and interrelating the activities of his heterogeneous family. Isolated phenomena can in truth only be interrelated by reference to some recognized canon, which may either be constructed upon the



"MOTHER AND CHILD" (ALABASTER) BY ROBERT LAURENT

known nature of a third phenomenon universally hailed as supreme and all-inclusive within its own field, or based upon a broadened study of the thing's nature and its potentiality as expression. Until recently such a canon existed in sculpture, based upon the Greek art of the fifth century B. C., with later variations to include the vagaries of the High Renaissance, and all that did not conform thereto was dismissed. Archaic Greek, Romanesque, Gothic—the ineffectual stammer of a child. Egyptian, Chinese, Hindu—mere ritual. But the slow lesion of blood from the official art built thereon, the repeated failures at regeneration by return now to its model, now to life itself, or rather that concept of life which is called realism, spelt inevitable if protracted death. The wonder is that a rootless art kept alive so long. An art already past its zenith and containing within itself the germs of decay cannot hope to father an art of comparable vigor, for progress can only spell decadence. But in revenge its very splendor can so dazzle whole generations as to blind them to the existence of all else in the world, and its largeness offers countless by-ways capable of being explored and exploited. That is what has happened in sculpture. The world has been so blinded by Greece that it has been content for centuries to pick up the crumbs which the Greek artist, negligent in his riches, let fall from the table.

But one day there must be an end, even to crumbs. And then what? Man is humble enough to be content with the merest trickle of blood, but when that ceases, when clay, bronze and stone are seen to be nothing more than dead lumps, when finally the mass of the false obscures the splendor of the true, he will revolt even to the point of blaspheming where he has worshipped. His bedazzlement is over and he comes to a slow realization that what he has worshipped is not an isolated phenomenon, self-contained, suspended



"PRIESTESS" (ALABASTER) BY ROBERT LAURENT

in space, to reach which he must leap prodigiously, but is no more than one flower of an art whose roots are both deep and broad. Then he will become aware that all the other arts which he has dismissed as infantile or liturgical are informed with life of a contained intensity beyond his dreams, and that these too are flowers of the same tree.

Inevitably in such a case the accepted canon falls together with the art on which it was based. With the realization that Greek sculpture was neither without precedent nor all-inclusive, the entire critical fabric collapsed. And no other could quickly be erected to take its place. Here was no case of exchanging the Greek for another, the Egyptian, Chinese or Gothic canon, but a sudden and almost intoxicating realization that sculpture in the hands of these peoples, and of the Khmers, Hindus, Polynesians, African Negroes, Mexicans and I know not how many others, had been shaped into an instrument endowed with a power for expression of which even Phidias can have had no conceptiop. And to this instrument the modern sculptor was heir.

The result has been the devastating eclecticism that all the world knows. From the more common "essays in the manner of" to the less frequent study of first causes, contemporary sculpture offers what might be taken for a marginal commentary on the history of the art. Every age has been ransacked for new models. Nor is there any sign that the process is over. On the contrary, the slow dissemination of knowledge is only now beginning to render impossible the grosser forms of imitation, and little progress has yet been made toward mastering the instrument. Even the nature of the individual stops of the organ—if I may so compare it—is hardly understood, and no conception of its vast range. We are evidently in for a protracted period of assimilation, during which we shall do well to be grateful for research even if it bears the marks of a somewhat austere science.



"MOTHER AND CHILD" (MARBLE) BY ROBERT LAURENT

The critic's task at this juncture is an unenviable one. He can either steer by the wind; that is, judge by his own reactions, the emotions, if any, which a given work arouses in him; by so doing he will land both himself and his readers in complete muddledom the moment he leaves the purely academic. Or he can class every separate work by reference to the predominating influences which he finds therein; in which case he runs the risk of encouraging the belief that styles in sculpture can, like the so-called *Orders* of architecture, be applied machine-made. Or, lastly, he can set to work to study the nature of sculpture, the range of its expression, the extent of its expressional variation in relation to light, to the material out of which it is cut or of which it is modeled—approaches diametrically opposed—to the space in which it is enclosed or the architectural structure to which it is related. Needless to say, the first is the most popular method, the second comparatively rare and no one has so much as attempted the third. Yet until an effort be made to define, however imperfectly, the nature of the medium—adequately to do which would require a study of its entire history—criticism cannot but be vague and without direction. We have but the haziest conception of the functional properties of sculpture and even for these we have no names. On what then can criticism be based, since our canon is both hazy and incomplete, our vocabulary non-existent? Our only basis can be the conventions which the individual sculptor accepts and proclaims.

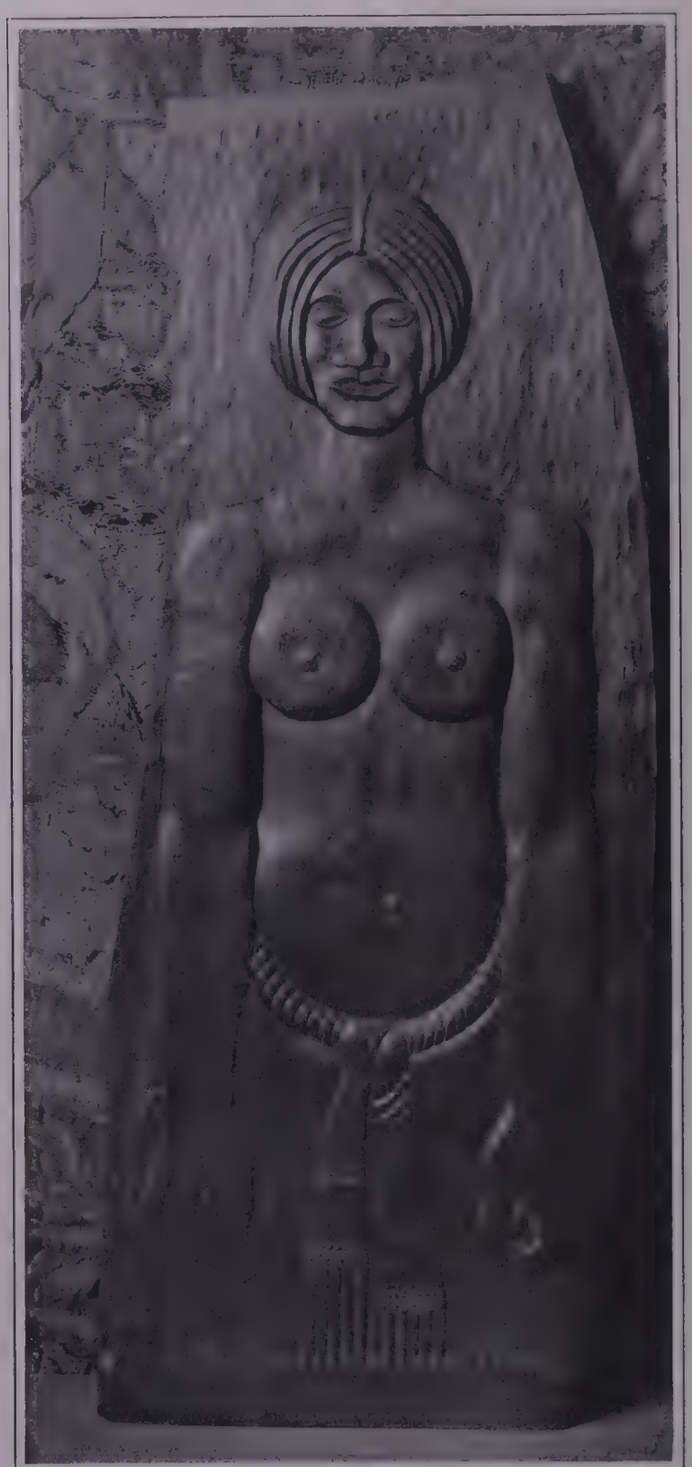
All of which has been most forcibly brought home to me by weeks of struggling with the amazing diversity of Robert Laurent. One can write about Maillol with some hope of being understood, because Maillol was born with a vehicle of expression essentially complete, yet so simple and broad as to be capable of containing all that experience and the widest eclecticism could add. One can write about Lipschitz and the other experimentalists because, however wide the range of their experiments, they follow a plan. Every phase of their activity can be classified, their aims clearly formulated and definite deductions drawn from their successes and failures. One can write about Gill and Faggi because, even before they were artists, they were Catholics. Behind them is a powerful and unbroken tradition which dictates not their subjects only, but their very eclecticism. Freed on the side of experience from the burden of choice, their only problem is that of expression and to that end they borrow what and where they will.

But Laurent is set free by no such fetters, follows no intellectual plan, was born with no all-sufficing vehicle at his command. Rather is he possessed by an appetite for freedom quick to resent any restriction not imposed by the medium. Avid of choice, which his fecundity finds no burden, he will submit never to any scheme dictated from without by tradition, nor yet to any plan in which intellect, even his own, has borne the major part; only in face of his material is he submissive and it is in the semi-erotic play between material and imagination—the former most sensitive in its masculinity, the latter most robustly feminine—that his finest creations are conceived. Finally, in place of a single mould capable of containing all that experience and imagination can pour into it, he was born with a

formal sense quick to seize the main architectural lines of any composition, the essential qualities and possibilities for expression of any material.

The result is a bewildering diversity of which the most liberal illustration can give no more than a hint. And this is the more unfortunate since to point to any work or group of works and say: "This, or that, is Laurent; these are his major works," which is the usual implication of selection, would be not only untrue but also to set up an entirely false criterion. It might be just to judge Maillol by his "Pomona," Gill by his "Stations of the Cross," Faggi by his "Pietà" or "Portrait of Yone Nogugi." It would certainly be unjust to judge Laurent by his marble "Mother and Child," his heads in alabaster or even a whole group of his bas-reliefs in wood. All that one is entitled to say of any single work is that it represents the response of its maker to an existing set of physical and metaphysical facts to which he has no more than given that ideal coherence, through distribution of emphasis, toward which, to his imaginative mind, they seemed to be striving.

I am aware that this is to set up diversity as a positive quality, in defiance of all the best canons, which demand before all things direction conscious or unconscious, a goal toward which every effort tends. Yet I can see no way out of it. Certainly more typical of the man than any common characteristic uniting his *oeuvre* is the imaginative exuberance which tends continually to disperse it, an exuberance which no intellectual *parti-pris* could hope to withstand. And this exuberance, if not the diversity which results directly from it, must be taken as positive. More; as the one factor which conditions the very existence of the whole. Other factors release, control and shape as best they may the motive force. This contains within itself the life principle. On the one hand then, is the feminine, if I may continue to use the physiological parallel, almost superabundant fecundity of Laurent's imagination. On the other the masculine material. Both happily contain, as part of their own nature, principles which control and shape, which, though they are powerless to impose direction, yet assure to each individual work its strength, stability and the rightness of its main architectural lines. Thus we have the fortunate paradox of an uncontrolled but almost perfectly balanced eclecticism. On the one hand the material, which in the first place released imagination, shapes its direction by means of its natural aptitudes, both inherent and occasional, on which the sensitive imagination is quick to seize. On the other, fecundity itself, though free to the point of promiscuity, is yet possessed with a passion for that poised and balanced strength which is the prime attribute of nobility. The first provides the seed with the impulse to growth and points its direction. The second relates the parts.



"NEGRESS" (WOOD) BY ROBERT LAURENT

But if Laurent's work is only to be grasped in all its diversity by reference to the circumstances

of its conception, the relation of the artist to the materials of his craft, these in turn are in part explained by the history of the man himself. Laurent had a craftsman's training; in place of attending the Beaux Arts, he received his training in the shop of a Roman frame-maker and the result is most clearly evident. If one studies his work one is at once conscious of a quality which differentiates it from the general run of modern sculpture. It is less a question of excellence of achievement than of the angle of approach.

If you will examine the illustrations you will readily see that in Laurent's work, not only in the bas-reliefs, where the medium imposes the rectangular convention, but in such a work as the marble "Mother and Child," where freedom is possible, the emphasis is most strongly on the material. A frame, however richly it be carved, must remain a frame. In the same way, a block of marble in Laurent's hands, whatever life he may impart to it, retains proudly its identity. But here enters his imaginative sympathy, coaxing shapes out of the block, drawing out of the very depths of the block's nature unsuspected life and vigor. The block remains master, as a man is master in his own house; compactness and solidity are granted, identity is inviolate. But in return it must yield its fullest capacity for largeness and freedom of movement.



"PLANT" (WOOD) BY ROBERT LAURENT

In the collection of Mrs. Russell Loines

In the bas-reliefs the paradox of freedom and restraint is felt yet more strongly. Along with a precision that is the result of a craftsman's training is a joyous, most sensuous swing of line. Within the rigid bounds that he sets himself no one can play more delightfully than Laurent. Every time that I return to his reliefs I am filled with admiration for the ease with which he contrives, by his superb distribution of area and use of color accent, to fill his panel. His line, pure, lyrical and relatively unaccented, seems to caress the forms it encloses, even as his chisel, which has tooled surfaces to an exquisite texture, seems rather to have caressed than carved them.

But the best approach of all to Laurent is through his plants. Here his imagination has full rein. Playful, sensuous, his line encloses forms that are at once charmingly inventive and instinct with life. The inward protective curl of a leaf, the swelling of a bud, the flamelike upward shoot of tall grasses—his wood renders these with proud fidelity.

One is so moved to admiration by the brilliant use of the simple means which Laurent employs that one is liable to forget how simple they really are. Line, spacial distribution and color are so satisfying in his hands that one hardly notices the absence of volume; an exquisite texture compensates for planal structure. Yet—with the foundations so well laid, if he would only press it further—he has shown time and again that he can—beyond the decorative into the plastic.

I am tempted to divide Laurent's work into two parts, the first comprising the majority of the bas-reliefs and wood figures, in which his invention is felt to be the prime factor; the second comprising his works in the round and his figures in marble and alabaster, where invention must give place to more purely formal qualities. And I am inclined to think that in the long run he will have to choose between the two. He can either be a decorator in the tradition of Jean Goujon; or he can devote himself wholly to sculpture. But if he chooses sculpture, he must remember that architectural rightness is not enough. One must be able to feel in the smallest fragment of the structure the same life that informed and conditioned the whole. One must be able to smash a statue into a hundred pieces and feel each piece alive. And that demands, beyond the richest imaginative and formal gifts, an enormous amount of sustained intellectual concentration.

"ILLUSTRATED BY DARLEY"

The work of F. O. C. Darley, a prolific illustrator of a generation ago, is full of suggestion for today

FRANK WEITENKAMPF



A BANK NOTE VIGNETTE

IN THE record of book illustration in the United States, one name stands out so prominently, through individuality of style and ability, that it remains a tradition of some weight with artists of a younger generation. That is Felix Octavius Carr Darley (1822-88). Of course he was of his time, of course he had limitations. But the ease and swing of his draughtsmanship, the suave versatility with which he turned to books of quite varying character, made him an "all 'round" illustrator of a breadth of scope hardly surpassed in this country. This fact is forced home by a productiveness so prolific that for two decades the phrase "illustrated by Darley" appeared with the regularity of "standing matter" in announcements of new books. With such a demand, so prodigally met, the development of manner was inevitable. Yet the quantity of his output is not more astonishing than its high average in quality, and one hesitates to speak of manner rather than style.

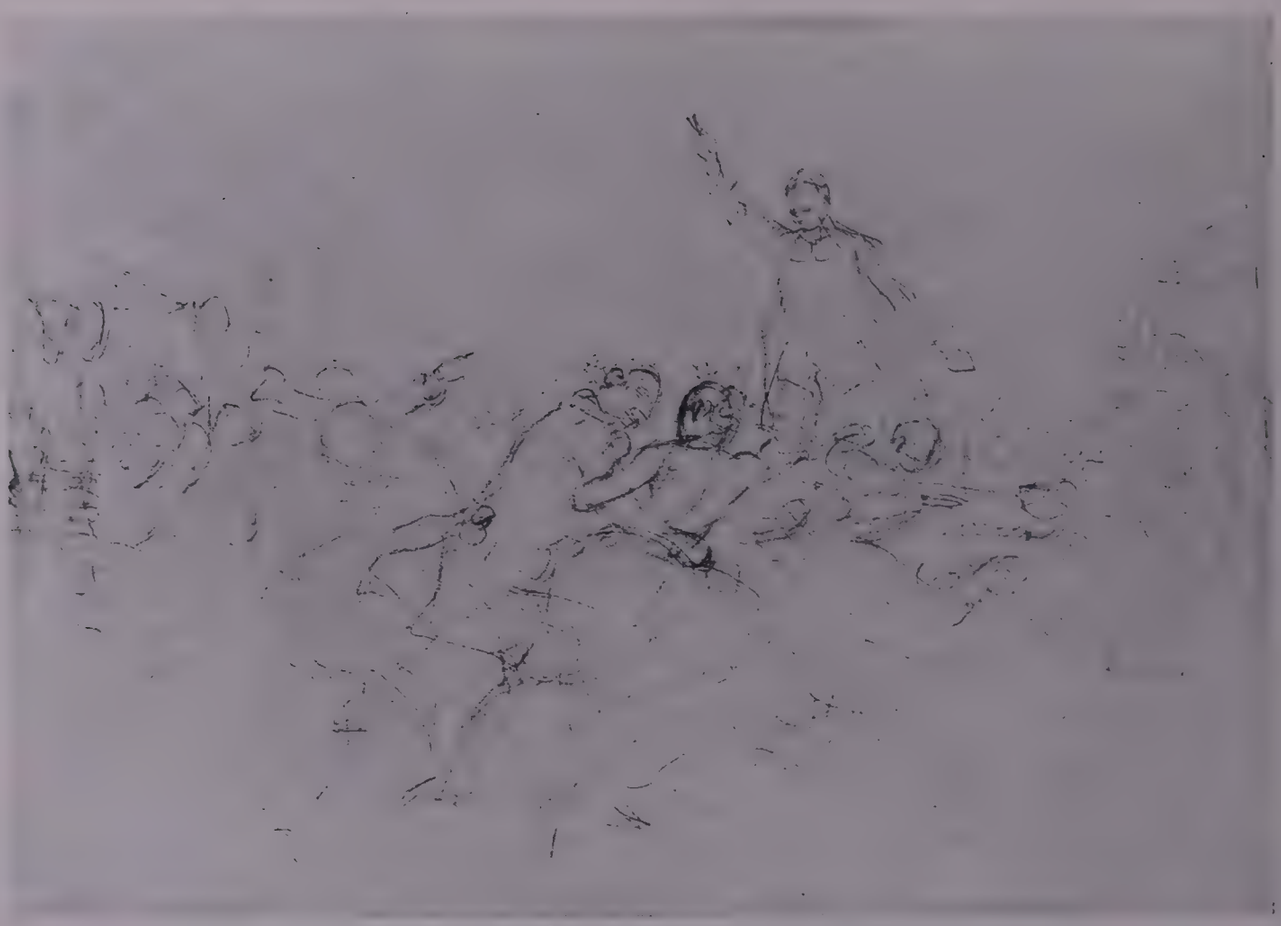
Certain striking characteristics in his work become easily evident. His figures are solidly placed, seen in the round, standing out with stereoscopic distinctness. Action is always vigorously presented, a bit melodramatically at times. There's no doubt as to what's going on. These qualities give, in each picture, a group firmly set, its component parts fused into temporary mental and physical relation. One does not feel the posed professional models, set one beside the other, still common enough, without appreciable proof of much mental effort to fill the illustrator's function. The element of picturesqueness is always present —the feeling for dramatic possibilities. The latter perhaps inherited, since his father was an actor. His characters fully act their parts. This vigorous characterization and gesture made him at home in comic art, as in his occasional "comics" in *Yankee Doodle* (1865), the *Lantern* (1852) and elsewhere, or in his drawings for W. E. Burton's *The Yankee Amongst the Mermaids, and Other Waggeries and Vagaries*, or "Ik Marvel's" *Lorgnette*.

The feeling for the group, and its expression of the story to be told, is strongly shown in Darley's original drawings. Composition is a natural development. His many sketches include single figures, carefully done, even notes of such details as the fall of a cape, or an arm or hand, or the position of the body in writing. But the larger part of his studies was made directly for illustrations or title designs, the latter always a scene from the book with the title drawn in. Sometimes these compositions are mere scratches or swirls of line; usually they are more compactly visualized. A whole scene will be vigorously blocked in, in broad effects of light and shade; some of the pencil sketches marked by accents of sonorous black. The sketch is sometimes richer than the final drawing as the wood engraver has rendered it. Studies for compositions to be drawn on the block are frequently repeated in two or more conceptions. At times a single figure of a group is changed, but practically always the group is repeated and not the single figure. Darley did his artistic thinking on paper. Exuberance of gesture may have been paired with carelessness as to facts. One wonders whether Leatherstocking, hiding from the Indians, could have been lost to sight as Darley drew him.

In his early days he practiced an amusement dubbed "ink splashes." Ink-spots were pressed under glass and "imagination made them into designs." An attitude of mind similar to that of Doré when he crumpled up pieces of paper and studied the resultant shapes for suggestions. Darley carefully noted facts as a foundation for his easy manner of ultimate presentation.

Quite naturally, with his facility, and his eye for general effects, there was some *chic*. Even when he draws from the model, you feel the quick move of the trained draughtsman, putting in details, a hand or what not, from his own recollection of former performances. Recollection is soon moulded into routine handling; not an uncommon thing. Such facility is always dangerous, and needs counterbalance by bigger qualities.

All that has been said has reference to his sketches with pencil. His early wash drawings are too smooth. The later ones, small bits slapped down vigorously, studies for bank-note vignettes, are much more interesting. No doubt the line



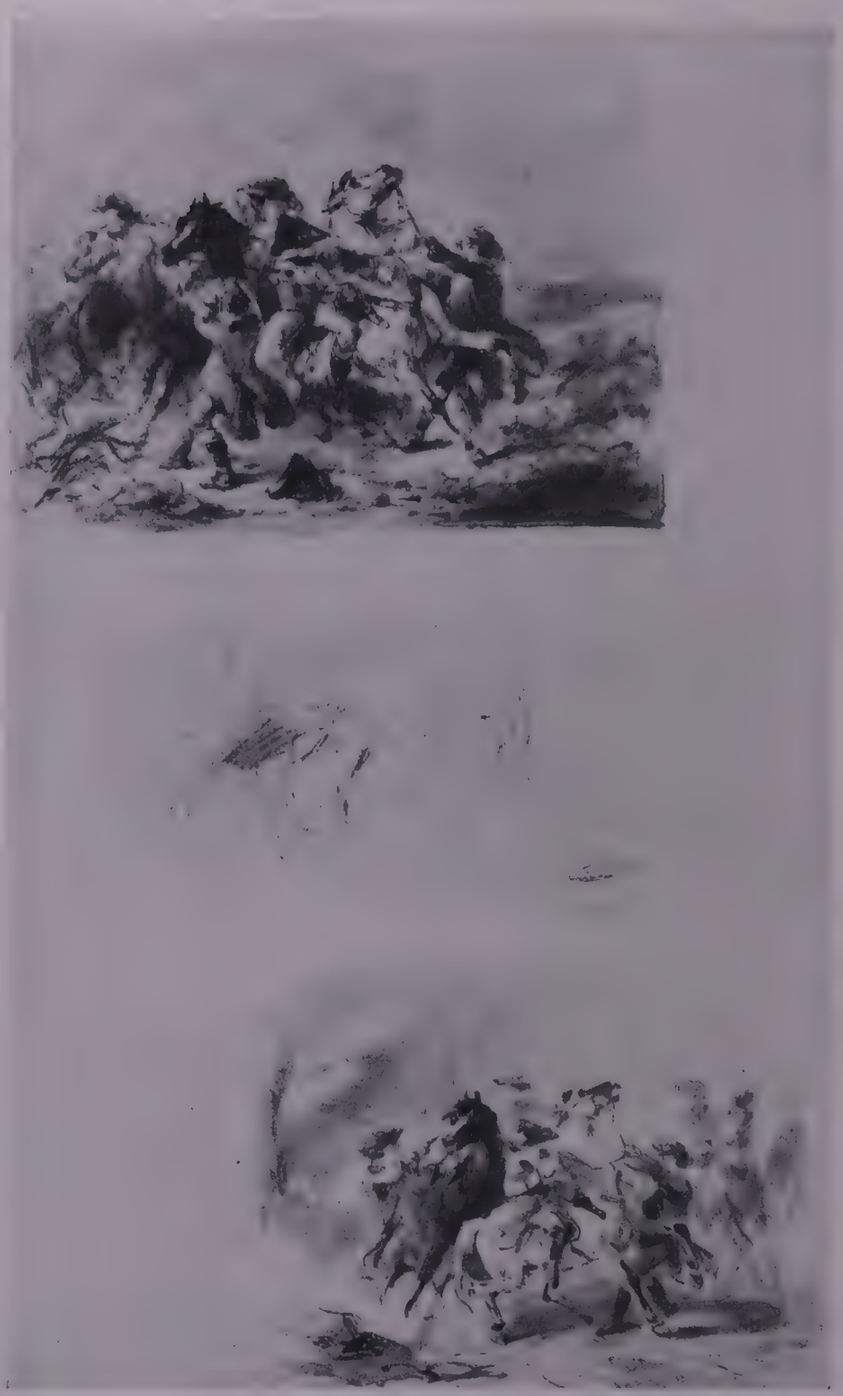
A SKETCH ILLUSTRATING DARLEY'S SUMMARY INDICATION OF A GROUP IN MOVEMENT

A PLATE FROM SYLVESTER JUDD'S "MARGARET." LITHOGRAPH 1856



engravings in steel were based on wash drawings, the tones translated into lines by the engravers. Very likely those who rendered his work on wood, in some cases at least, had a similar task before them. He exercised some control over his engravers, read proof, so to speak. The proof's in proofs in the New York Public Library, such as the wood engraving (title of "Wolfert's Roost"), marked by Orr, the engraver, "Fine proof, unfinished. J. W. O.," with notes by Darley: "this lighter" and "please make this lighter, and this." Or the "touched" impression of A. H. Ritchie's steel engraving of the *March to the Sea*.

His development was logical and rapid. Even in his early attempts there was latent his future unfolding. His series *In Town and About*, with "illustrative descriptions" by Joseph C. Neale, issued in lithography by Sinclair of Philadelphia in the early forties, was done somewhat scartchily in pen-and-ink, a bit helplessly, amateurishly. But the feeling for character is already there, and a foreshadowing of the lilt and spring which were to form the fundamental strength of his work. Not long after came pictures for juveniles written by "Laurence Lovechild" (*Children in the Wood*, *Beauty and the Beast*, etc.), done with a certain dry tightness. Yet even here one feels impatience of detail, a striving for group effect. These qualities quickly grew to significant predominance, while the tightness gave way to increasing looseness in handling, even in his early illustrations for *Gambling Unmasked* and *The Secret Band of Brothers*, both by Jonathan H. Green (the "reformed gambler").



SKETCHES ILLUSTRATING DARLEY'S METHOD OF REDRAWING AN ENTIRE GROUP IN ORDER TO GET THE COMPOSITION

In the seventies waning of power became noticeable. In John W. Palmer's *Songs of Life* (1870) and in *Golden Songs of the Great Poets*, both illustrated in conjunction with other artists, there is not much by him and that not of outstanding importance. Nor is the *Shakespeare* (1886), done with Alonzo Chappell, of overpowering significance. This weakening was not surprising at the end of a career into which was crowded such an amount of work, so remarkably high in its average quality. It is in this totality of effort and accomplishment that he must be judged and appreciated.

Darley illustrated everything: Don Quixote, Cooper, Dickens, Simms, Tristram Shandy, Jane Porter, Poe, Longfellow, Sigourney, Trowbridge, George P. Morris, *Reveries of a Bachelor* (1852), C. D. Warner's *My Summer in a Garden* (1880), stories of the West, stories by Ned Buntline and R. M. Bird, akin to dime novels, Lossing's *Our Country* (500 drawings), *Hans Brinker* (with Nast,



UNUSUALLY CAREFUL STUDIES IN PENCIL

1867), Biblical subjects, Frank Forester's sporting books, and his own *Sketches Abroad with Pen and Pencil* (1869). He drew for weeklies and monthlies, such as "Every Saturday," "Appleton's Journal," "The Illustrated Christian Weekly," "Hearth and Home," "Child's Paper," "Harper's." He did titles for periodicals, "The Lantern," the "American Art Journal," the "Illustrated Family Christian Almanac" (1851). He drew large compositions reproduced in steel engraving for framing prints, and numerous small designs for bank-note vignettes, the latter including plates engraved here for the Japanese government. It is just possible that he imbibed a little of the spirit of Sir John Gilbert, but it is not very apparent. His own style is reflected in that of E. J. Whitney and other illustrators of his day.

A TITLE DESIGN IN PENCIL FOR WOOD ENGRAVING



Darley was at his best in American subjects. His art was indigenous to the soil and most at home when standing firmly on it. That is apparent when he is dealing with distinctly American scenes, as in the works of Cooper or of Haliburton of "Sam Slick" fame. Yet he made most satisfactory Dickens illustrations, in which Fagin and Oliver Twist, for instance, are convincing, where the much praised Cruikshank conceptions are not. His essentially American attitude and expression gave us numerous city and country types: Yankee peddlers, drovers, the Fourth of July orator, the quack doctor, policemen, Negroes, trappers. It also pro-



AN ILLUSTRATION FROM IRVING'S "KNICKERBOCKER HISTORY." WOOD ENGRAVING

duced several series of outline drawings, beginning with the Indian sketches of 1843 and developing rapidly into the sure dominance of the plates for Irving's *Rip Van Winkle* (1848) and *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* (1848) and Judd's *Margaret* (1856). In these three he invited comparison with Moritz Retzsch, master of outline. He showed much of the grace of that German artist, and vigor of characterization to which the other one does not quite attain. This apparent contradiction to the statement that Darley worked in masses rather than in line simply means that here he expressed his mass in outline, without the necessity of curbing his hand to detailed indication of shadows.

Darley has his lesson for illustrators in his devotion to his job, his acceptance of its limits and utilization of its possibilities. His manner of doing the thing, his peculiar talent, the easy flow of his line, the swing of his composition, these are matters of an individual natural equipment which may be admired, may inspire, but should not be copied. The last is ever true of studying past models, and assimilating, not imitating, what is good in them.

Old American WEATHERVANES

Artistic charm of the few surviving vanes by craftsmen of Colonial and Revolutionary times

EDWARD B. ALLEN

A LITTLE of the picturesqueness of old days can yet be seen, here and there, in the form of old weathervanes, which have survived the effects of time, the elements and man. These vanes are recorded in verse and story, and they have been immortalized also by the time-honored phrase "As changeable as a weathervane."

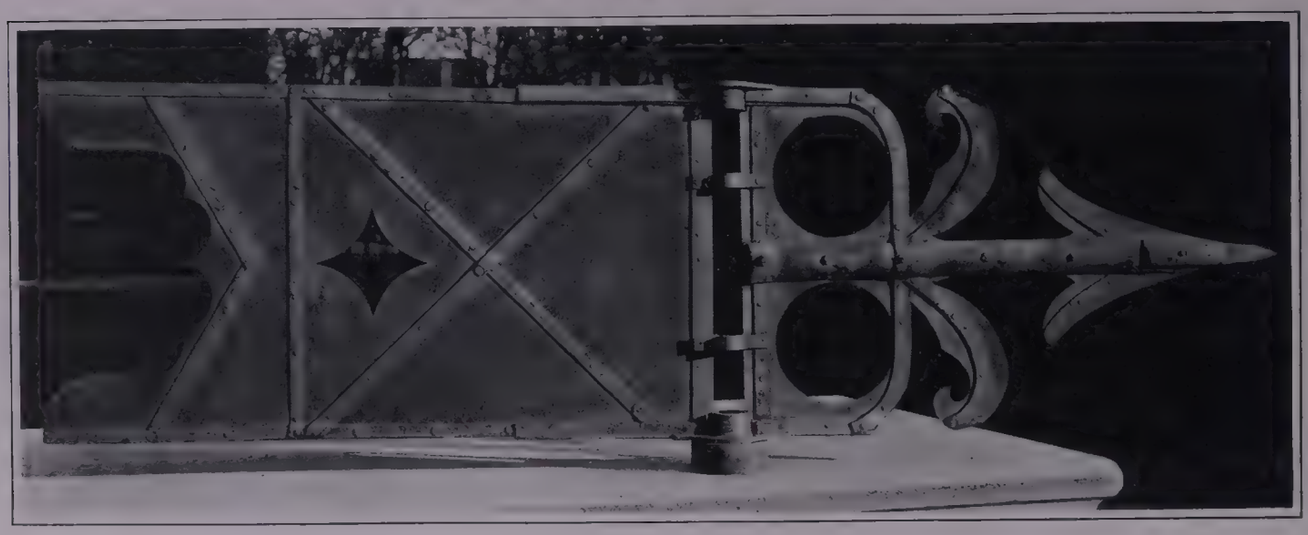
It seems always to have been important for man to know the direction from which the wind was blowing, so he made a small device of wood or metal which swung easily from one end which turned upon a rod, and was placed on the top of a tower or high building. It has been known as a fane, meaning pennon or small flag resembling those attached by knights to the end of their lances; as a weathercock, because it frequently took the form of a cock or rooster, in all the glory of his plumage, and simply as a weathervane. It has been, time without mind, an architectural and heraldic, as well as a meteorological device, ornamental as well as useful.

Vitruvious tells us about the tower of Andronicus Cyrrhestes at Athens, known as the Temple of the Winds, that had a bronze Triton for a weathervane, turning upon a pivot and holding a wand which pointed in the direction from which the wind was blowing. In England vanes were in common use even in the days of the Saxons. In the days of "Good Queen Bess," various figures of large size, used as supports for vanes, were placed on the top of pinnacles or elevated parts of buildings, above which rose the vane in the form of small flags or banners, some having armorial bearings pierced in them, while others were cut in outline to represent the owner's shield or crest. Placing a weathervane on a building in France before the Revolution was a privilege reserved for the nobility, and the form of the vane varied to correspond with the rank of the owner. Apparently solemn religious services were held when a weathervane was set up on religious buildings, for an old account says: "The weathercock was set upon the broach of Holyrood-eve (1515), and hallowed with many priests there present, and all the ringing, and also much people there, and all to the pleasure of God. Amen."

In the Essex Institute, Salem, Massachusetts, are two old wrought-iron vanes, one bearing the date 1682, the other, originally on the North Church in Danvers, now a part of Peabody, having the



ABOVE MITRE, AND BELOW ARROW
FROM VANE OF CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA

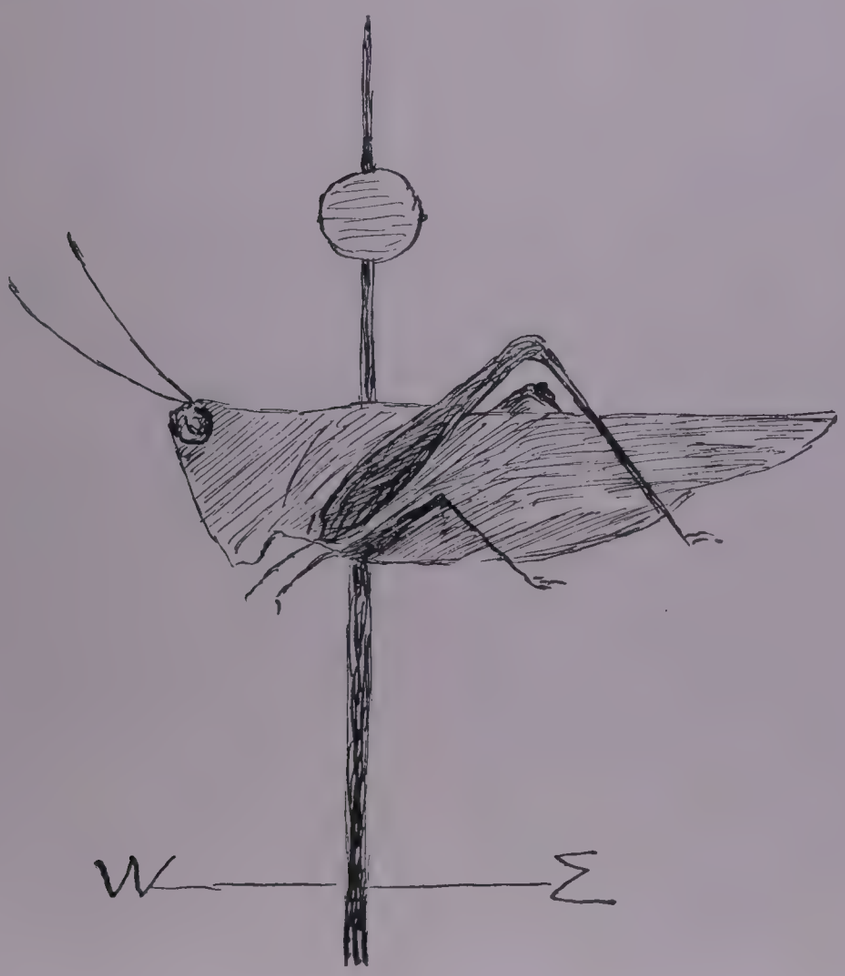


date 1711 punched in the center. It is made from a thin, square sheet of iron with a loop at each of the left-hand corners for holding it on the supporting rod, so that it could turn freely with every breeze. In each corner is a heart-shaped figure with a lancehead at the center, while narrow, pointed pieces perforated with holes or triangles are attached to the right-hand corners and three sides. The smaller one is a right triangle in shape with the base at the top and attached to a pin which fitted into a hollow bar or tube. It is ornamented with perforations which include a trefoil at the center, a small heart below, and the date at the top, while its outer edge is cut into scrolls and curves.

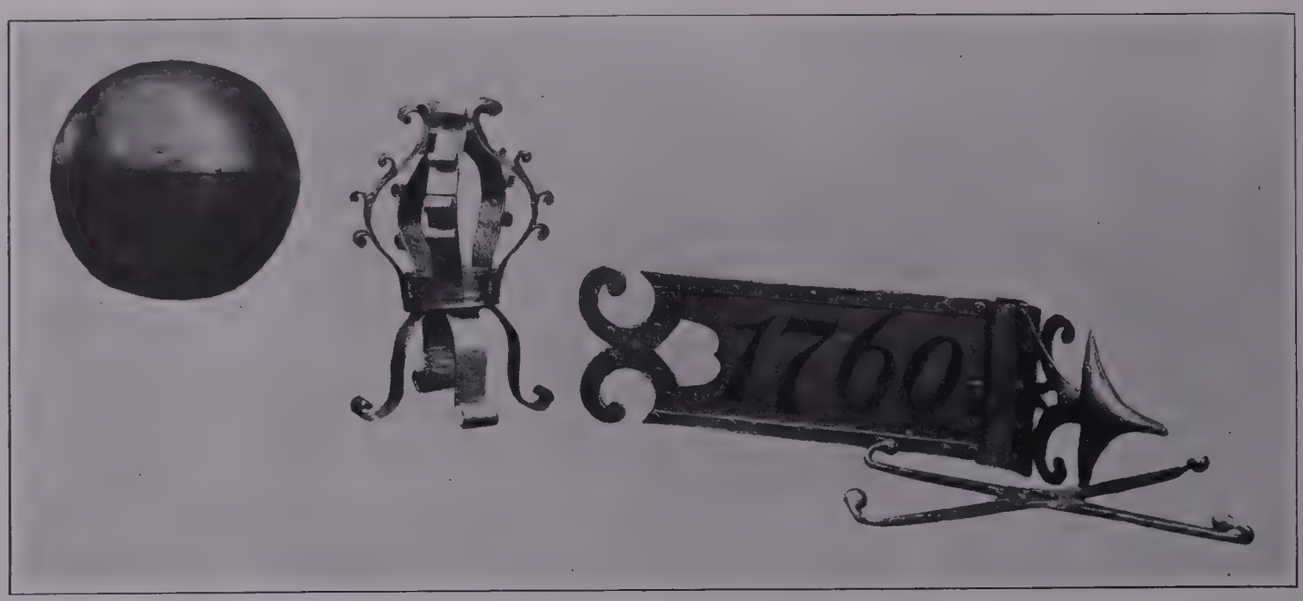


GILT WEATHERVANE ON QUINCY MARKET, BOSTON, MASS. ABOUT 1826

It was about the year 1800 that gilded eagles became popular as vanes, and one with raised wings by McIntire is on a stable of the Nichols house in Salem. The gem among the old vanes of New England is the gilded copper Indian vane with a prominent glass eye, made by Deacon Shem Drowne, which was placed over the Province House, probably soon after it became the official residence of the royal governors, through purchase by the colony, about 1716. The vane was one of the few things saved when the old mansion was demolished a half century ago, and in recent years this gilded savage has been fortunate enough to obtain the vestibule of the Massachusetts Historical Society for his wigwam. The figure, rather crude in outline and out of proportion, is nevertheless very effective as a vane. The Indian is standing, his right foot resting on a rod which connected with the cupola, whereby he turned, in his hands a drawn bow, to which he has fitted an arrow from the quiver at his waist. He is nude



GRASSHOPPER VANE ON FANEUIL HALL, 1742. GILDED COPPER WITH GLASS EYE



WEATHERVANE FROM GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA

except for a headdress of upright feathers, of which two are broken off, secured by a band ending with three long streamers; a bead necklace and a beaded feather girdle about the waist.

As a companion to this vane and comprising the second of the only very old ones in Boston, is the grasshopper vane likewise made of gilded copper with glass eyes by Deacon Drowne, which whirrs to the breezes above Faneuil Hall, "The Cradle of Liberty," and probably placed in position in 1742, when the market was opened to the public. For many years it was supposed this design had been copied from Peter Faneuil's crest, as another vane of this design stood for many years over a summer-house in his garden, but this has been disproved by the discovery of some of the Faneuil family plate, which bore a crest of quite a different character. It is, however, said to be a duplicate of the vane on the Royal Exchange, London, England, which was the crest of Sir Thomas Gresham, through whose generosity, likewise, the Exchange was built.

GILDED COPPER WEATHERVANE WITH GLASS EYE FORMERLY ON PROVINCE HOUSE, BOSTON. MADE BY DEACON SHEM DROWNE, (1716?)

By courtesy of Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston, Mass.



Another vane of unusual design is on the Quincy Market building, Boston, which dates from about 1826, and represents a golden ox.

Weathervanes were especially numerous in the Dutch settlements in the romantic Hudson River valley, where they formed an important addition to nearly all buildings. On the old Vanderheyden mansion in Albany, a vane represented a running horse, which was obtained by



Washington Irving and placed on his house "Sunnyside." On the old Dutch church in Sleepy Hollow, near Tarrytown, was a vane made from a sheet of metal, scalloped along the upper and lower sides, in which were cut the initials "V. F.," which are believed to refer to Vredryck Flypen (Frederick Philips), according to a tablet placed in front of the church in 1699.

Pennsylvania has a number of interesting old vanes which show very artistic ironwork. These are quite out of the ordinary in design, especially that belonging to Christ Church, the oldest Episcopal church in Philadelphia, which is especially appropriate for its location. The section of the vane on one side of the upright rod on which it turns is made of a thin horizontal sheet of metal with a scrolled forked end, reinforced on both sides and edges with thin bands. The other end is in the form of an arrowhead with two curved offshoots, like a fleur-de-lis



issuing from an oblong figure with two large holes. The two sections are held together by rings and loops through which the rod is passed. Over the vane was placed a bishop's mitre 64 cm. high with a diameter of 38 cm. Along each side and at the peak are round studs, while seven six-pointed stars surround an inscription at the center which reads:

William White D.D.
consec'd 1st Bishop of the
Epis. Church of Pennsy.
Feb. 4" 1787.

Beneath the vane are four small balls at the ends of two crossbars, the base being a large ball which attached it to the steeple.

The vane belonging to Graeme Park, the residence of Governor Keith, near Philadelphia, is much older but less ornamental, the decoration being confined to scroll ornaments on the rod.

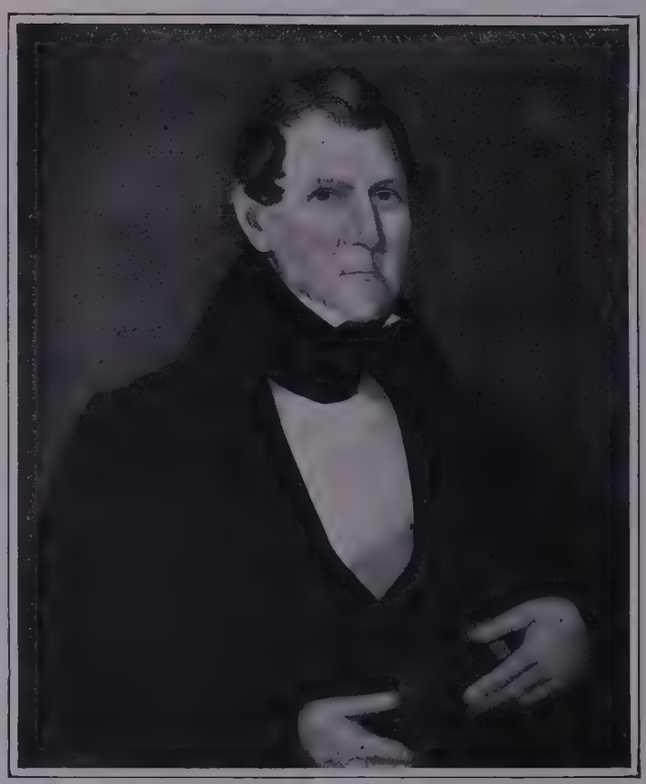
IRON WEATHERVANES, ONE DATED 1682, THE OTHER 1711, FROM NORTH CHURCH, DANVERS
Reproduced by courtesy of Essex Institute, Salem, Mass.

Early AMERICAN PRIMITIVES

The itinerant limner was a head hunter seeking patrons who wished their features added to his stock figures

MRS. H. G. NELSON

THAT A NATION to lead a healthy art life must know itself artistically is axiomatic, but America—exhibiting little desire for self knowledge—has ever turned to foreign influences in her effort to grow. Artistically speaking, Americans habitually graft foreign strains on the home tree, producing exotic fruit. We seem literally to have plunged ahead without taking time or trouble to find out if there was ever born an American art with our own land for a setting, or if what truly native art we may have had in our early days was worthy. Should the latter not be the truth then our painters are justified in continuing to follow the tendency to study abroad, and come home working in the manner of some foreign master. Copley and Stuart followed the eighteenth-century Englishmen. Later the Düsseldorf school, and then the Munich, were the Meccas for aspiring young Americans of artistic trend. Then Paris drew them and today that city is attracting ever increasing numbers. In fact, it appears that we have quite lacked those hardy minds which, inheriting something of the spirit of the colonists, might have built up an art upon the primitive efforts toward portraiture and other branches of painting practiced in our villages and towns after the wilderness had been conquered and there came into being those charming Colonial homes with bare walls to be covered and mantlepieces calling for a portrait or landscape to adorn them.



"RUFUS FULLER, ESQ." PROPERTY OF MISS MARY HOPSON

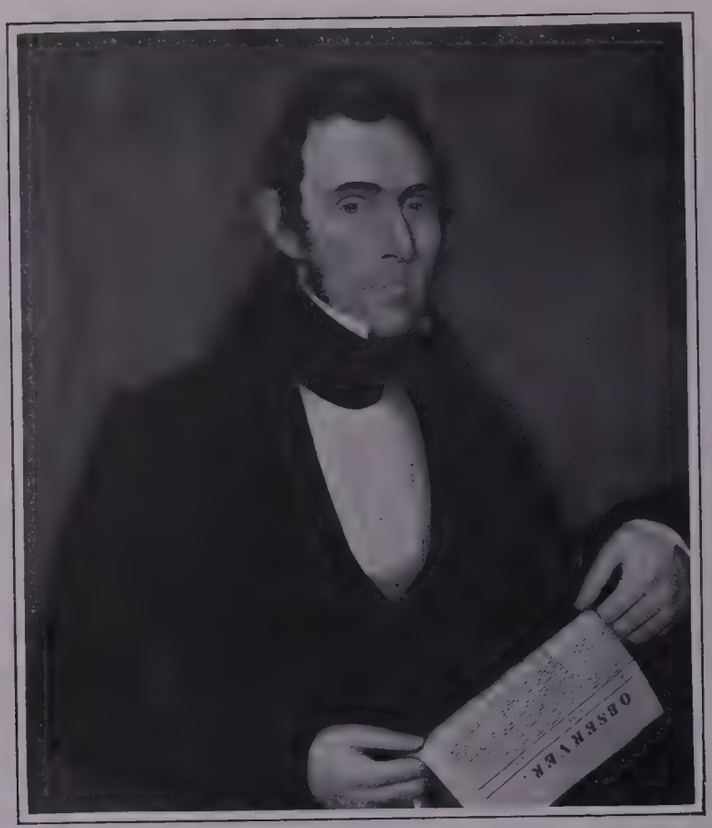
Today the art world, hungry for something "different," might get a very real thrill out of bringing to light for inspection and consideration material pertaining to the initial florescence of purely American painting, that art which sprang from native soil and flowered uninfluenced by foreign climes. Perhaps there are to be found in this comparatively unknown field no products as fine in some respects as the market varieties, but the flavor is inimitable, for they are home grown.

During a street fair last summer in the little Connecticut village of Kent, in the southern foothills of the Berkshires, there was held an exhibition of portraits in oils, and of water colors, painted in Kent and nearby towns in the early part of the last century and borrowed by us from families still residing in the neighborhood. This group, though not exceedingly early, was made up largely of works which are undeniably American primitives. Kent, in the days when the pictures were painted, was an obscure corner of the state with no railroad to bring easy communication with the outside world, yet sheltering a number of prosperous families who enthusiastically took advantage of the advent of an itinerant artist or "limner," as such a man was called, and sat to him for their portraits. To further their esthetic leanings such families also had their young ladies take water-color lessons from a local teacher or sent them to boarding school at Poughkeepsie or some other large town where boarding schools were available and where painting in "water paints" was part of the schedule. Also, it was not unusual for a gentleman to take up painting as a pastime, adhering to much the same manner affected by whatever of local talent there might be. And it is undoubtedly true that in our own countryside there sprang up to no little height an art receiving virtually no direct influence from the outside. Had Kent been granted

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO



"MRS. ELIZABETH DRAKE FULLER" PROPERTY OF MISS MARY HOPSON



"JOHN MILTON RAYMOND, ESQ., 1836"
PROPERTY OF MRS. HAXTON

another generation before the era of locomotion broke into the quiet peace of the Housatonic Valley we might today be able to collect there a group of more artistic import than is that under discussion. Nevertheless, in passing one may point out that what was true of Kent was also true of virtually all of the early settled sections of the east—that a very real start was made toward the forming of a native art springing from local conditions, and typical of the quaint life of the time.

The characteristics of this prematurely checked growth are eloquently revealed by the illustrations accompanying this text and it is interesting to observe how much in common this art has with certain phases of the "modern movement" in art today. Naïveté, a word fresh to our art criticism but a few years back when the famous Armory show startled New York, but all too hackneyed today, is nevertheless the best to employ when writing of the works under present consideration. Here on finds simply a gentle art which grew with patience and sincerity backed by a genuine urge to decorate and to relieve the barrenness of the walls of homes which conquerors of the wilderness had brought near to perfection.

Let us visualize for the moment this gathering of folks of several generations ago, met for the first time since they busied themselves about the affairs of the quiet little village. If they could find their voices what a deal of talk there would be anent the changed times, and of those superior, less hectic days when the "limner" announced his arrival and engaged himself to paint these selfsame "speaking likenesses." There would be notes of complaint from more than one regarding his or her fallen state, for it must be confessed that some of these choice ancestors were coaxed from their descendants out of dusty attics. Just here we come to a point which cannot be emphasized too strongly. These quaint souvenirs of a bygone time have a distinct artistic worth of their own.

The larger number of portraits in this group obviously came from the same hand, that of a man who may have received his initial training as a carriage or sign painter but who was possessed of a strong feeling for the decorative and of ability to catch a convincing likeness. Certain of the present owners recall hearing their grandparents speak of a man who, driving up from New York in a wagon and stopping at each hamlet through which he passed, hired a room in the village for a

"PHOEBE PRESTON HAVILAND, 1814-1816"
PROPERTY OF MRS. AUGUSTA BEDELL



time and proceeded to paint likenesses of those who would pay him his very modest fee. That he received popular support is evinced by the large number of his works to be found in the locality.

A few words regarding the unique methods of "limners," as such men as this itinerant painter were called, will throw light upon the astounding similarity of the pictures they left behind them, in respect to hands, bodies and accessories, the only markedly different character is in the faces. The "artist" arrived in town with a supply of stock portraits, some of masculine and some of feminine gender. Little, if anything, save the faces was left unpainted. The sitter paid a fee of from twenty-five to fifty dollars to have his or her face inserted, and got off with very little posing. In the comparatively few cases where subjects posed for their own bodies, said bodies were finished off in very much the same stiff conventional manner as those prepared in advance. Imagine the advantages for him or her who chose an ensemble merely minus the countenance! A man with a secret urge toward Beau Brummelism but with a none too smart façade could, by choosing a lay figure from the limner's supply, hand down his likeness in immaculate linen set off by the latest style of stock, correctly arranged. Voluminous females and those of limited wardrobe must have been thrilled to death, as those of today might express it, by the opportunity of choosing a body of graceful, slender proportions, and a cap and collar of undreamed of perfection as to lace and starch, or glossy ringlets with never a rebellious hair; neck and shoulders of ideal line and proportion, and hands that spoke never a word of the domestic labor which played a large part in the lives of the early colonists and their descendants.



"MRS. JULIA FULLER BARNUM" PROPERTY OF MISS MARY HOPSON

"MRS. FLORILLA MILLER RAYMOND" PROPERTY OF MRS. HAXTON



Included in our group were portraits of four married couples and the hands of the eight individuals presented are varied with but two positions. Superficially the caps of the women are very similar but close observation reveals a slight variation in the elaborate pattern of the laces or the fall of a ruching, or the placement of the loop of a crisp organdie bow. In six of the portraits of women one finds an identical placing of the head on one side of the canvas.



"LADY OF THE LAKE" PROPERTY OF MRS. SLOSSON

giving room for the large full sleeve of the left arm and enabling the body to bend gracefully leaning the right arm upon books arranged formally on a table. In fact there is plenty of proof as to the methods of these "limners." In the portraits of women the color of the backgrounds, the black of the garments and the flesh tones of the shoulders are alike. If the subject is young a moss rose or a passion flower is stuck between the stiff fingers of her ready-made hand, and if she be an ancient dame or one of middle life a bible or a pair of "specs" takes the place of the flower.

In the delightful portrait of Phoebe Preston Haviland, who chose to be immortalized minus the elaborate lace cap so dear to her contemporaries, one notes that the line of the neck does not connect at all properly with the line of the shoulders, and in other examples this same peculiar lack of relation is evident. In the portrait of Florilla Mills Raymond the manner of painting the hands and caps with absolutely no relation to the black surroundings is particularly noticeable. However, one needs must marvel at the skill, within his own limitations, evinced by this curious breed of painter. His was an all efficient technique applied with unfaltering precision. The painting of the laces and other accessories baffle one in their flat, stencil-like accuracy. And, apparently, they were done at one go, as nowhere is there evidence of overpainting. That the "limners" were capable of close observation is revealed in the likenesses which speak eloquently of the personalities of the sitters, although due to the similarity of pose and accessories the works may at first glance strike the observer as having little individuality. The portraits of Rufus Fuller, Esq., and his wife, Elizabeth Drake Fuller, are truly notable renderings of individual types.

Nearby hung portraits of John Mills and his wife, executed by a less skilled hand but giving evidence, nevertheless, of much sincerity and careful painting. These are very real character renderings, obviously painted entirely from life. The painter applied his glue to the canvas a bit too heavily and, due to that, the surfaces have become so irregular that a camera cannot properly reproduce the portraits.

Two interesting and unique works included in the exhibition were the water colors, "The Lady of the Lake" and "Pomona." In order to fully

appreciate their qualities one must know their color for it is as vivid as the drawing is painstakingly quaint. In "The Lady of the Lake" the complacent air with which the Knight of Snowdoun—shown with folded arms—views Ellen "as her light skiff approached the side," is equalled by that maiden's matter-of-fact stare. Aside from these absurdities, there is something very powerful in the arrangement of the heavy tree trunks and rich green foliage that suggests real talent possessed by one determined to create despite lack of training. And, how amazingly like the "ultra modern" the picture is in its abstract quality and its plasticity!



DECORATIVE FLOWER PIECE. WATER-COLOR PROPERTY OF MISS MARY BACON

"Pomona," a representation of the goddess of fruit trees, is a less ambitious composition although accomplished with a greater degree of loving labor. Each leaf is carefully portrayed and each variety of fruit is conscientiously painted to show its correct color and form. Meanwhile the goddess stands amid her rich harvest reaching up to pluck cherries with one hand and tasting those held in the other. Her flowing white robes are in pleasing contrast to the rich depth of her surroundings. Though of diminutive proportions this work is one which grips the imagination and makes one feel —Here is fundamentally good decoration.

"POMONA." WATER-COLOR PROPERTY OF MISS MARY HOPSON



Numerous are the flower pieces which have come down from the period and in the exhibition under discussion there were several in water color. In one basket of flowers painted against white there are revealed the same decorative elements and excessive care as to detail noticeable in the "Pomona." Bold forms of roses and tulips are contrasted with delicately lacy foliage.

It is evident, from the very real beginning handed down, that this gentle native art of ours, though it had but a brief period in which to thrive, was distinguished by strong characteristics. And, it is to be hoped that more and more attention will be devoted to its discovery, and its restoration to its deserved place.



"FLUSHING A WOODCOCK" PUBLISHED BY CURRIER AND IVES

American SPORTING PRINTS

Although more recent and crude than the finest English examples, they have great appeal to the collector

JO PENNINGTON

THE EARLIEST American sporting prints were published before the middle of the last century, and so just come within the scope of that obligingly elastic word, "antiques." So long as a dealer is able to describe any article he has for sale as "almost a hundred years old," he is justified in the eyes of the public in calling it an antique—much to the amusement of our British cousins. A few years ago none except a few enthusiasts had so much as heard of American sporting prints, but with the increasing interest in all forms of Americana somehow these sporting prints leaped into favor.

Before they became the fashion, collectors of sporting prints were collectors of English sporting prints and even today these faithful sneer quite openly at the idea of their being any reason for admiring our native products. They base their exclusion of Americana on the ground that there is nothing to be said of them—they have neither "periods," nor variety of treatment nor the grace and charm of their British predecessors. A dealer once solemnly assured the author that it would take "years of study" to write an article about English prints or to understand them sufficiently to discuss their merits with a collector. There is a sacred jargon to be mastered; a knowledge of the popular engravers and their methods, and of the painters from whose work they frequently derived the subjects of their prints. All this is more or less true. The British print makers had a delicacy of touch and a skill in color that makes our own prints seem crude. But two things must be remembered: The best English prints appeared before 1830, and the earliest American ones appeared between 1840 and 1850. It is unfair to compare the American art in its infancy with the British art in its highest peak of perfection. Moreover, the British prints now coming to America represent the very finest examples produced because they command prices which the British collectors are unable to meet. The earliest English prints show the same weaknesses as our own; they are as gaudy and crude as ours and



"TROTTERS ON THE GRAND CIRCUIT" PUBLISHED BY CURRIER AND IVES

have but one purpose: to satisfy the same public craving for representations of popular race horses, trotters, pugilists; of coaching parties, hunts and fishing expeditions. The hard-riding, hard-drinking squirearchy of that day, that is, the middle of the eighteenth century, were usually well satisfied with what was in reality little more than a colored chart of a horse with his good points displayed as in a diagram; and our American public, a century later, was on a par with the squires, artistically speaking.

Since all such prints are necessarily realistic in treatment, the layman, for whom they were originally made may still enjoy them, freed from all necessity for indulging in any artistic patter. He may even go so far as to identify, if he can, the horses, pugilists, owners of trotters and famous sportsmen who figure in them. In England one identifies a duke or a prince; in America, the famous horses, Dexter or Fashion, the pugilist, Paddy Ryan, "The Trojan Giant," or Col. Kane, the enthusiastic coachman. There is a thrill, in looking at an English print, an aquatint, "The Four-In-Hand Club, Hyde Park," to read that the famous Count D'Orsay drives the foremost team; for D'Orsay was the lively lover of Lady Blessington—a brilliant horseman, a first-rate wit even in a day of wits, an artist in living and, above all, one of the last of the great dandies. The print gives a very good idea of his immaculate dress and the carefully considered angle at which he was wont to wear his glossy, wide-brimmed hat.

But is the thrill any the less keen because identification of the figures in our own prints is made out of the memory of man? For example, a dealer in American prints showed a little old lady the lithograph of "Col. Kane's Coaching Party," and she was able to identify each of the members of the party.

Horse racing was the most popular subject of these American prints, with shooting and, later, pugilism not far behind. The horses themselves, their riders, their owners, as well as the races were all depicted in them. The costumes of jockeys and owners, especially when it indicates what the well-dressed man wore in the way of whiskers in the middle of the last century, are as strange to our eyes as the four-wheeler carriage or high-wheel sulky in which the former were seated. Then, as now, the owner of a famous horse did not scorn to break into the public prints on the back of his mount and so share in the reflected glory of its publicity.

Shooting and fishing prints are somewhat



"BLUE FISHING" PUBLISHED BY CURRIER AND IVES

monotonous in treatment. There are a few prints said to represent fox hunts on Long Island; but these are probably copies of English prints. There was fox hunting in America at that time but it was popular chiefly in Virginia. We must remember that shooting had, at that time, just crossed the border line between a necessity and a sport; not long before bears, wolves and lynxes were shot for the protection of the community rather than for amusement. In both the shooting and the fishing prints, the sportsmen's costumes indicate how long a period was to elapse before the general American adoption of "sports clothes." These amusements were at that time pursued seriously by their devotees, for recreation or even for the sake of the game that might be bagged. They were never merely an excuse for dressing up in a garb that would identify the nature of the sport for the chance spectator. The hunter of the fifties needed only a gun, in the way of gear; and high boots were the only departure from normal in a fisherman's costume. The ladies, apparently, thought a sporting expedition an occasion for donning their most becoming attire; and a print made in 1870, called "Trout Fishing," shows them in Dolly Varden dresses and plumed hats, as if angling were the daintiest of sports.

All sports found their way into these prints—football, curling, bowling, swimming and skating, yachting and billiards. Some of them throw an interesting light upon the methods then in vogue; for example, a print in *Valentine's Manual* for 1865 shows two boys playing baseball using the cricket pitch. There are even prints of E. P. Weston, the famous pedestrian who, at the time of the print, had walked only once around the world.

"Col. Kane's Coaching Party," one of the prints illustrating this article, is a famous one though not at all rare. It was used by a firm of carriage makers as their advertisement. Just because coaching is such an irresistibly romantic sport, one may be pardoned a little digression concerning it.

Tandem driving began in England in this way: gentlemen who had to drive long distances to the hunting meets found it impracticable to drive their mounts to the meet because the animals were too tired by the time they reached the appointed place. It was the custom to drive to the hunt and have one's hunters led to it that they might be fresh. One ingenious sportsman harnessed his hunter in front of the horse drawing his cart, and in time this form of driving became popular in itself. Out of this grew the private



"COLONEL KANE'S COACH" PUBLISHED BY J. B. BREWSTER & COMPANY

coach, or drag as it is properly called, the four-in-hand type of coach erroneously called in America the tally-ho. The fortunate members of coaching clubs, both in the last century and today, are permitted delightful snobberies in the way of eliminating from their acquaintance anyone guilty of referring to private coaches as tally-hos, or who confuses the old road coaches and mail coaches with the private and sporting drags. Tally-ho is a Norman-French word, *taillis-au*, translated "to the coppice;" the cry with which the huntsman urged on the hounds. It belongs to foxhunting only and the harness of a real tally-ho has a fox or a fox head upon it. In a delightful book called a *Manual of Coaching* we read that "the drag should retain in all its appointments the sporting character. Unnecessary ornament of any kind is in bad taste. Down to 1870 drags were made to take only three persons on each roof seat; now they accommodate four persons." An account of a coaching party from New York to Philadelphia in 1878 is interesting to the modern motorist. It tells how the route, through Newark, Elizabeth, Rahway and Princeton and Trenton, ninety miles, was covered in eleven hours and twenty minutes; and the return journey accomplished in exactly the same time. The coachmen were Col. Delancey Kane and eight other members of the club. Each provided his own teams, stationed at different points along the route. As the coach reached each of these stages, the coachman whose team was at that point drove to the next stage; and the member occupying the box seat with the driver was also changed at each stage that each gentleman might have the opportunity of observing a fellow-member's driving. Col. Kane and his brother were enthusiastic coachmen. The colonel drove his own drag, called the *Tally-ho*, daily from New York to Pelham and back, a distance of fifteen miles each way. It was this naming of Col. Kane's coach which gave rise to the erroneous use of the word tally-ho in America.

The great majority of the American sporting prints issued from the press of Currier and Ives; and the story of this firm, their methods and the artists they employed is as naïve as the products of their presses. Currier set up in New York at No. 1 Wall Street in 1835 with two hand presses as his complete equipment. Later he took Ives into partnership and the shop was moved to the corner of Spruce and Nassau Streets. Their lithographs had all sorts of subjects—religious, sentimental, historical; travel prints and prints "for serious thinkers" such as the *Four Seasons of Life;*



"WILD DUCK SHOOTING" PUBLISHED BY CURRIER AND IVES

temperance, the freaks in Barnum's Museum, reproductions of paintings and, during the war, many caricatures and cartoons. From the same press came prints which caused the northerner to wave his own little flag and others that gladdened the heart of the southerner. All was grist that came to the mill of Currier and Ives.

Louis Maurer was the chief designer for the firm and a large number of their sporting prints bear his name. Maurer is worth an article in himself. He was himself a rider and a lover of horses, a thorough sportsman, an excellent marksman and a prolific worker. Some of the prints bearing his name he designed himself; others, though not so many, are reproductions by him of paintings, especially of the pictures of an English animal painter named Tait. He is still alive, about ninety-eight years old, and is still a keen sportsman. Nor very long ago he was invited to participate in a target shooting contest, but after he had hit four bull's-eyes, someone suggested that so long as he was a participant, the amusement scarcely came under the category of a sport. Only last Thanksgiving he told a caller that he did not expect to buy his own turkey; that he would win it by his marksmanship.

Curiously enough, a woman was another of Currier and Ives' print designers. She was Mrs. F. E. Palmer, still called by those who knew her "Fanny Palmer." Her subjects were chiefly of wild game and of sportsmen in pursuit thereof. J. Cameron specialized in racing prints, portraits of pugilists and pictures of famous bouts.

From the middle of the last century until its close, sporting prints flooded the market, but with the increasing success and popularity of the illustrated magazines, they were driven from the field. They were unmourned and unsung for about a score of years; only a few collectors, chiefly sportsmen, taking any interest in them. Then suddenly the dealers decided that the public needed a new antique; and the old prints began to come to light. Two or three years ago, one of the big galleries sold them only in bundles of ten or twenty because they could not get more than fifty cents, a dollar or at most two dollars apiece for them. At the first public sale, held last fall, a lithograph with a very sentimental theme—"Home for Thanksgiving"—sold for eight hundred dollars; and early in February of this year the big gallery that had sold them only in quantity was advertising an important public sale, with each print carefully catalogued. The sporting prints are finer, artistically speaking, than any of the other types; but



"WATER-RAIL SHOOTING" PUBLISHED BY CURRIER AND IVES

the western series of prairie life are scarcer and so bring higher prices.

It is doubtful whether any serious attempt at artistry entered into the making of these old lithographs. They were made to sell to a market whose first demand was for an approach to realism. The horses must be recognizable, not only as horses but as particular animals. A great part of their interest to the sporting fraternity lay in the portraiture of the drivers, of the race horses and the members of the coaching parties. The print designers were graphic reporters. And, as happens occasionally in journalism, where lucidity and accuracy are of greater importance than literary style, the very restrictions imposed often saved a work from the pitfalls of over-elaboration and banality. In some of the prints, as in the "Flushing a Woodcock" illustrated here, there is evident an attempt to conform to the style then in vogue in painting, but for the most part they are simple statements, devoid of fussiness, of a sporting event. It is that quality of simplicity which made them so popular and gives them whatever of artistic value they may have. They belong to the category of "popular art," which is sometimes as bad as anything can well be but which has also produced works of very definite merit. And they are much more appropriate renderings of their subjects than more elaborate presentations would be. The man genuinely interested in boxing would greatly prefer an account of a prize fight written by Hype Igoe to one of the same fight by Henry James.

But apart from their interest for collectors, they are being sought by those who have developed and can afford to indulge in the fashionable early-American complex. Lifting our skirts high to avoid the muddy Victorian period, we try to place our feet among the beauties of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, but now and then we find to our dismay that even the sixties occasionally offered something that was naïve not alone by reason of being hideous. In spite of the discrepancy of time, if we be not period-bound, it does not seem incongruous to place on a wall above a pine dough-mixer or dower chest a Currier and Ives print. Because they are colorful and decorative they relieve a little the primness which too much early-Americanism sometimes carries with it. They are gay, realistic and—in more senses than one—artless. They bring back the spirit of those happy days when it was not a crime to admire a picture for the sake of its subject; those free old days before we were bound by the modern shibboleth: "I don't know anything about art but I know what I *ought* to like."

Illustrations by courtesy of Max Williams



"NOONDAY HEAT" BY CHARLES BURCHFIELD

A SMALL TOWN IN PAINT

Charles Birchfield has sought the truth in his portrayal of Salem, Ohio, and found art in its melancholy

William B. M'GORMICK

THAT TRUTH is one of the least understood things in this world as well as one of the least common in daily intercourse is a fact borne out by many sententious sayings and epigrams in the pages of our literature. An atmosphere of much reading might be cast over this article about a young American painter through some superficial references to aphorisms concerning truth hunted up for the occasion. But I will content myself with pointing out that when Pilate asked of Christ, "What is truth?" he demonstrated that it was a moot question nineteen hundred years ago; and the tale of an ambassador, in an almost contemporary novel, who made a remarkable success in his profession by always telling the truth is cynical testimony to its rarity nowadays.

It is this very rarity of truth which puzzles most of us when we are faced with it. And because the pictures of Charles Burchfield are chiefly concerned with showing the truth about a certain ugly little Ohio town named Salem, when he first began exhibiting them the work disturbed those who saw it so much that many of them were incapable of forming a reasonable opinion as to what it was all about. Indeed one art writer conceived the idea that Burchfield painted the pictures he exhibited because he "hates Salem, Ohio, and told the world about it in pictures" that "were remorseless in their scathing irony and quite overpoweringly convincing as works of art." This particular writer has since been informed, on the best possible authority, that Burchfield does not hate Salem. But he holds fast to the idea, nevertheless, mainly for the reason that truth is always regarded as being a trifle old-fashioned by the world's sophisticates.

Nothing possible could better illustrate the impression Burchfield made on New York than to say that after two exhibitions of the most informal character in a little bookstore in that city he became the subject of a touchingly romantic legend. He was, so the tale ran, a self-taught artist who supported himself by working



"THE FALSE FRONT" BY CHARLES BURCHFIELD

"WATERING TIME" BY CHARLES BURCHFIELD





"WINTER SOLSTICE" BY CHARLES BURCHFIELD

as a coal miner and who painted pictures of Salem because he must paint something and had no means to go elsewhere. Once upon a time, so ran the tale, he saved enough money to journey to New York and he carried some of his pictures under his arm up and down Fifth avenue, receiving nothing but discouragement from the dealers' galleries until through accident he met the woman who managed the bookshop. She gave him the two opportunities to exhibit his work. This legend accompanied his work to London, where Burchfield's pictures were first shown in the autumn of 1922, making its appearance in print there as it may have done at home previously (for it was told often enough to art writers) without attracting any attention from those in a position to have first-hand information about Burchfield's career.

In refutation of the romantic legend as published in London the art world was informed that Charles Burchfield was not a self-taught artist, but had completed a four-year course at the Cleveland School of Art; that he was not a "miner painting in his odd moments" but was "employed, at a good salary, designing wallpaper for one of the largest manufacturers in the country, who is appreciative of his work, in which he has taken a great deal of pleasure." Burchfield's record also states that from 1919 to 1922 he had exhibited at the annual shows of the Cleveland Artists and Craftsmen, winning the first prize in watercolor and the Penton medal in 1921. Except through his paintings and watercolors Burchfield is the least communicative of artists as to his career, yet I am compelled to believe that he has been a miner in Salem and is a designer of wallpaper since that occupation provides him the living that the sale of his pictures, up to 1922 at least, did not.

From his pictures, which are after all Burchfield's chief concern and ours as well, he presents himself as a man so wholly concerned with truth in one phase of his work as to be a realist of disconcerting frankness, while in his second form of expression he is almost classically romantic. Through the watercolors reproduced here called "Noonday Heat" and "The False Front," selected for the reason that they are perfect types of his representations of streets in Salem, it is plain to see how brutal Burchfield may seem to be in recording the facts composing those two scenes. In the first are the hideous store-fronts in the harsh brilliancy of the summer sunlight, the idlers on the steps of one of the stores too lazy to seek the shade, the ill-nourished horses at the hitching-rail, the ramshackle wagon. These effects are repeated in "The False Front," a picture now in the permanent collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, only if anything they appear to be set down even more relentlessly, owing to the introduction of the pathetic attempt to make the store building more impressive in height, the mirey road and the depressing feeling of biting cold.

Whether Burchfield means to be a moralist or



"HOUSE OF DEATH" BY CHARLES BURCHFIELD

not in his art I have no means of knowing. But the disintegrating spiritual effect of unsuccess in life's business is nowhere more completely summed up than in these two pictures, particularly in those store-fronts with the rotted clapboards, the blistered corrugated iron, the warped frames, the weathered paint. All that is noted here in failure as represented through village life is reflected in the world of the farm in the watercolor Burchfield calls "Watering Time." The too-ambitious barns, ineradicable habit of the American farmer, with their pathetic attempts at conventional ornamentation are hideous in themselves or when regarded as symbols of failure. And their structural unsoundness finds myriad economic echoes in the dreadful barnyard with its ill-conditioned horses. In this picture, as in "Noonday Heat," Burchfield uses color as unsparingly as he does human facts. In fact his color seems to be even more relentless, no tone or shadow escaping his eyes, his palette contributing quite as much as his passion for truth to the success of his painting.



"OCTOBER" BY CHARLES BURCHFIELD

Even in so drab a place as Salem evening comes in all its tender melancholy beauty and winter spreads its white coat over road and farm. Burchfield can see these things and paint them; but only as different accessory facts to his concern with Salem's houses and stables. Not even the word-painting of Dickens' in his picture of Tom All Alone's or Balzac's of that *pension* where dwelt Pére Goriot presents human sordidness in more utter degradation than in the life suggested by the groups of houses on the outskirts of the town in the "November Evening" or lining a street-end in the "Winter Solstice." Yet here again the spectator standing before one of these pictures is so moved by the beauty of Burchfield's truth, as well as by his talents as a painter, as to almost forget all this sordidness and ugliness in the communicated spirit of his art, its clear intensity, its shining passion.

If Burchfield were given solely to this one form of expression he might be counted on to depress visitors to his exhibitions or owners of his paintings, particularly visitors and owners of the cast of mind who cannot see beauty in melancholy. His inclination toward the classically romantic is satisfied by giving almost sculpturesque treatment to those sorry nags of his Salem streets and setting them at play in so fanciful a land as appears in his gorgeous canvas called "October." Facts concern him here only in his tree trunks, the modeling of his horses' heads, their gaits and postures. Elsewhere in compositions of this type the romantic is the pervading note as in this background of a cloud-filled world. It is interesting to note that in these romantic pictures human beings are seldom portrayed. Men take no part in the joyousness which Burchfield's galloping horses, and even his trees and clouds, seem to feel. Men, according to this painter, belong only in towns.

There is to be noted in his work falling within the romantic classification a joyousness of spirit that is a thing quite apart from that twin-spirit which evokes those versions of Salem's mean streets. His galloping horses are joyousness itself in their realization of the sense of freedom from man's control. His screen of trees serves as a graceful link between the worlds of fact and faery. And in that land of faery there dwells a vision, to those who may have the grace to see it, of the Burchfield who suffered and endured the vistas of Salem that he might, in the end, move and have his being in the world of art where if the noonday heat is often present there are Octobers just around the corner of the seasons for a reward.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

AMERICAN *Furniture* DESIGN

Three great periods, within the years from 1630 to 1825, form the basis of tradition in American cabinetmaking

RALPH G. ERSKINE

GLANCING through the pages of Valentine's Manual of sixty years ago one is impressed with the interest that even then attached to old buildings. Quaint corners on lower Broadway or an old house in William street were recognized as having enough pictorial value to be lithographed in colors and described with historical data. This is not strange, however, for when in the world's history were houses erected in greater contrast to these older buildings than in the period following 1860? The marvel is that architecture and furniture designing could have gone so far afield resulting in such dull and colorless creations as the brownstone fronts and the massive atrocities in furniture contained in them. Apparently, then, the people of that generation regarded the older forms in houses and furniture as mere objects of curiosity. They saw nothing either in the classical lines of 1800 or the huddled quaintness of 1700 that bore any relation to their own lives.

The fact is that the people of England and America in the period following our Civil War were interested in great industrial developments. Great wealth resulted and, with it, the desire to show this wealth in tangible form. To them massive buildings, high ceilings, heavy furniture and draperies seemed desirable. Not only because they were costly, but because they were removed as far as possible in design from the lightness and "flimsiness" of the classical forms which they now despised as belonging to a less prosperous past. And as for the quaint lines of a pre-Revolutionary cottage or the sturdy furniture and pine paneling found within it, these could speak only of poverty and privation to the railroad builders and captains of industry in whose lifetime the world-wide institutions of our day had been developed. In fact the great majority of those men and women who built so massively and furnished so lavishly in Eastlake furniture with its machine-made ornaments and mouldings had early associations with the older houses and furniture which made them vow that neither they nor their children should ever suffer the privations they had known in connection with the homes of their childhood.



A HOUSE OF THE EARLY PART OF THE FIRST PERIOD IN AMERICAN DESIGN, SHOWING ELIZABETHAN INFLUENCE. THE OVERHANG OF THE UPPER STOREYS IS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE HOUSES OF THIS PERIOD, 1630 TO 1725

A MODERN TAILOR SHOP ON A BUSY STREET SHOWING THE APPLICATION OF TRADITIONAL DESIGN FOR THE PRESENT DAY



In his introduction to the handbook describing the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, R. H. T. Halsey gives the clearest summary of the history of the utilitarian arts of the American Colonies and the early republic that has yet been presented. He divides the history into three periods, based on the influences in design that were most powerful in each. As an aid to remembering these periods it is well to form a mental picture of some important thing that the people were doing in each. This also makes the furniture more significant and, when one handles an original



ORIGINAL ROOM OF THE FIRST PERIOD, SHOWING PANELING, BEAMS AND FURNITURE THAT ARE FULL OF INTERESTING DOCUMENT FOR MODERN APPLICATION IN DESIGN

piece from any period, this picture of the people comes vividly before him. He sees roads and paths with people on them; houses in each settlement; country estates and cities grow before his eyes and through it all he remembers that the only intercourse from north to south was by pacing it off, step by step, on foot or with horse or possibly by boat. Whether it be Franklin trudging from Boston to New York and on to Philadelphia, or Washington and his men, back and forth, up and down, doing so much of significance and interest, we wonder if they did not live three times as long as we to accomplish it all. So insignificant becomes our speed of travel, our trains and our motors.

The best dates to remember are: *First Period:* 1630 to 1725. *Second Period:* 1725 to 1790. *Third Period:* 1790 to 1825.

The First Period can be pictured by the founding of Plymouth, New England, 1620, and the founding of Jamestown, Virginia, 1607. Allowing a few years thereafter for winning a foothold, the actual making of things in which we are interested begins about 1630. Elizabeth had died in 1603. The Virgin Queen; hence Virginia. But our colonial craftsmen had brought with them the Elizabethan traditions in design. For a long time in these distant provinces they made crude copies of court cupboards and chests with mitered mouldings and applied ornaments. Tavern tables with heavy stretchers near the floor. Butterfly and gate-leg tables with stretchers. Houses with Elizabethan gables, overhang of the second story and drop finials at the corners.

Probably there is no period quite so rich in interesting ideas for the modern home as this of the First. It is so genuine! So straightforward and free from ostentation. Those who would save money in building and furnishing and yet achieve interest and imagination, friendliness and those qualities which appeal to the heart should study the traditions of this First Period. One can reproduce an old kitchen living room with white pine paneled walls and doors or with clear wide boards of Douglas fir from the Northwest. Random widths of oak boards in the floor. Hand-hewn

beams requisitioned from an old barn for the ceiling, with rough plaster between. An old-time cupboard for books and papers. Tables and chairs built on the old lines with careful regard for details in construction and finish, but made comfortable for today. Wider latitude in rugs, draperies and accessories make the room colorful, liveable and modern in the sense that it is essentially an expression of our thought today, based on our inheritance of design from the past. When one considers that some of the most beautiful rooms that remain to us were the work of country carpenters, there is no reason why the simple details described above cannot be revived, considering the resources now at our command.



AN AMERICAN CHEST OF THE FIRST PERIOD, MADE OF OAK AND PINE WITH SQUASH BALL TURNINGS AND PEGGED JOINTS, POSSESSES INSPIRATION FOR MODERN OFFICE FURNITURE

Of this First Period also is some of the most beautiful furniture ever created. These were troublous times at home in England. Cromwell raged up and down the land and so impressed his name upon the people that certain chairs and tables of austere form were called "Cromwellian." Charles II, with leanings toward the church of Rome, brought new elaboration to his furnishings and from them certain high-backed chairs with cane and carving were called "Carolean." The common protestants were cruelly persecuted. Then came many a good cabinetmaker to New England. They gave us our banister backs and Carolean chairs with "heart and crown" design. And lastly, the people of England invited William of Orange, the Hollander, to come over and be their king and he brought with him the best cabinetmakers of all. Fiddle-back chairs with cabriole legs and Dutch feet. Walnut highboys with trumpet turnings and delicate stretchers. Queen Anne followed and the same forms in furniture were continued.



A DESK FOR THE MODERN OFFICE, ILLUSTRATING THE APPLICATION OF CONVENTIONAL DETAILS IN DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION, TAKEN FROM THE CHEST OF OAK AND PINE SHOWN ABOVE

Each development in style was paralleled in the Colonies, but with a restraint in form and a naive craftsmanship that was peculiar to our own people. This brings us to the end of the First Period at 1725. It has given us our quaint pieces of oak and pine and our most treasured pieces in walnut with herringbone inlays, figured woods and some of the choicest forms as a basis for modern living room and dining room furniture. In addition to this the modern executive office can be made more human and a better place for a man to spend his business hours by turning to simple paneling of pine, desks based on early oak and pine paneled chests and a ship's cupboard for his books and catalogs.

The Second Period—1725 to 1790. The Italian influence of the Renaissance had spread through France into England and our Colonies. Our seaports and our planters were prospering. The origin of the style was classical but of the voluptuous Roman type. Rococo carvings, elaborate and splendid, were deemed desirable. George II in his long reign from 1727 to 1760 inspired the Chippendales to change from the simple Dutch forms to claw and ball feet, hoofs of goats, festoons of flowers and fruit: luxury, variety, novelty; gilt, lacquer and Chinese ornament. This was not an age of design in which the modern builder can experiment with economy. Rooms and furniture were lavishly done in certain great houses of Virginia and Charleston. Philadelphia cabinetmakers copied these styles in mahogany. Our Revolution came in the heart of it all. The French styles and painted panels were added when the romantic Laurens went to France from Charleston, Jefferson from Virginia and Franklin from Philadelphia. New England was more conservative and held more nearly to the forms she had learned to love, until the Third Period came with its appeal of classic refinement and delicacy. It was this Second Period of Rococo that had the strongest influence on our people a hundred years later when a new prosperity followed the Civil War. The first Pullman cars! Our life insurance buildings were filled with carvings in mahogany. Our mansard houses harbored walnut sideboards with realistic carvings of fruit and dead crows hanging on their fronts for ornament. It was a hideous jumble of what the cabinetmakers of that industrial era thought was elegant in this Second Period, combined with a collector's mania for all knickknacks and styles of every age exemplified in Queen Victoria's saving of everything for the sake of sentiment. There is not much that appeals to the heart in the sophisticated elegance of the Second Period, nevertheless it will always offer an outlet for the display of wealth and luxury and, when rooms are done with faithful adherence to its best traditions, there is no denying the atmosphere of richness, master craftsmanship and elegance that surrounds them.

The Third Period—1790 to 1825. Classic refinement in details of design, of houses and furniture. A return to sincerity and purity of line that seems to be a more logical sequence to the First Period than to the Second. In fact, a home built today that combines rooms and furniture of the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—that is, the latter of the First Period and the first part of the Third Period—has greater unity and charm than any other combination. The causes of this comparatively sudden change to classicism are definite. Forty years before, two English architects had gone to Athens and made the first measured drawings of Grecian architecture. The influence of these was profound. Architects and designers studied them with a new delight and found immediate inspiration. The brothers Adam, Hepplewhite and Sheraton produced those choicest of all designs in furniture with instant success because they had gone to the purest sources for their design. The interest in the fountain head of beauty was so great that from 1800 to 1804 Lord Elgin brought to England some of the finest sculptures and architectural details of the Parthenon and Erechtheum, where they are preserved to this day. Here, then, is the inspiration for the classic enthusiasm of the early days of our Republic. Washington had been elected president the year before the date set for the beginning of the Third Period. Hepplewhite arm chairs were made for Mount Vernon which now we call "Washington chairs." Mirrors with thin projecting tops, cut in the Flame of Freedom design, with eagles of gilt that have been named "Washington Mirrors." McIntire in New England designed the exquisite classic details of the mansions of Marblehead and Salem. Secretaries, sideboards, bureaus and chairs innumerable—all characterized by delicate mouldings and inlays, finely modeled and minute in scale. Mahogany was the important wood at this time, with inlays of satinwood and sycamore, holly and ebony. There were delicate painted furniture and mirrors with painted panels of glass, often with some design symbolical of freedom.

The present trend toward quaintness and charm in design of exteriors and interiors in domestic architecture is due to the liberating influence of a return to tradition. We are freed from the deadening influence of a particular style of individuals as in the days of Mansard and



"AN AMERICAN INTERIOR"

by

Lewis E. Macomber

Eastlake. We are also striving to be free from the tyranny of the machine and, while there is a definite dishonesty in advertising and counterfeiting in design by dealers and manufacturers who take a few superficial characteristics and name them "Queen Anne" or "Hepplewhite," nevertheless there is a sincere searching for the truth and a more detailed study of the conventions of pure design in furniture and architecture than ever before. To be sure, there are quantities of commercial furniture made and sold that, for monstrosity of proportion and mixture of ornament, put to shame the most glorious concoctions of the Victorian era. The following is taken from a recent advertisement describing a piece of extraordinary proportions and mixture of design: *Commanding in its proportions, stimulating in the freshness of its design. A discreet blending of Italian and English Renaissance motifs, in French walnut, with rich redwood overlay effect, with our famous Corsican finish, the final touch of distinction.*



AMERICAN BUREAU AND MIRROR OF THE EARLY PART OF THE THIRD PERIOD. THE WOOD KNOBS HAVE REPLACED THE METAL PULLS OF THE PERIOD. THE WOOD IS CURLY MAPLE STAINED WITH INDIAN RED. THE MIRROR IS OF MAHOGANY WITH GILT EAGLE AND FLAME OF FREEDOM DESIGN. BOTH PRESENT IDEAS FOR FURNITURE OF TODAY

Unfortunately for those who wish to furnish a home at moderate cost and yet with regard to genuineness of tradition, there is not much furniture available that has been designed along those simple, primitive forms which lend themselves to low price. Most of the inexpensive modern furniture is a cheapened version of something that was in its original form costly to build and, therefore, still more expensive today if reproduced with fidelity to the style. The architects are far ahead in integrity of design. In California they start with a primitive adobe dwelling of the natives and find in it a wealth of inspiration for delightful houses, quaint and interesting, at modest cost. On Long Island a crude farm house furnishes the lines and details for a modern house that is the last word in comfort and a fitting place for old furniture and such pieces as have the ear marks of good breeding.

There is no doubt that we are in the full swing of a new period of design in architecture. A renaissance in the sense that there is a rebirth of historic phases of design but with a new application. For once it is an era that cannot be named for English or French royalty. It belongs to our own beloved land. If the present rulers of England have any influence on the spirit of design in their country it is evident, from their dress and such things as the doll's house made for Princess Mary, that it is one of clinging to things of the recent industrial era rather than any new vision of vitality and beauty. The infant Lascelles and his mother are pictured in a brass bed, while we are ransacking England and the Continent, as well as our New England and Southern attics, for historic forms in furniture to school ourselves in things that were the product of times when imagination and beauty of lines were paramount.

To turn the pages of one of our architectural magazines is an inspiration. In Urbana, Illinois, a library of purest Georgian character by Charles Platt; in Buffalo a stately residence of the same style by the same hand. In Knoxville, Tennessee, by Barber and McMurry, a graceful villa-like house, full of the spirit of sunlight and repose, with slender columns and pure arches that speak of Florence, and yet completely accliminated to its own surroundings.

There is an obligation resting on the makers of furniture for our American homes and institutions to do more than copy in a slavish manner some old pieces or put out weird agglomerations under high-sounding names. We need the same sincere study in furniture design that the architects have given in their profession, and from the background of knowledge will spring a new development in furniture that is as quaint, as charming, as dignified, as well proportioned, as the houses that our people are building for their habitation.



THE WARNER HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE. BUILT 1718-1723

HOUSES *in Old* PORTSMOUTH

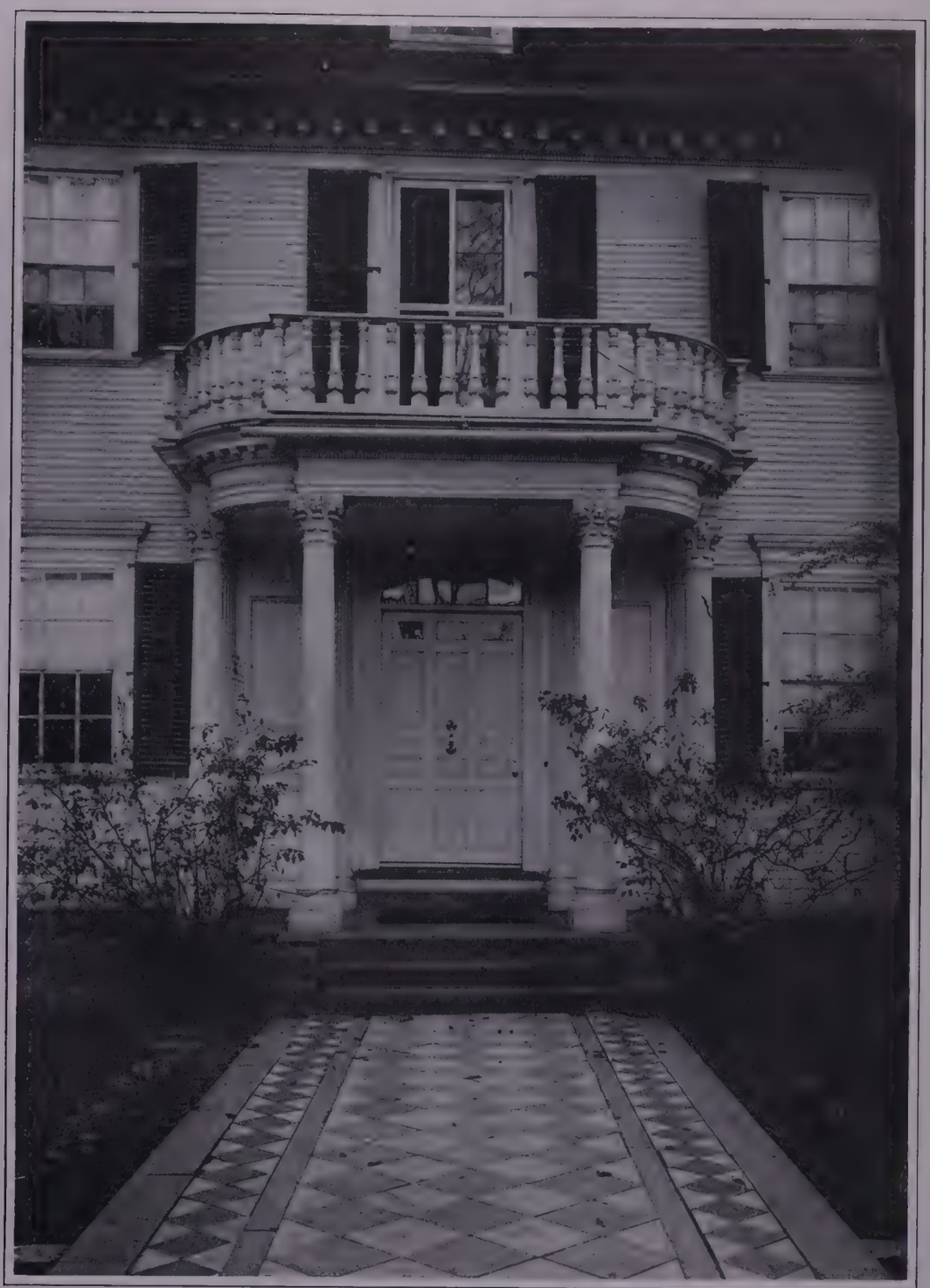
One of the first of the New England settlements, several mansions dating from the Colonial days are there

ROBERT FISHER

Plymouth Rock has been so well advertised that we are apt to forget that the neighborhood of Cape Cod was the site of only one of several early settlements in New England. Three years after the landing of the Mayflower, in the summer of 1623 a company headed by David Thompson, from Plymouth, England, founded a fishing and trading station at what is now Portsmouth, New Hampshire. At first the settlement was known as "Strawberry Banke," a name it kept for thirty years. In 1653, when the town was incorporated under Massachusetts, it was rechristened Portsmouth. When New Hampshire became a separate province twenty-six years later Portsmouth was made the capital.

Most of the names connected with the early days of the city are those of traders and seafarers. Even though, today, we remember John Langdon as a governor and political leader in Revolutionary times, the fact is that it was as sailor, ship owner and merchant that he amassed the fortune which made his later political activity possible. The Warner house, one of the show places, was built by a Scotch merchant, Archibald Macpheadris. The Daniel H. Pierce house was built by a descendant of that merchant Pierce who, in 1621, obtained a royal grant to Plymouth.

Few houses built prior to the eighteenth century remain, and it was not until the beginning of that century, when the early days of struggle were over, that houses of much architectural pretension were erected. Of these latter, the Warner house is one of the first. It is the oldest brick house in Portsmouth and was built between the years 1718-1723 of brick brought from Holland. Evidently, with his materials, Captain Macpheadris imported suggestions for the design of his dwelling for the Dutch features are quite apparent. The captain was evidently an unhurried man who cared more for the solidity and permanence of his house than for its speedy completion. Five years seems a long time to wait for the home one builds



DOORWAY OF THE GOVERNOR JOHN LANGDON HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE. BUILT IN 1784

for a bride. But when Sarah, the daughter of Governor John Wentworth, became its mistress the house must have been one of the finest in New Hampshire. Inside the eighteen-inch brick walls were paneled rooms filled with the furniture which Macphaedris had had made in England; the stair hall, from the entrance to the second floor, was decorated in fresco. Some of the original furniture is still in the house, and the paneling remains, a tribute to its unknown designer.

Although the names of most of the men who designed the houses of the Colonists have been lost it is probable that most of them used the same books, published in England, as sources of inspiration. So it is not strange that there are many similarities in design. Two houses in Portsmouth, the Ladd and Langdon, are of the same type as the better known Longfellow house in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the Lee mansion in Marblehead. All of these have mansard roofs, fine Georgian details modified to suit frame construction, and splendid interiors.



THE DANIEL H. PIERCE HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE. BUILT IN 1794

John Langdon, for whom the house which bears his name was built, was typical of the leading spirits in the Colonies. He began his career as a sailor, became a ship owner and merchant and then a leader in political life. He was captain in the New Hampshire militia, and, when war was declared with England, took part in the attack on Fort William and Mary, near Portsmouth, one of the first military actions of the Revolution. He was for many years a member of the New Hampshire legislature, a United States senator and, later, governor of his state. His house, built in 1784, seems to indicate that he was influenced in his taste by Chippendale's book, for, in the details of mantelpieces and mouldings there is a bolder sweep to the curves than is usual in interiors of that day. Also, about the time when his house was being built, a cabinetmaker in

INTERIOR OF DANIEL H. PIERCE HOUSE



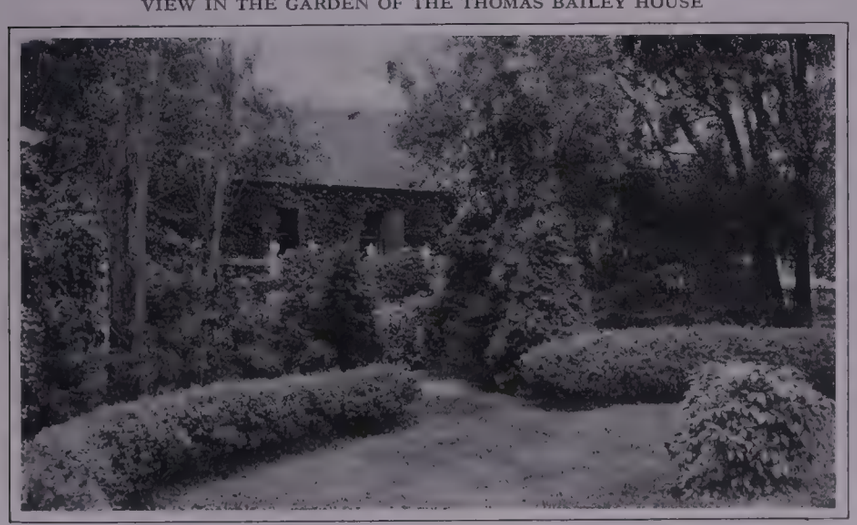


THE THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Portsmouth began to manufacture chairs, either copied from or inspired by Chippendale motives and it is possible that the same man executed some of the woodwork in the Governor's house.

It is probable that most of the carpenters and builders of colonial New England gained part of their skill through ship building. Certainly the influence of seafaring ways is strongly evident in the architecture of the coast towns. The flat-decked roofs and watch-tower cupolas are surely a result of lives closely bound to the sea and ships. Almost all of the houses which commanded a view of the ocean had some sort of elevated lookout. Few of them, however, had a more imposing tower than that of the Daniel H. Pierce house in Portsmouth. The stress laid on the vertical elements and the lack of strong horizontals make it difficult to appreciate the actual proportions of the house. The detail, particularly of the interior, is very fine.

VIEW IN THE GARDEN OF THE THOMAS BAILEY HOUSE



Of quite another type is the house which has recently been made a memorial to Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Simpler than the others it is the sort of house which is most characteristic of the New England towns. Its gables and plain walls are in excellent proportion and there is a dignity inherent in its lines which is often missed in the more ornate dwellings. It is, one feels, above all else a house for comfortable living.



MARBLE HEADS BY ELI NADELMANN

HEADS *by* ELI NADELMANN

Madame Helena Rubinstein has formed a collection of the works of this sculptor which idealize beauty

VIRGINIA H. DAVIS

PATRONS of the New York art galleries have been familiar, for many years, with the marble heads executed by Eli Nadelmann. They know, too, the figures of animals, both in marble and bronze, which have come from this sculptor's hands. And in all of his work they have remarked the close tie between this twentieth-century artist and the stone cutters of Greece and Asia Minor. For his art, as is that of no other contemporary sculptor save Manship, is related to the Lycian forms, and yet into all of his productions he has infused new life. The antique has been his inspiration, never his model.

Both in the forms he employs and in the technique by which he renders them he has been called, sometimes disparagingly, "modern." But it is in neither of these things that his modernity lies. His form is pure Greek; not the Greek of Phidias and the Golden Age but that of the eastern colonies on the Mediterranean seaboard where the various expressions of East and West were fused. His technique, the highly polished surfaces which distinguish his work, is no newer than Egypt. Even his frequent combination of stone and metal has its ancestry in classic sculpture. In fact, the outworn adjective, "modern," becomes more than ever ridiculous when applied to his work, either in praise or blame. The date of a work of art is its least important attribute.

What Nadelmann has done is this: Wearied by the multiplicity of anemic monuments which the ever-thinning trickle of classic tradition has produced in recent years he has gone back to original sources for his inspiration. So he has produced an art which is alive and, to eyes which have become accustomed to the erections which deface our public places, new.

When he first exhibited his work it was acclaimed by two groups of persons: those who had real appreciation and those who saw in him what they took to be another expression of the latest fad. Some of these latter have since arrived

at a saner viewpoint on art; they no longer feel called upon to praise a thing because it is out of drawing in a way they have not seen before. To the first group, those who had a true critical background and were able to distinguish between a work of art and the product of a movement, Madame Helena Rubinstein belongs. Accustomed to beautiful things and delighting in them, she recognized the esthetic quality inherent in Nadelmann's work and began the formation of a collection of heads by this sculptor. The five illustrated herewith are from her collection.

In these heads are typified four idealized types of feminine beauty, yet all of them strongly suggest the Greek. And in them all is a quality of dignity and repose. Restraint is here; there is no fussiness, no unnecessary line. Each is an expression of the artist's statement of beauty, simply told. And it was in these stanzas in Nadelmann's poem in stone that Madame Rubinstein recognized another version of her own feeling for beauty.



MARBLE HEAD BY ELI NADELMANN

In the setting in which she has placed them they add distinction to their surroundings and, at the same time, are themselves more readily appreciated.

BRONZE HEADS BY ELI NADELMANN



A Great Gift to the Cathedral



THE CATHEDRAL of St. John the Divine, in New York City, will, when completed, bear much the same relation to America that Westminster has to England, Milan to Italy or Notre Dame to France. It will be much more than the finest Episcopal church in the United States; it will be a symbol of the worship of God by all the races and creeds of our country. It is fitting that in such a place great works of art, the summit of man's achievement, should be found. In them the artists have given expression to the spiritual emotions of mankind. An example has been set by Mr. Kleinberger, of the Kleinberger Galleries in New York, which it is to be hoped that many others will follow. He has recently given one of Veronese's masterpieces, "The Baptism of Christ," to the Cathedral. The painting is one of the few works of this Venetian artist in America.

"BAPTISM OF CHRIST"
BY PAOLO VERONESE



"SAN DIEGO HILLS" BY MAURICE BRAUN

PAINTER of EAST and WEST

Maurice Braun makes art subservient to nature in his renderings of landscapes of Connecticut and California

HELEN COMSTOCK

EAST and West, if they are only so far apart as Connecticut and California, usually do not meet amiably as the main sources of a landscape painter's inspiration. This is true in case he desired to paint them intimately rather than as a traveler records his superficial impressions. Maurice Braun, having lived many years on both the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts, is equipped by experience to paint each familiarly, and he is further enabled by his manner of approach to do justice to their quite different types of landscape. This method of approach involves an unusual effacing of himself from his work, of his personal mood, as well as an earnest effort to let nature speak for herself. He has been able to get at the fundamental qualities in both because he is not burdened with the idea that art is solely "a way of looking at things" and that nature only provides a theme. He has even said that he deliberately avoids originality of style, which is a brave assertion to make when a personal manner of expression and even mannerisms attract more than a fair amount of attention. This avoidance of a mannered style on Braun's part has kept his eyes first on nature and then on the development of his art, which in his case has been content to play the part of handmaid. To the stylist whether in prose or painting, the manner of expression is apt to usurp some of the place that rightfully belongs to content. There is greater flexibility in the art which is not too much given to style. Flexibility is the quality which Braun has preeminently. He adapts himself to each change of scene and does not look at a Connecticut meadow through eyes adjusted to the scale of California.

Maurice Braun was born at Nagy Bittse in Hungary in 1877 and arrived in New York when

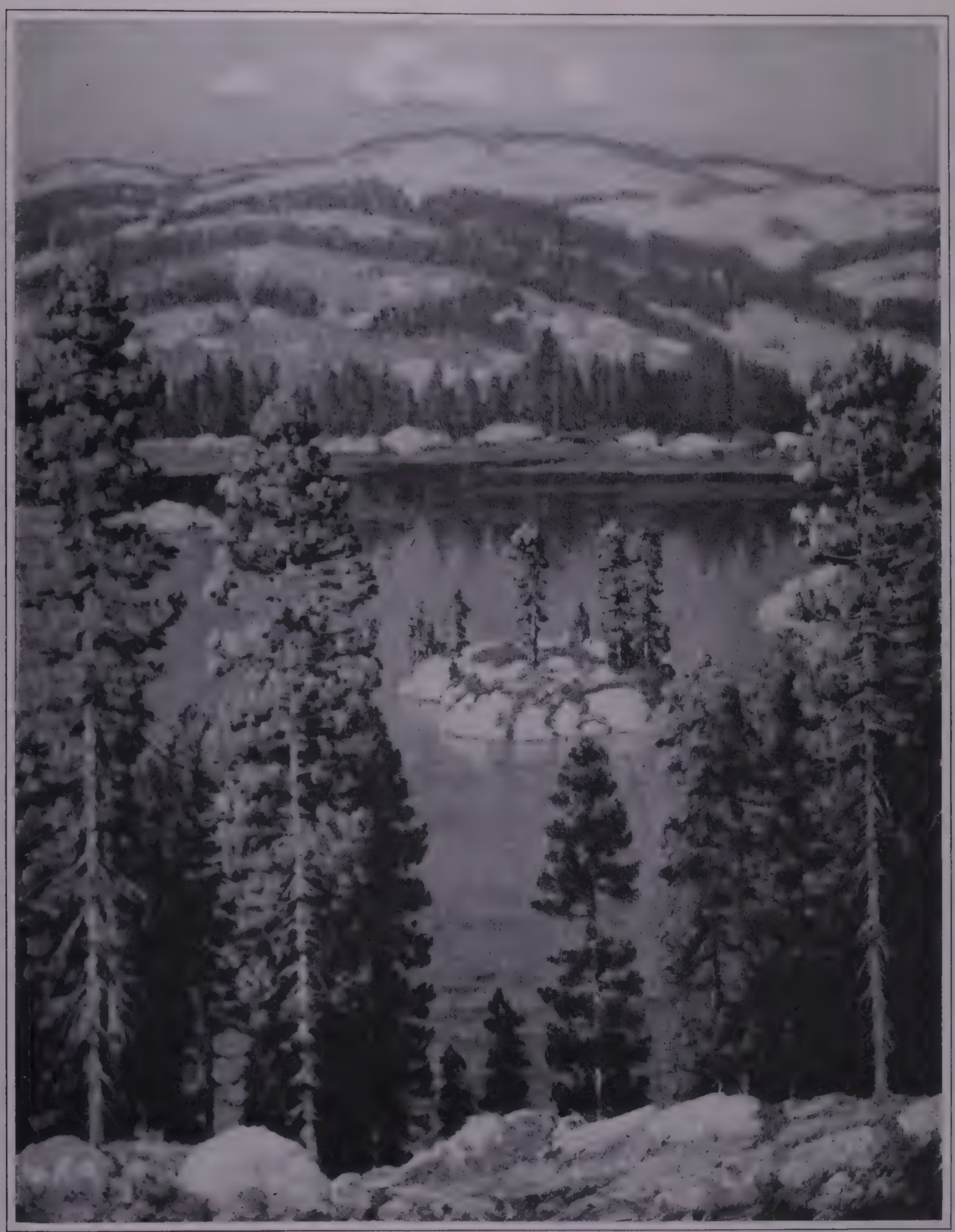


"MEADOW IN SPRING" BY MAURICE BRAUN

he was only three years old. When he began to study painting he went to the National Academy of Design where his instructors were E. M. Ward, George W. Maynard and Francis C. Jones. Later he traveled in Europe but his journey was one of observation only. He did not enter any of the schools. When he returned to this country it was not long before he went to California to live. It was about 1910 that he gave up whatever interest he had had in figure painting and definitely decided on landscape. He was living in the heart of a country which is irresistible to a painter. From his studio on Point Loma he could look across the bay to San Diego and on to the mountains of Mexico in the distance. The continuous interplay of color and form, both projected on a Titanic scale, brought mountains, sea and sky into a pageant which demanded recording. For the next ten years he found most of his subjects in this region with an occasional interlude in which he left the Coast Range for the more rugged Sierras. His work in the latter region is exemplified here in the painting "Lower Gale Lake" whose frigid clear atmosphere is quite different from the golden mists which make his "San Diego Hills" radiant. The latter won a gold medal at the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego in 1915 and another landscape of his won a similar award at the International Exposition held there a year later. His pictures are in the municipal collection of Phoenix, Arizona, and the San Diego Museum. During this period he frequently sent pictures to the National Academy of Design in New York, having won a Hallgarten Prize there in 1900. He held several exhibitions in New York galleries and in 1921 closed his Point Loma studio and returned to the East to paint. He first established himself in a studio at Silvermine, near Norwalk, Connecticut, and later in Lyme where he was represented in the annual exhibition of the Lyme Art Association in the summer of 1923.

During his eastern visit he held one exhibition in Hartford and later another in New York, at the Macbeth Galleries. He also sent a group of landscapes to Dallas, Texas, and various cities of the Southwest. In Dallas fourteen of his paintings were sold within fifteen minutes after the

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO



"LOWER GALE LAKE, HIGH SIERRAS" BY MAURICE BRAUN

exhibition opened, while the entire collection of twenty-four was sold by the end of the second day. His pictures are liked by the majority of people because he sees nature as they do; they are wholesome; the atmosphere that circles freely in them is remarkably fresh and invigorating; beauty and serenity prevail. Braun is not only a poet but an optimist. He calls attention to the enduring majesty and peace that exist in nature, let man do what he may.

Although he remained in the East only two years he did not come to his painting of it a



"WINTER EVENING" BY MAURICE BRAUN

stranger. The impressions of his boyhood were there to make him feel at home in the Connecticut woods and meadows when he began to paint them. He delighted in the change of seasons and the marked differences in the face of nature after the more uniform appearance of California through the year. He felt all the more intensely the charm of the restricted solitudes of some modest forest shut in by low hills because before this his spirit had been played upon by the grandeur of magnificent horizons.

In speaking of his ideas about art, his own art, he says that he tries to paint impersonally. If a mood colors his paintings, it comes from nature herself. He does not dream over his paintings, as, for instance, Corot did, whose emotion was the essence of his art. Braun also says he selects for his subjects what seems beautiful and worthy of representation, according to an ideal ever present in mind. He does not idealize nature, but he searches for the motif that he feels comes up to the standard of which she is capable. He would not change arbitrarily, creating something of which she only suggested the foundation. It must be all from nature, but from nature at her best.

Braun believes in the superiority of the American school of landscape painting. He regards it already as supreme and predicts a great future for it if there can be established here the principles of a more universal culture. All the arts are interlocking, give and take from each other. No man can be a great artist who has not some vision of other arts than his own. He must have some background with which to enrich his own expression. We are becoming so much a nation of specialists that we are apt to enforce limitations even on our artists.

With Braun art must be ennobling, uplifting, expressing the highest and best emotions of the race. Things sordid and hideous may provide a powerful subject for art, but to this painter's way of thinking they do not deserve to be chronicled artistically. His art is the close reflection of his thought, serene, calm, devoted to the beautiful, a note of assurance among the more or less discordant voices that clamor in our ears today.

CABBAGES AND KINGS

DEOGH FULTON

A NEW RACE, differing in many ways from the heroes of old, has been admitted to mythology. Instead of slaying dragons and rescuing ladies fair they sat; instead of going forth to battle, men and gods together, they went to bed. Such, at least, is the evidence. No Homer has sung the glories of this people or given them life; their thin ghosts wander unhappily through shops, galleries and auction rooms. But, if one listens carefully, the echo of their ancient chant may be heard:

Hickory maple pine cherry
Banister ladderback windsor
Wistarburg Sandwich and Stiegel
Primitive waxwork engraving.

For these were the Early Americans.

Even where some acquaintance with American history persists, there seems to be small connection between the actual people and the race whose furniture we buy. For we think of statesmen and soldiers as active, and chairs are our chief heritage from the E. A.'s; chairs and beds and portraits of unhappy ladies and gentlemen stiffly sitting. These were no "embattled farmers."

It would be almost as difficult to reconstruct the New York of Petrus Stuyvesant from the top of the Woolworth Tower as to get an impression of the Americans of his time from the collections of antiques displayed in shops and auction rooms. The objection will be raised that to give such an impression is no part of the business of salesrooms. True. But why, then, this chanting of the mystic spell "Early American?" Why the attempt to read into furniture and paintings qualities which they have not? Can it be for the same reason that the stores on Third Avenue, in New York, which a few years ago sported modest signs of "Second Hand Furniture Bought and Sold" now carry, in the largest letters which space will permit, the magic word "Antiques?"

The Chinese, we are told, worships his great-grandfather and respects his former possessions. Such an attitude is, to our more cultivated minds, ridiculous. So we reverse the procedure.

I have no quarrel with furniture made in America in the seventeenth, eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. I like it; and, when I can afford to, buy it. But I am not at all sure of just what an "Early American Atmosphere" would be or that it would be pleasant if found. For many even of the New England towns which are today so charming, are so largely because the activity which built them has moved on leaving a simple record. The colonists built simply because they lacked time and money to be elaborate; because, having both, they could afford and appreciate simplicity; or, and most important, because the builders were craftsmen to whom good construction was an essential factor in all work.

Therein, I think, is the answer, often stated and as often forgotten, of the real value of their productions. To build well is the foundation of enduring work in any craft. And that is why, dollar for dollar, the furniture which was built on that basis by the early craftsmen and cabinetmakers is often better than new. This, of course, has nothing to do with collectors. A true collector is a man to whom rarity is the final standard. No normal man is without the passion in some form or other and, as collectors, we live in a fortunate time. In another hundred years the tortured Queen Antics of the mid-nineteenth century may be the vogue and certainly will be admitted to the category of "rare and valuable antiques." That time may not be even so far away. The supply of genuine pieces of furniture in maple, pine and cherry—woods which, although so fashionable today, were scarcely noticed until it became difficult to find mahogany—has limits.

Save your horsehair!

Another version of the Early American legend is found in portraits. Not in those by Stuart, Morse, Trumbull, *et al.* Not at all. Those mythical E. A.'s were Primitives. Somehow Primitives have always impressed me as persons with whom it would be difficult to get on. Imagine, if you can, being asked to amuse the "Dover Baby" whose portrait was reproduced in the February number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO. The child, as the caption stated, was probably of the seventeenth century and certainly, as the caption did not state, of another world. It was suggested, you will remember, that a more exact dating of the picture might be made from the bottle which the child grasped so firmly and so insistently displayed.

I was seized by the antiquarian urge. And, allowing for the isometric drawing of the bottle in the portrait, the duplicate was found. Not, as one might suppose, in a museum or collector's case, but in that of a druggist on Sixth Avenue. Moreover, the bottle contained a mixture guaranteed to promote the growth of hair. I looked again at the portrait, noted the astonishing hirsute accomplishments of the child. Here, I said, is a great discovery—the first Early American advertisement.



"CHILD WITH A KITTEN" *Courtesy of the Dudensing Gallery* AN EARLY AMERICAN PRIMITIVE

Quite as interesting, in its own Primitive way, as the "Dover Baby" was the portrait in the same exhibition of the "Child With a Kitten." For the E. A.'s, as befitted a unique race, had their own fauna. Pictures of their horses I had seen before, and dogs. It has been my privilege to gaze at one animal, safely snared in a hooked rug, which increased my respect for the domesticators of such a savage monster. But a kitten was a pleasing addition to the zoology.

Not all of the portraits are startling. Many of them give the impression that they are remarkable likenesses. Almost all of them can far more justly be called naïve than can the sophisticated simplicities of many modern painters and designers. They represent the peasant, or village, art of America in the days before communication between the cities and rural districts was general. As such they are interesting ethnologically. And in a world where art and art criticism is a solemn

matter they are refreshing. A great deal of serious nonsense has been and will be written about them. They are things to be enjoyed, nevertheless.

As for the furniture, the new wing in the Metropolitan is an almost complete answer to any question. There are rooms in which the furniture and decoration dates from as early as the middle of the seventeenth century to about 1825. They are rooms in which one would like to live; and the curators have done a wise thing. The dates of the pieces and of the rooms are not prominently displayed; your first impression is of the things themselves. Afterward, if you are curious, you may discover their time and origin. And, if the labels were scrambled, if the rooms were called English, French or Dutch, they would be just as satisfying. For the furniture itself is fine.

Evidently this is simply another form of the old question as to whether an object or its label is the more valuable. And here is a case in point. A set of chairs is declared to have been made by Duncan Phyfe. The tag is written and the set appraised at three thousand dollars. An expert proves that the set is a forgery; the chairs do not change but their price decreases to five hundred dollars. Obviously, then, the tag was worth twenty-five hundred dollars—five times the value of the chairs. Some day a Philistine will organize a *Society for the Suppression of Labels;* for this, at least, is true: a tag may be extremely valuable but one cannot sit on it with any comfort.

Another chapter has been added to *La Vie de Bohème.*

The story begins in the Paris studio of an American sculptor, with such a setting as Murger or Du Maurier might have used. A huge bare room, sparsely furnished and probably not too tidy. There was a model stand covered with a thick cloth and near it a modeling table supporting a clay figure wrapped in a damp sheet. One man, the sculptor, was there, walking about, arranging his tools. He started to lift the cloth from the figure.

"No, I will not look at it until she comes."

Someone knocked and he opened the door eagerly, but it was only the concierge with a note: "I cannot come to you any more. I have gone with B . . . to Normandy."

Today he would have finished. There was so little to be done; only to be sure that it was perfect, as perfect as the figure of the girl who had been his model. Sadly he pulled the cloth from the clay. Just then some friends came in, another sculptor, a painter, a musician.

"Lee! *Jacques a de la monnaie! Viens! On va boire . . . Sacré dieu!*" The speaker had seen the torso.

Lee had kept it hidden from everyone. His "When it is finished" had become a by-word.

The men crowded around the figure, silently. The painter's quiet, "*Un chef d'oeuvre, mon ami,*" broke the tension. They laughed, they cried, they beat him on the back, for they thrilled to the beauty he had created. They dragged him out into the street, to a café. Soon all the quarter knew and hailed the *artist.*

Back in the studio that night Lee again uncovered the torso. For a long time he looked at it and at the note he had received that morning. Then, across the base, he traced the word "Volupté."

He had only a mild success when he returned to New York, and "Volupté," in marble now, stayed in his studio. Friends knew it; they came to see it when they felt discouraged or overcynical and to revive their courage. For works of art are rare. It was one of these appreciative friends who insisted that the torso be sent to Philadelphia for the Academy exhibition of 1924. As all the world knows it was awarded the Widener Gold Medal, the highest prize for sculpture in America. The Medal in no way increased the value of the torso as a work of art, but it did affix the official seal so that many persons who might otherwise have missed it were led to see its beauty. Photographs were published in many magazines and newspapers and America hailed the *prize winner.* Then, for a time, the torso and Lee were forgotten.

When "Volupté" was returned from Philadelphia several persons enquired about it, among them a representative of the Metropolitan Museum. Lee was working on a memorial which an architect had ordered for his family, a piece of work which should have paid him well. He had had trouble about payments, not because of any dissatisfaction or lack of money on his client's part, and in spite of the fact that Lee had turned down other commissions in order that he might finish this one within the time that the architect had set. Why the trouble no one knows, except that there are men whose self-esteem is fed by putting difficulties in the way of their betters. The sculptor's rent for one quarter was overdue and the next rent-day was near. The day came and passed and brought with it no payment from the architect, although one had been promised.

"At least," Lee asked him, "pay the rent so that I can go on with your figure."

The architect was evasive.

Then word came that the torso was to be pur-

chased for the Metropolitan and, on the heels of this good news, the landlord. The landlord is a quiet old gentleman, wise in the way of artists. "Mr. Lee," he said, "I am busy today. I am going to a concert. But I really must see you on Tuesday." This was Thursday.

Lee told him of the Museum. A check, he said, was sure to come soon, but might not be in time.

"No, Tuesday will be the best day."

The sculptor did everything in his power to hurry the actual purchase. Tuesday came and brought no check with it. He wrote his landlord that he expected to have the money by Saturday. That if he did he would pay, not only all that was due but a year in advance as well. That if the money should not come they would part as good friends. On Saturday the check came and the rent was paid as Lee had proposed—six months due and a year in advance. Monday brought this letter from the landlord:

"Dear Mr. Lee:
I congratulate you on your success; on your letter of Tuesday; on your way of doing business."

Somehow, the story got out. Reporters swarmed to Macdougall Alley. There were headlines—"Metropolitan Saves Artist From Eviction." Among the reporters was a man from one of the news reels. He believed in realism, even if fictitious. So the torso was carried out into the street and chairs and personal belongings piled about. Through the eye of the camera Lee was seen as an artist, thrust from his home by a cruel fate, but still working on his masterpiece. That was all the cameraman had intended to show but a movie, once started, seems hard to stop.

A friend of Lee's came to see him. The reporter immediately included him in the *dramatis personæ* and he was pressed into service as the hard-hearted landlord. Lee went back to his work; the qua landlord approached, a cold and cruel smile on his face, clutching the eviction papers. With appropriate gestures he handed these to the sculptor.

No plea could soften his hard heart. Snow was falling. (It wasn't, but that will undoubtedly be the caption.) The artist bowed his head and should have gone out into the night. But hold!

Dashing across the cobblestones of the Alley a messenger came fast. (Realism stumbled there. No messenger ever ran.) He bore aloft an envelope. Rushing up to the artist he thrust the precious burden into his trembling hands. (Of course "precious burden" is synonymous with child, but Little Eva was left out of the picture and some heart interest must be introduced.) Lee tore the envelope open and, true to tradition, a paper fluttered to the ground. He picked it up. The check! The old home was saved.

Triumphantly he handed the check to the landlord, demanding instant change. The villian was foiled. He didn't have it. So they carried the torso into the studio. Such is the movie version, and the newspaper accounts are not very different.

Now, Arthur Lee's picture and that of the torso have been published far more widely than before. Everyone knows that "Volupté" has been purchased for the Museum. Persons who were scarcely polite to him a few days ago now seek him out; he has been offered many honors and commissions. All of which is very nice but, although he has been showered with compliments on *the fact of the purchase* no one, who had not done so before its official recognition, has congratulated him on the creation of a work of art.

The whole story is an interesting commentary on appreciation, whether it proves anything or not.

Art has had many slaves, human and mechanical, but it has remained for this generation to press the air into her service. There are many otherwise intelligent people to whom the radio is anethema; it represents another phase of the speeding-up process which characterizes the present age. Such persons despise the telephone, although they are compelled to use it; they secretly mourn the day when one wrote notes and had them delivered by a runner; when carriages conveyed their owners on leisurely errands; for, as Mulvaney sighed, "The times that was."

The apostle of art to use this latest method of reaching his audience is Mr. Walter Grant of the Anderson Galleries in New York City. Mr. Grant has organized a radio campaign for the dissemination of art appreciation. Representative critics are to deliver short talks on various phases of this somewhat intricate subject. There is no question that they will reach a far greater number of persons than they could ever hope to through the pages of publications of similar aim.

The first of these talks was delivered a short time ago by Mr. Karl Freund who made an appeal for the development of a more personal taste and expression. He advised his hearers to buy and use only those things which they really liked for, he told them, it was very doubtful if they would be happy with things which had been chosen for them by a man whose whole cultural experience and background might have been entirely different from their own.



"PORTRAIT OF MARION DAVIES"

by

Nikol Schattenstein

ART *and* OTHER THINGS

By GUY EGLINGTON

ADVERTISEMENT

THE COMPLETE DICTIONARY OF MODERN ART TERMS, FOR THE USE OF ASPIRING AMATEURS, *the publication of which begins in this issue, is a work which has been long and eagerly awaited by our readers. Conscious as we have been of the crying need for such an opus, made doubly conscious by the daily inquiries we have received from our subscribers and by our own private doubts as to the exactitude of the modern science of criticism, we had almost despaired of finding a philologist who would be at once eminent in his own field and sufficiently* au courant *with the latest slang of Fifty-seventh Street to undertake so herculean a task. It is therefore with justifiable pride that we present the present compilation, the work of a committee of critics of international reputation. We trust that it may prove of inestimable service not only to those amateurs for whom it was composed, but also to dealers, collectors, U. S. Senators, Chatauqua lecturers and cross-word puzzle experts. To this distinguished public we have the honor to dedicate our classic work.*—THE PUBLISHERS.

PREFACE

BEFORE giving credit to my distinguished colleagues for their valuable help in this monumental compilation, it would be well to make clear the exact nature of our collaboration. They, it is true, supplied the vast majority of the words; neglected, however, in most cases to give more than a passing hint of what they intended them to mean. It has therefore fallen to my lot to supply the definitions, for the exactitude of which I can under the circumstances accept only limited responsibility. Since, however, even an inaccurate definition is better than none at all, it is with reasonably equanimity that I acknowledge their sterling assistance. Among many others I am especially indebted to the following authorities:

Miss Ackerman; Messrs. Bach, Bell, Berenson, Brinton, Burroughs, Conway, Cortissoz, Dodgson, Eglington, Fry, Hine, Ivens, Mather, McBride, Meir-Graefe, Offner, Pach, Pope, Riefstahl, Toch, Valentiner, Van Dyke, von Bode, Vollard, Watson, Weitenkampf, Wright; and, also, to the publishers of the following magazines: Arts and Decoration, Burlington, Colour, International Studio, Studio, The Arts.

These are, as all the world knows, Olympians. It was therefore hopeless to look to them for anything but Olympian expressions. It has been necessary to look elsewhere for a stock of suitable phrases for minor occasions. To this end the *Dictionary of Medical Terms*, especially those applying to the digestive organs, proved of the greatest possible assistance and I can confidently recommend it to the up-to-date critic.

—THE EDITOR

A

ABSTRACT—Formerly the big stick of the modern critic. Implies that a person has the power of considering the forms and colors of an object without reference to the object itself. Before this austere conception fashionable painters were wont to quail. Going out of style in up-to-date criticism. The bright young man will do well to use ABSOLUTE in its place.

——ION—The kind of picture that one tries so hard to like.

ACADEMY—A quaint, old-time institution surviving by virtue of its picturesque ceremonies. Once the jealous upholder of craftsmanship, the only prerequisite of membership is now a wholehearted devotion to the styles of the past, meaning thereby nothing less than fifty years old, nor more than three hundred. Members may be distinguished by their gold medals. Functions as trades union to protect *retardataires* and distribute prizes. Since the invasion of the Hispanic and Slavonic forces its hold on fashionable society has been sadly weakened.

——IC—Work done in response to and in the manner of, another artist, preferably dead. See also under EMASCULATE.

ANATOMY—The one-time battle-cry of academies, now—alas—obsolete. Seems to have had reference to the internal arrangements of ladies in deshabille. One still hears it used occasionally by commercial artists (*q. v.*) who do their best to maintain what they conceive to be the tradition of craftsmanship. Otherwise the term has become almost purely medical.

ANTIQUE—A label indicating that the price must not be considered in relation to the cost of production. See also under AUTHENTIC, EXPERT.

ARCHAIC—Vulgarly applied to men who aspire to be primitive, this rare quality is more properly

the attribute of the work of a man who uses his own eyes.

——ISTIC—By the same token may be applied to the work of a man who uses the eyes of a man who used his own eyes. See also under MESTROVIC.

ART—The Mumbo Jumbo of the modern world. Esoteric (*q. v.*) term invented to render mysterious a simple if not too common process. *Phil.* May be applied to anything that, fashioned by man's hand or brain, is endowed with the potentiality of life and growth.

——IST—One who makes works of art. *Coll.* A purveyor of luxury to the leisured classes. See also under FASHION, FLATTERY, FLATULENCE.

——ISTIC—Mysterious sensibility with which the feminine sex was endowed in the Garden of Eden, enabling it to arrange objects pleasantly in a room. See also under INTERIOR DECORATION.

——ISTIC TEMPERAMENT—Excellent excuse for unconventional and inconvenient behavior at all times.

——ISTRY—Euphemism for sleight of hand.

AUTHENTIC—The battle-cry of dealers and museum curators.

B

BEAUTY—Powerful formula for exorcising the *modern* devil. Exclusive property of painters of well-dressed women and landscapes suitable for calendars. *Phil.* A relation perceived by the artist between superficially unrelated objects and between these objects and himself. Must not be confused with LOVELINESS, which is dependent on the affection which the individual bears to the object in and for itself. Excellent subject for sophomore debate: "Is —— necessary to Art?" See also under DEGAS, PALM OLIVE, ZIEGFELD.

BOLSHEVISM—Popularly considered a synonym for anarchism, of which it is of course the exact opposite. The terror of the academies, reactionary with neither starting-point nor goal. The haven of the formalist, afraid of freedom. *Coll.* Expression invaluable to defenders of things as they are, however they may be. Slightly shop-soiled.

BOSTON—Art Colony in Anglo-Irish America, founded under the celestial patronage of Vermeer of Delft. See also under CODFISH.

BOURGEOIS—Strange but not uncommon type, found everywhere, deriving its characteristics from the amazing assortment of feather beds, kitchenware and glass bric-a-brac in the midst of which it arrives, God knows how, into this world, and to which it clings with pathetic, almost tragic, loyalty. *Chief characteristics:* A total inability to perceive any quality in a work of art excepting only those hallowed by association, nor any relation between people or things not sanctified by precedent. Born in a state of material and intellectual muddle, it is temperamentally incapable of sorting out its mental and material furniture. Amongst its possessions of both kinds are often things of great beauty and value but such is their *milieu* that even the finest achieve an air of mediocrity.

BRUSHWORK—W. M. Chase's legacy to American art. See also under MASCULINITY.

C

COLOR—Recent invention. Copyright in dispute. Claimed by Dr. Christian Brinton for the Diaghilieff decorators and by Willard Huntingdon Wright for the Synchromists. Adopted by orthodox moderns as emblem of membership. See CHEVREUL, MONET, ODILON REDON, WHISTLER and other inventors of patent palettes. *Fem. Coll.* The saccharine that coats the artistic pill.

COMMERCIAL—Term of particular importance in the vocabulary of unsuccessful painters.

—— ARTIST—A man who paints so well that one is continually surprised that he is not an artist.

COMPLEX—The most valuable German invention of recent times. Indispensable dish for the fashionable dinner party. An intimate tie between the woman and art. See also under NYMPH, NYMPHOLEPSY, NYMPHOMANIA.

COMPOSITION—A system of rules most helpful to the unhappy painter who has spent his widow's cruse of oil without receiving the promised replenishment from on high. Helps the insufficient, acts as a useful curb on his creative power, until he finally realizes the fact and kicks it out of doors. Its reinstatement urgently recommended in all academies, from whence, at the approach of the so-called Modern Spirit (the spirit, that is, of 1848) it was rudely dispelled. See also under CONSTIPATION.

COSMIC—One of those little words with which the feminine soul strives to evoke the infinite.

—— CONSCIOUSNESS—The ability to hear the heartbeats of the millions, often combined with a singular deafness if the number is decreased. Recommended for use in spirituel drawing rooms. See also under FOURTH DIMENSION.

COSMETIC. The other side of the penny.

CUBIST—Natural child of Pablo Picasso, abandoned on Albert Gleizes' doorstep. Still enjoys a certain subterranean fame, thanks to the tireless efforts of its foster-father. See GLEIZES and METZINGER.

CUBISM—*Gleizes, "Ce qui devait sortir du Cubisme." Coll.* Vulgar synonym for modern art. *Phil.* The ultimate mechanization of the painter's materials, *i. e.*, color and line; differs, however, from useful mechanics in that, while the engineer is rather concerned to make a thing that will work and hardly stops to consider whether it looks like a machine, the cubist starts with the latter preoccupation.

D

DADA—The malicious prank of a child who has been kept in school too long; an artist who begins to tire of his physics professors.

——ISM—The invention of a pedagogue who will not be really happy until all the world laughs, eats and sleeps in perfect unison.

DIMENSION—A word too simple of comprehension, if used alone, to be suitable for any but the most highbrow critics. Used preferably with numerals, as TWO ——AL, THREE ——AL, FOUR ——AL. The last has become, since the discoveries of Mr. Einstein, increasingly popular and may now be used in polite circles without fear.

DISTORTION—A useful epithet for any rendering of nature which does not conform to the notions of one's grandfather. With the rapid exhaustion of our communal stock of surprise, however, the word's empire is passing rapidly westward. *Phil.* The artist's response to his perception that disparate objects at moments and under given conditions strive to attain a unity.

DIVISIONISM—A formula by which, as M. Paul Signac has so ably pointed out, it is almost impossible to go wrong. The difficulty is, as M. Signac has also shown, to be more than respectably right. A gold mine for the billboard painter when, twenty years hence, he shall discover it. A modified form, embodying all the drawbacks with few of the advantages, is the latest thing in the academies, threatening to drive our venerable Barbizons clean out of the field. Discovered before 1820. Perfected 1888.

DRAUGHTSMANSHIP—"The probity of art," said M. Ingres, to which professors of every tinge answer "Amen." Must not be confused, however, with the ability to draw a straight line, a perfect circle, or a series of curves resembling a lovely lady in her natural garment. Beginners are cautioned against a too lavish use of the word, as it is one of the few qualities which allows of almost accurate measurement. If circumstances demand, the French word is even more impressive and much safer. See *Appendix A. French for the critic and man about town.*

DYNAMIC—One of the qualities most admired in foreign artists. Used with the soulful "So" in all artistic drawing rooms. Used critically (as contrasted with the more common use as an exclamation of rapture) one should be careful to distinguish whether the —— quality is in the brush of the painter or in his brain. This however, is only necessary with very simple or highly sophisticated people. See also under SLAVONIC, SOUL.

—— SYMMETRY—With SYNCHROMISM (*q. v.*) and the silk stocking America's most considerable contribution to art theory. Constructed on the simple form of the leaf, it claims to endow any work based thereon with something of the leaf's rightness and upward aspiration. Examination of such works, however, seems to suggest that the cooks forgot the raising powder.

E

ELLIS ISLAND—See Royal Cortissoz on —— —— Art. The unfortunate thing is that these *immigrés* get naturalized so quickly that one can do nothing against them. Now that the Monetians and Degasians have conquered the academy native American painters don't get a chance.

EMOTION—A most valuable euphemism for use in polite circles. As it so rarely gets into painting one can only suppose that the artist uses it elsewhere to better purpose. Or perhaps his approach to the human heart is more subtle than critics give him credit for. See also under NUDE, ROMANTIC, ZULOAGA.

EMETIC—Pardon the transposition. Comes more naturally after.

EROTIC—The basis, say Messrs. Jung and Freud, of all art. With which dictum Greenwich Village concurs. But as it is at the bottom of most everything else, including Brooklyn Bridge, the Woolworth Building and Niagara Falls, we are not much further. Unless one explain thereby the fact that so few painters die of starvation.

ESOTERIC—A little secret between you and me. Your husband wouldn't understand anyway.

F

FACET—In critical use a synonym for angle, side, genre in describing a "gem of the painter's art."

FACILITY—A polite term for tricky technique. See ARTISTRY, BRUSHWORK.

FAME—The geometrical rate of progression of the price of a work of art. See ANTIQUE, AUTHENTIC, EXPERT.

FALLACY—Almost any theory of art which does not agree with the one you happen to hold. Since it is probable that no work of art has ever been created by the practice of any theory, any, including your own, can easily be disproved. See SCHOOLS.

FASHION—The kind of painting which the noisiest critics, at any given time, say one ought to like. Also, "a combination of poster design and art, preserving the best features of both." See ZULOAGA.

FECUND—In critical parlance—is a complimentary term applicable to the imagination of a painter who depicts variations of two or more subjects.

FILLIP—A sprightly word sufficiently old and unusual for use in the best critical discussions. Words such as this give that touch of informality to the pronouncements of the arbiter by which, without being too condescending, he hopes to keep his readers awake.

FINE ARTS—Colloquial term invented for the benefit of large public collections of plaster casts, second-rate painting and sculpture.

FLATULENCE—Teapot tempest productive of nuances, tones and atmosphere. See ACADEMY.

FLY-SPECK—Blemishes on a ceiling worth hundreds of dollars on a work of art. See ANTIQUE, AUTHENTIC, EXPERT.

FRENCH—A few words of this language are essential to every critic. Which words does not particularly matter. Sprinkled through a review like paprika over a baked potato they add that touch of *je ne sais quoi* which distinguishes the professional critic from the amateur of art.

NOTICE TO READERS

IT SHOULD be evident that the compilation of a dictionary of art terms to include all even of the most important is a labor of tremendous magnitude. Because it is their desire to omit nothing which may prove useful to the lecturer, writer or conversationalist on art, the editors have decided to ask the readers of this magazine to submit definitions of such words as they may have found essential to a critical vocabulary.

Definitions so submitted should be addressed to the Associate Editor, International Studio, 49 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

Those which, in the judgment of the editors, are suitable will be published in this department with the name of the contributor. They will be paid for at the rate of One Dollar ($1.00) for each definition used.

Rejected definitions will in no case be returned, nor can the editors enter into correspondence about them.

The fact that several words have already been published under A, B, C, D, E and F does not mean that the compilers of this work consider that the published vocabulary is complete. We are as eager to receive new words beginning with those letters or better definitions of the words already published as to explore the mysteries of Z.—THE EDITORS.



BUST OF MRS. N. BY JO DAVIDSON

A Woman's Bust by Jo Davidson

AFTER his recent amazingly understanding portrayals of men, of complex masculine vitalities, we find Jo Davidson's bust of Mrs. N. equal in sincerity and free from all of the stylizations and concessions which belittled some of his earlier portraits of women. We again feel that spiritual transfusion which made the busts of Rockefeller and Vauclain alive, and we are left with the illusion that the sitter had done most of the work by letting her soul be put in a new shrine.

But the bust of Mrs. N., though like others made to command, seems the most convincing of Davidson's sculptures. It is like a tale which could not remain untold. At first contemplation one wonders if one had not known it since childhood, so outranking is its esthetic appeal. There is a devotional, searching humbleness in the modeling of this beautiful head which recalls the monastic dreamers—as if our master had despaired of solving his problem.—KARL FREUND.

HELMETS of FIVE CENTURIES

It would be impossible to reproduce today these superb examples of the medieval armorer's craftsmanship

BERNARD TEEVAN

OF ALL THE many parts of a suit of armor the helmet is the most beautiful work of the armorer's antique craft. From a purely utilitarian head defence of the simplest basin-like form it grew, in the sixteenth century, to be a marvelous work both in respect to shape and ornamentation, prized by kings and great nobles and now among the chief treasures of museums and private collections. These beauties of form and craftsmanship were carried down even to the helmets worn by the foot soldiers, those of the royal guards being second only to the helms worn by the emperors or kings they served. And it is for the reason that the helmet makes the readiest appeal to the uninitiated in the multifold mysteries of armor as a fine art that the Metropolitan Museum of Art gave an exhibition in the summer of 1924 of a collection of European helmets dating from the twelfth to the eighteenth centuries, the only parallel to which was the show arranged by the Archeological Society in London in 1880. Borrowed for this exhibition chiefly from the private collections of the Armor and Arms Club this exhibition displayed the development of the helmet in an orderly manner from the era of William the Conqueror to that of the Emperor Charles V and Cromwellian times.



CRUSADER'S HELMET OF BASINET SHAPE
TENTH TO TWELFTH CENTURY

Genuine pieces of armor are rare for several reasons. Armies were smaller in those days than in more modern times and of these bodies of troops not all wore metal body protections. Armor was costly and took a long time in the making, three years being spent on some of the finest suits. When peace settled over a country parts of armor were often converted into tools or put to homelier uses. And when the general introduction of gunpowder altered the whole aspect of military tactics both commanders and soldiers relegated body armor to the place of souvenirs of the military uniforms of the past. Composed as it was of materials that disintegrated unless properly cared for, European armor gradually disappeared from general sight and knowledge, some pieces being recovered in the form of a mass of rust-covered plates or even, as in the case of one very famous helmet, as a meal-scoop in a little German shop. As an illustration of how completely some types of armor have disappeared there was in this Metropolitan Museum collection an example of the conical nasal helmet of the kind worn by William the Conqueror and his soldiers, best known through their pictures in the Bayeaux tapestry and in shape very like the leather head protection with nose-guard worn by our football players. Only six of these Norman helmets of the tenth to twelfth centuries are in existence, the particular one in the Metropolitan exhibition having been dredged out of the bed of the river Thames in England.

ARMET À RONDELLE SHOWING EARLIEST VISOR
AND PIN FOR LIFTING IT



Developed from this type was the helmet worn by the Crusaders and technically called a *basinet*, this word being derived from the *basin* which it was supposed to resemble. As our illustration shows, the basinet gave additional protection to the front and sides of the face as well as the head, besides making the wearer of it more easily recognized, helmets gen-



GERMAN SALADE, FORGED OF SINGLE PIECE OF STEEL WITH SLOT FOR VISOR

erally being the most complete disguise ever conceived by man. From the viewpoint of working with metal a basinet of this type is an extraordinary piece of craftsmanship since it is fashioned out of one piece of steel and of uniform thickness from lower edge to pointed top. What is described as "the most beautiful helmet devised by the art of the armorer" is the type called *armet à rondelle*, the earliest style in which the head and face were completely protected, leaving only a slotted opening for sight. The pin on the side of the visor was placed there so that the wearer might raise the visor to get more air and also that he might be recognized, this operation being performed with the back of the right hand, a custom out of which grew the military salute as we know it today. The metal band at the lower edge of the *armet* with its row of holes is there for the purpose of attaching the neck defence of metal links called the *camaille*, this being the last type of helmet with which the *camaille* was used. This *armet* serves to point out that not a little of armor knowledge is lost to the world for the exact purpose of the circular plate attached to the rear of the helmet is not known, although it may be there as a rest for the visor when completely thrown back, that being one way in which the visor is shown to work.

From the viewpoint of protection all helmets up to this time were notably weak insofar as defense of the neck was concerned. Before the year 1400 the basinet was improved by the addition of the visor, as shown in the *armet* just described, and the substitution of a steel collar for the *camaille* which placed the weight of the helmet in part on the shoulder. Then was developed a form called a *salade*, from the German word for our "shell." The one we reproduce shows how the idea of deflecting a blow away from the neck was carried out by the spreading lower part of the helmet. This *salade*, with its slot for a visor, is also forged from a single piece of metal and is regarded with the most profound admiration for its workmanship by armor pundits. Its profiled view shown here is markedly reminiscent of the helmets worn by the German soldiers in the recent World War.



JOUSTING HELMET THAT WAS BOLTED TO BODY ARMOR



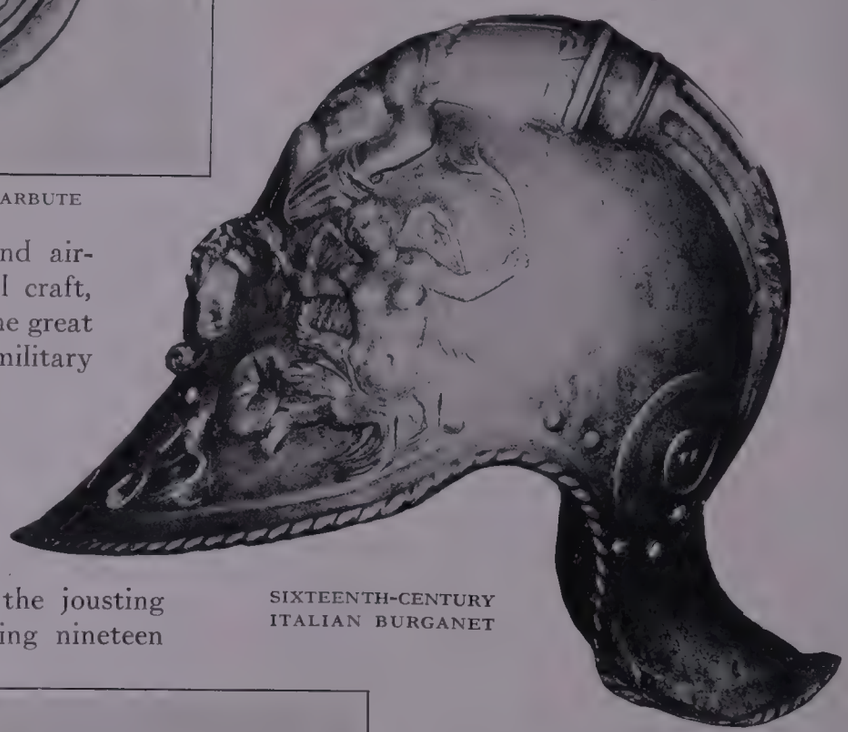
JOUSTING SALADE WITH ETCHED INITIALS

Where European peoples today play such varied games as polo, tennis, golf;

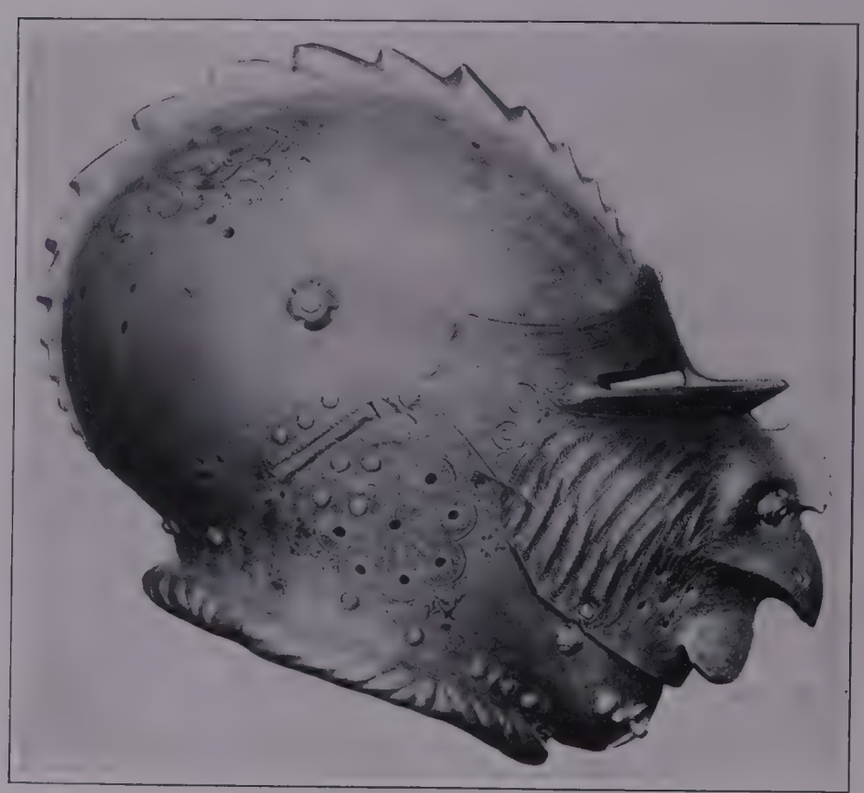


FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN BARBUTE

race horses, automobiles, yachts and airplanes; punt, row and paddle small craft, the fashionable world of Europe in the great days of armor knew of nothing but military sports, chief of which was jousting on foot or horseback. The thrusting impact of a great wooden lance or the blow of a sword needed all the protection that specially devised armor could give and so we have such a monstrous development as the jousting helmet shown here, a piece weighing nineteen pounds and securely bolted to the body armor. A quilted cap was worn inside such a helmet, the one inside the helmet we illustrate having been copied from an original in the great Vienna armory. A more finely decorated example is the jousting *salade* with a decorated comb and what are believed to have been the initials of the noble for whom the helmet was made—"M. L."—etched in relief around the edge of the bowl. When a knight, wearing a suit of armor as went with jousting helmets such as these, was thrown down by his opponent he was perfectly helpless until his squires came to his relief, either setting him up on his feet or upright on his horse if he was not too much overcome. In the case where these jousting helmets were shown was a contemporary watercolor drawing showing two mounted knights, after meeting and breaking their spears against each other's armor, lying back on the cruppers of their chargers in a perfectly helpless condition, one squire shown as he is about to straighten up his master on his horse.



SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN BURGANET



"COCK'S COMB" ARMET WITH COCK'S HEAD VISOR

Since such military combats dominated the world of fashion of those centuries it was inevitable that the beautifying of



ENGLISH CAVALIER'S HELMET, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

the uniforms of the kings and their courtiers should follow. Practically all outdoor ceremonies of that world were military in character and as today when a military unit parades its members wear dress uniforms, so in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries particularly armor grew to be of surpassing richness and variety, the helmets naturally leading in these features. That was the reason for the creation of such a helmet as the Italian fifteenth-century *barbute* illustrated here, its bowl covered with a dull olive velvet and enriched with borders of gilded bronze. A century later were made such marvelous examples of bizarre form and remarkably artistic embossing as the "cock's comb" *armet* pictured here, dating from 1530, and the Italian *burganet*, dating from about 1545, its median ridge fashioned into the figure of the god of war with female figures on either side of the front. Of more strictly military appearance, but quite as remarkable for the high artistic merits of their etching and gilding is the sixteenth-century helmet pictured here and the German *armet*, dating from about 1590, profusely embossed with combats and allegorical figures.



GERMAN ARMET EMBOSSED WITH COMBATS AND FIGURES

AUGSBURG HELMET GILDED AND ETCHED



Contemporary civil fashions occasionally affected the style of armor. A curious illustration of this is to be seen in a Cavalier's hat of steel dating from England about 1645 where the influence of civil fashion worked against the real spirit of armor design which was the achievement of the most perfect protection possible with the greatest ease to the wearer. Compared to any of the types of helmets illustrated here this Cavalier's hat has many faults, its picturesqueness and savor of its times being its only justifications.

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

EARLY CHINESE BRONZES. *By Albert J. Koop. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $30.*

ALBERT J. KOOP, who is assistant-keeper in the department of metalwork in the Victoria and Albert Museum, has added a volume to the rapidly increasing, although still small, number of books in English on Chinese art. His present monograph is the first on bronze, although Leigh Ashton's book on Chinese sculpture and the coming introduction to Chinese art announded by the *Burlington Magazine* both embrace the same subject.

Mr. Koop makes an important contribution to the classification of ancient bronzes by his division according to style rather than period. The well-marked characteristics developed during the reign of the Chou dynasty might very well appear on a piece from the succeeding dynasties of Ch'in or Han, side by side with pieces in the newer styles. The fact that each of the four great bronze styles was evolved during the four dynasties of Chou, Ch'in, Han and T'ang makes it feasible to use these names in describing the style without inferring that the piece is thereby placed within certain chronological boundaries. It is practically impossible to say just when a bronze was actually produced, for the provenance of so few pieces is known, and the final refuge of the attributer, the patina, is not always to be relied upon.

Each of the four styles, Chou, Ch'in, Han and T'ang, is described separately and in detail, and there is also a dictionary of types of bronze vessels and other objects to the number of fifty-five. Almost all bronze vessels had a part in some ritual in the sacrifice of food or wine and had definitely prescribed forms and usages. A key to the pronunciation of their Chinese names is a boon to the student who finds such terms as *chueh*, *lei*, *tsun* or *hsien* more picturesque than pronounceable.

The book includes very fine, large collotype reproductions of more than a hundred examples of bronzes in a number of European public and private collections. A few are in color, showing the variety of hues taken by the patina. Fully half of the text consists of a catalogue of the pieces illustrated.

THE HERITAGE OF COTTON. *By M. D. C. Crawford. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price, $7.50.*

THE STORY of cotton, "the fiber of two worlds and many ages" as Mr. Crawford calls it, has many ramifications in political and artistic history. It has figured ubiquitously in commerce, agriculture and art, has been a tie between alien people, has brought industrial supremacy to some and poverty to others; it is an immortal figure, appearing among practically all peoples and yet attached to none, so that its history has something of an epic character.

The book avows itself to be non-technical so far as the discussion of various processes of spinning, weaving and dyeing permits. Beginning with the pre-historic appearance of cotton fabric in India and in pre-Inca Peru, where in its infancy it set standards which we have never surpassed, Mr. Crawford traces it through medieval Europe and into the New World, completing the record with an account of the inventions in this country and England which gave to English-speaking peoples a control of the industry which they still possess. The conclusion of the tale is, however, not final. What will be the future of cotton? It is in the hope of persuading manufacturers and designers to look upon cotton as "one of the subtlest mediums of art" that Mr. Crawford writes his book. Our present-day fabrics in no way approach the miracles of weaving found in the grave clothes of ancient Peru, nor can they rival the loveliness of the Dacca muslins of India. In order that there may be another golden age of cotton textiles, the designer of the future must be more than a creator of patterns. He must understand the machine, must work with the technician, must in fact combine the functions of the historian of art, the draftsman, the technician and the style expert all in one.

A bibliography, illustrations and a chronological outline of the history of cotton are valuable adjuncts to the text.

OLD ENGLISH SILVER. *By W. W. Watts, F. S. A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $30.*

THIS SUMPTUOUSLY appointed volume on old English silver, dedicated to "Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen," will gladden the hearts of all specialists in this field of art. The historical aspect of this ancient craft has been ably and sympathetically handled by W. W. Watts, formerly keeper of the Department of Metalwork in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and his interesting text is amplified and adorned with a set of one hundred and thirty-four plates embodying the careful reproduction of perhaps four or five times that number of individual objects in silver.

The matter of silversmithing in England appears to have had none too great attention paid it by historians, archeologists or art writers in the past, so that Mr. Watts' labors in this department have a decided *raison d'être* at the start. The volume is concisely developed, tracing with the help of the illustrations the course of the silversmiths and their wares from the very beginnings in medieval times through the German period in the sixteenth century and the more English stage under the early Stuart sovereigns, then into the stern simplicities of the Cromwellian days and the later extravagancies of the Restoration, passing through the plain period of Anne and George I to the classical development of style in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

The history of silver has a distinctly romantic cast to it. From the free beginnings in the monasteries and its subsequent segregation in the guilds—the earliest band of English goldsmiths to be so classified was one of 1180—the silver craft played an important part in the ceremonial life of the country, reflecting the various tastes and whimsies of each period as the nation progressed. While circumstance has caused the disappearance of much of the earliest silver, enough remains to piece out the early chapters of the workers in this metal. Mr. Watts takes his tale of English silver as far back as the seventh century, then on through the glorious days of a rising art until the beginning of the sixteenth century when London's Cheapside became the "chief city of this our city" and its fame spread all over Europe, and so through the reign of George

IV. Three final chapters are devoted to the study of ecclesiastical plate, an important phase of silver craft in England, and there are indexes and lists of hall marks for reference at the end.

MY LIFE IN ART. *By Constantin Stanislavsky. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, $6.*

While the story of the origin of the Moscow Art Theater in a group of amateurs led by Stanislavsky forms the essence of the narrative of this unusual book of memoirs, the impression that remains is of the progress of Stanislavsky himself, but since without him the Theater would probably never have come into being, it may be that no definite line can be drawn between the history of the institution and the development of the man.

This book, then, is preeminently the history of an artist; outside of his career as an actor the incidents of his life appear only in briefest mention, but everything that has reference to his overcoming of the problems of the actor is told in detail. The means by which he finally learned to "fill the inner emptiness on the stage which is so terrible to the actor" are unfolded in all their arduous acquiring.

"There are no small parts, there are only small actors." "One must love art, and not one's self in art." It was on the ground of such ideals as these that Stanislavsky, still connected with his amateur organization, met with Nemirovich-Danchenko in their fifteen-hour conference which resulted in the opening of the Moscow Art Theater in 1898. With such a grasp of basic principles, applicable in all arts, it is not surprising that Stanislavsky should be capable of making this remark on the art of criticism—"Any one could blame a thing, but it took a specialist to praise it." This is only another instance of the breadth of vision which makes the book interesting, not only to those who love the theater but to all who are sensitive to the unity that binds the various forms of art into one.

ANTIQUES, THEIR RESTORATION AND PRESERVATION. *By A. Lucas. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price, $2.*

Since the writer of this book was formerly director of the Chemical Department, Egypt, and for two seasons has been helping with the cleaning and preservation of the objects from the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen, this small volume at once assumes an importance for archeologists, museum curators and collectors. The literature on this subject is slight, and in general must be pursued through magazine articles or followed into some work in a foreign tongue.

While the author avows his book to be an elementary one, it is admirably specific. It is also non-technical, so far as is possible. He tells how to clean various kinds of objects, whether water may be used, or petroleum spirit or alcohol, acetone, benzol or pyridine, and in mentioning what may be used he is always careful to state what may not be used, which, in working with antiques, is fully half the story. How to protect objects from light when they must remain on view in museums is another interesting subject, along with the overcoming of all the other forces of decay, such as bacteria, dust, fungi and moisture, so that the question of saving antiques becomes a veritable drama with the archeologist as the champion of the past. Mr. Lucas considers the special needs of such substances as alabaster, amber, basket work, beads, clay and faience, feathers, hair, gesso, plaster, glass, ivory, bone and horn, enamel, the various metals, paper and papyrus, pictures, pottery, stone, textiles and wood, so that one may present a definite problem to this little book and be reasonably assured of some definite answer. A list of reagents giving the solutions required and their uses forms a part of the concluding chapter on physical and chemical tests.

CHARLES FRASER. *By Alice R. Huger Smith and D. E. Huger Smith. Frederic Fairchild Sherman, New York. Price, $12.75.*

A signal service is rendered the cause of art by the faithful monographers who rise in affectionate concern to the point of producing the little memorial volumes to the lesser luminaries of the chisel and brush. Without these compendiums there would be many gaps in the records of artistic achievements of a really serious nature. The monograph on Charles Fraser comes, therefore, with special significance for the miniaturist and with a large measure of interest for all students of American arts and manners in the nineteenth century.

A sketch of Fraser's life takes up the first part of this monograph, giving graphic glimpses of the atmosphere, influences, and friendships of his early days in Charleston, South Carolina, where Sully, Washington Allston and Malbone were his frequent companions, and of his law studies and his half-century of artistic development; while the latter part of the volume deals with some two dozen of his miniatures in the style of a catalogue raisonné. From the early likenesses done in 1800 for pleasure to the distinctive miniatures of 1830 and 1840, Fraser's artistic career is carefully developed. Written by Carolinians, this monograph is a happy combination of fact and affection, giving a picture of not only the artist but the man as well. The volume, which is fully illustrated, is the only "Life" of Fraser, and is the first of a series of monographs devoted to the greatest of the early American miniaturists.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING RHYTHMIC. *By Jo Pennington. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price, $1.90.*

Few words pertaining to the arts have been more abused than "rhythm." Many writers, at a loss for something to say, drop it into a sentence along with "cosmic" in the hope that it will mean something. So it is with great relief that one finds a book about rhythm, written sanely and with evident understanding. Primarily it is an exposition of the theories of Jaques Dalcroze, theories which Walter Damrosch, in his preface to this book, says "would let daylight into many a dark torture chamber of the ordinary teaching of music." And although the chief concern of the book is with rhythm as applied to musical education there is no doubt that education by and in rhythm is capable of awakening a feeling for art. So far as pictorial, architectural and sculptural art is concerned, it is not enough that there be schools in which the representation of lines, color, light and shade, relief and grouping are taught. The students of these schools must be trained to respond with their whole beings to the rhythmic movement that animates works of art.

And before everyting students must be initiated into the sensations that have inspired the composition of these works, the movement that gave life to their emotions and the rhythm which has regulated and refined them.

ART IN EVERYDAY LIFE

LEONORA R. BAXTER

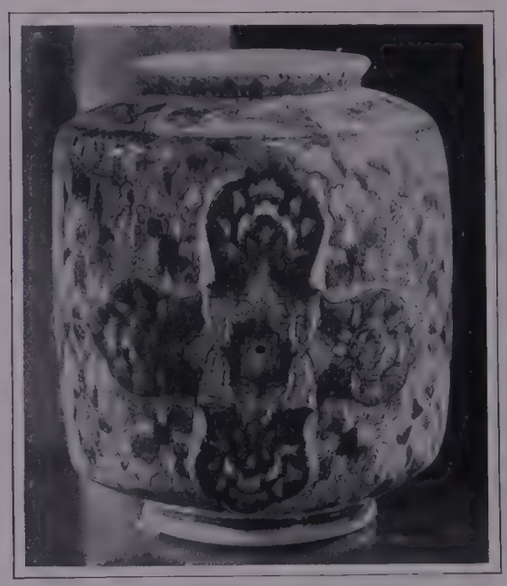
POTTERY, one of the most ancient and interesting of all arts, is important not only from the standpoint of beauty, but because it conveys, in an intricate and fascinating way, the many intimate facts of history and civilization, otherwise often unrecorded. The Persian potters of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, while using the methods of previous periods, invented a new technique, that of overglaze painting, known today as the Rhages polychrome pottery. This pottery has a wider range of subjects and technical possibilities than other Persian potteries, and this assigns it to a particularly important place in the history of Mohammedan potteries, as well as in the history of art in Persia. The epithet "Royal" was



RHAGES BOWL, TWELFTH CENTURY
Courtesy of M. Dawod Benzaria

bestowed on these wares by treasure hunters, who claim that they were substitutes for the golden vessels that were forbidden by Islam, and this inference is justified by their gorgeousness. The Rhages technique is not so much a ceramic as a pictorial process—a kind of delicate miniature painting on pottery. Also, it is an interesting supposition that the artists who did this work were the same ones who illuminated manuscripts. An extremely rare and important piece of Rhages polychrome pottery of the twelfth century is illustrated here, and is in the possession of M. Dawod Benzaria, the well-known collector of Persian antiques. This bowl is seven inches in circumference, and three inches in depth. The colors are gold, red, ivory, black and blue, and the border is of Cufic inscriptions.

WHEN the city of Jerusalem was captured by the British under General Allenby, in 1917, there was begun a revival of one of the oldest of the Arab arts, tile making, which originated in the island of Rhodes, several centuries before the Christian era. Probably the best example of Arab tile work extant today is on the outer walls of the Mosque of Omar, which was built in 691 A. D., and stands on the site of King Solomon's Temple. It was with the idea of restoring the missing tiles on the Mosque that the British sought to unearth the secrets of the ancient process, and, to make a long story short, the work was finally started in the same ovens where nearly five



REPRODUCTION OF AN ARABIC VASE
Courtesy of the American Colony Store

centuries ago the Arabs painted and baked their pottery. The American Colony Store of New York, with the cooperation of the Palestine authorities, has imported these tiles and potteries to the United States for the first time, and they are quickly finding their way into homes and places where the beauty of the East harmonizes with that of the New World. The vase illustrated is an example of the reproduced Arab pottery. On a soft cream background is a design showing the Byzantine Cross, which was copied from tiles in a mosque of Jerusalem. The beautifully blended colors are turquoise blue, dark blue, old red and green. The height is eleven inches, circumference five inches. In this interesting shop one finds rare antiques, Arabic silver, old amber, embroideries and silks —truly a remarkable collection of the arts of Jerusalem, both modern and ancient.

BECAUSE of the great amount of time he devoted to writing, Sheraton worked only twenty years as an actual maker of furniture, and produced less than any of his contemporary cabinetmakers, but he left more

SHERATON MUSIC CABINET
Courtesy of "The House of Wedding Presents"



impress upon English furniture than any other man except Chippendale. Although decidedly influenced by contemporary French ideas and ideals, his style was recognized as decidedly his own, and the "Sheraton School" was clearly defined. Always poor and struggling, yet due to his genius, and to the fortunate fact that he had friends at court, he was frequently sought when a masterpiece was wanted, and he executed orders for the most distinguished establishments and collectors of England. In "The House of Wedding Presents," Miss Higgs has the music cabinet shown here, which was made by Sheraton for the Earl of Harcourt, and was recently bought from the Harcourt collection. It is of age-darkened rosewood, delicately inlaid with brass, and the feet are bronze. Each detail is a joy, and every line and curve bespeaks the light sure touch of a master artist. Without the slightest change of face, this cabinet adopts itself to ultra-modern life. The cupboard measures perfectly for a radio, and the side doors open, by the touch of secret buttons, to receive victrola records.

PERHAPS to the modern mind nothing is more inexplicable and awe inspiring than the infinite patience and unending labor contributed by individuals of the old world toward the production of beauty. Ecclesiastical vestments have ever had lavished upon them the devoted



SPANISH COPE, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
Courtesy of Callingham & Lloyd

effort of artists, especially during the religious fanaticism of the middle ages, and many of these are now being plucked from their moorings by eager collectors, to serve various purposes in everyday life. Numerous indeed are the ways in which their intricate designs and gorgeous colors may be used to enhance the surroundings of appreciative laymen. At the gallery of Bernard Callingham and Lemuel Lloyd in the Heckscher Building there is on exhibition a recently imported collection, remarkable in its scope and quality. It consists of church vestments, court robes and samplers, and was gathered over a period of years from Spain, Italy, France and England. Notable among these treasures is the Spanish cope portrayed here, which measures eight and one-half feet across. It is of cloth of silver, with a foliated design in thread of twenty-two-carat gold. The upper border in similar texture introduces floral motifs in silks of brilliant and indescribable colors. The hood, which bears the coat-of-arms of a cardinal, is held in place by hand-wrought silver clasps, and underneath is the embroidered inscription, "Michael Molero, Toletanus. Fecit. Toleti. Anno. 1770." The shimmering radiance of the whole creation bears mute witness, not only to "the glory that was Rome," but to the love and labor that fashioned its habiliments. One turns from this, only to be almost bewildered by beauty of color and fabric. A Venetian chasuble, of cream brocade with a scroll design in dull pink, and gold thread—a gold and silver tissue court dress, once the Duchess of Grafton's —a table cover made from a royal purple velvet robe—a multi-colored altar cloth—Spanish samplers, worked with unbelievable minuteness—and so on through a long list of things that are too beautiful to forget or to describe adequately. One must see them to appreciate the beauty that lives in Spanish craft work. For in it, particularly in the textiles, is united the richness of Oriental design and color and the more austere Western feeling for line and mass.

IT HAS BEEN a long time since the middle of the sixteenth century, when the Dutch and Portuguese traders first brought wall paper from China to Europe, yet in France today no wall papers are more highly prized than those showing Chinese influence. Chinese papers were wonderful in color, beauty of design and balance of composition, but lacked perspective. This the French supplied, creating what is known as Franco-Chinese papers—a whimsical combination, so charmingly decorative that it has a permanent artistic value and appeal. Late in the eighteenth century began the epoch of scenic wall papers, which were brought into special prominence by Jean Zuber and Joseph Dufour. Zuber had the honor to be the only manufacturer in the provinces who rivaled the productions of the Parisian makers, and he has to his credit a long list of successful scenic papers, all made in his own factory at Rixheim, Alsace, where they are still produced, by hand, from the same wood blocks that were used in the beginning. The W. H. S. Lloyd Company import these famous papers, and the illustration shows one of many interesting ways in which they use them. This screen is made of "Décor Chinois," the Zuber version of a Chinese design, printed in natural colors, with a background that suggests the freshness and sunlight of spring. It is five feet high, of solid construction, and is glazed all over. Representing the cumulative art of several centuries and countries, it strikes a final note of sophisticated beauty.

SCREEN OF "DÉCOR CHINOIS"
Courtesy of W. H. S. Lloyd Co.



THE EDITOR'S FOREGAST

THE APRIL issue of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO will be more than usually international in content. Spain, England, France, Finland and America will all be represented. Most important among the articles from England, or inspired by English work, will be an essay by Arnold Bennett which he has called *Pictures and Music*. It is a criticism not so much of pictures as of our attitude toward them. Most of us, Mr. Bennett believes, have never learned to see pictures at all; we only, and that rarely, look at them. That there is great pleasure to be derived from art if only we have a little understanding of what it is all about is unquestionably true; it is equally true that it is a pleasure which many miss. Mr. Bennett has a suggestion, so simple that, as he says, you may at first think it ridiculous, as to how that lack may be overcome and how even those whose appreciative faculty is well developed may increase the delight they get from pictures. To even hint at his suggestion here would be to spoil the enjoyment you will have in reading his essay.

JOHN LANE, the English publisher, who founded INTERNATIONAL STUDIO in New York in March, 1897, died in London on February 2, of influenza. He was 70 years old. America will hold Mr. Lane in memory, for it owes a debt of gratitude to him for fostering the esthetic spirit of the nation for the twenty-five years that he produced this magazine. He had a keen interest in American art and took every occasion to encourage it.

THE NAME of Seurat is known wherever art is discussed, but, partly because there are so few of them and these infrequently published, the productions of this artist are not nearly so well known as are those of many lesser men. He died while still a young man, leaving only a limited amount of work behind. For the next number of this magazine Guy Eglington has contributed an article which is a biographical and critical study of the painter and his contributions to modern art.

THE AMAZING run on Zuloaga during the five weeks of his exhibition at the Reinhardt Galleries in New York City has put his recent canvases under an especially close scrutiny. Unquestionably this distinguished Spanish painter comes to America at the very crest of the present craze for things Spanish. In fact he may be said to cap the "Spanish Hour" that has struck in America. Next month there will be a critical review by Ralph Flint of his recent New York exhibition in INTERNATIONAL STUDIO and an attempt made to analyze the various whys and wherefores of this sensational incident in the art world. At times the throngs of visitors at the Reinhardt Galleries have been beyond the circumscribed capacities of this Fifth Avenue house; one Saturday the attendance mounted to more than fifty-five hundred. The Zuloaga furore recalls the tremendous popular interest in the Sorolla show of 1909 when the Hispanic Society's doors were besieged by enraptured throngs of over-night art patrons. Once in a blue moon something happens in the art world to catch the popular fancy and then you can't see the forest for the trees.

AMERICA knows little about the art of Finland, and what it does know is confined to the pictures of one or two artists. Painting, however, is essentially international, too much so in modern times to reveal much of the inherent qualities of a people. But there is an ancient art in Finland, a manual art peculiar to the country, that is typical of the Finns—the art of the Rya, a beautiful, hand-knotted rug, used in the homes of the people usually as a wall tapestry. It is the work of the peasant-folk, done in the leisure of the long winters. Almost always it is dated, and the earliest known to survive bears the mark, 1705. Eugene Van Cleef, writing of them in the April number, says: "Connoisseurs hold their colors as their greatest asset. The harmony in many instances is almost perfect. The colors are pure, soft, fresh, recalling the warm bright tones of an autumn landscape such as one may witness in a far northern country."

PROFESSOR WALTER R. AGARD considers *The Sculptural Portrait* in the April number in a richly illustrated treatise that stimulates critical thought. He divides the portraiture of sculpture into three classes: the exact likeness of realism, in which the Romans excelled; the expression of character by the exaggeration of essentials and the elimination of accidental data, in which the Egyptisns surpassed all others, and the conversion of the portrait into a work of art by so organizing the form as to create an esthetic expression, which is what the Greeks did in their golden age and what certain of the moderns are doing today. "A portrait may be more than a portrait," says the author, "it may be a work of art. That is to say, regardless of its similarity to a model, it may be so constructed in terms of line and mass that it will be a source of esthetic delight." This is an article which will appeal to the artist and the art-lover alike.

MOST of the Spanish artists with whose work we are familiar are painters of figures chiefly. In the great majority of their canvases, from El Greco to Zuloaga, landscape is introduced only as a background. Fortuny is the only one with whom we first associate unpopulated pictures. Ballesteros de Martos, one of the foremost critics in Spain, has written an account of a young painter who is more concerned with the mountains and cities of his country than with its people. Gregorio Prieto has been honored in Spain but has yet to exhibit in America, and the illustrations to this article, which will appear in the April issue, will be the first showing of his work in this country.

THE "Portrait of Marie Antoinette," by Mme. Vigée Le Brun, is reproduced on the cover of this issue by courtesy of the Wildenstein Galleries.

Peyton Boswell



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April 1	New York	Southampton	Plymouth	Cunard	Mauretania
April 1	New York	Copenhagen	Christiania	Scandinavian-American	Frederick VIII
April 1	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star-Dominion	Megantic
April 2	New York	Hamburg	Boulogne	Hamburg-American	Deutschland
April 3	St. Johns	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montlaurier
April 4	St. Johns	Glasgow	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montreal
April 4	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Tuscania
April 4	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Aurania
April 4	New York	London	Plymouth	Cunard	Ascania
April 4	New York	Bremen	Plymouth	United States	President Harding
April 4	New York	Gothenburg	Direct	Swedish-American	Drottningholm
April 4	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Homeric
April 4	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Baltic
April —	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg	United American	Resolute
April 7	New York	Bremen	Queenstown	United States	Republic
April 8	St. Johns	Antwerp	Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Minnedosa
April 8	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Aquitania
April 8	New York	Havre	Direct	French	La Savoie
April 8	New York	Beirut	Azores	Fabre	Madonna
April 9	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Assyria
April 9	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth	Red Star	Zeeland
April 10	St. Johns	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montclare
April 11	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Caronia
April 11	New York	London	Plymouth	Cunard	Ausonia
April 11	New York	Hamburg	Queenstown	United American	Mount Clay
April 11	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	United States	Leviathan
April 11	New York	Christiania	Bergen	Norwegian-American	Bergensfjord
April 11	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth	Holland-America	Volendam
April 11	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic
April 11	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Celtic
April 11	New York	Genoa	Naples	Lloyd Sabaudo	Conte Verde
April 11	New York	London	Cherbourg	Atlantic Transport	Minnewaska
April 13	New York	Bordeaux	Vigo	French	Roussillon
April 14	New York	Trieste	Azores	Cosulich	Martha Washington
April 14	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Bremen
April 15	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria
April 15	New York	Bremen	Queenstown	United States	America
April 15	New York	Havre	Direct	French	De Grasse
April 16	St. Johns	Antwerp	Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Melita
April 16	New York	Hamburg	Boulogne	United American	Cleveland
April 16	New York	Copenhagen	Christiania	Scandinavian-American	United States
April 16	New York	Bremen	Plymouth	North German Lloyd	Columbus
April 17	St. Johns	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montrose
April 18	New York	London	Plymouth	Cunard	Lancastria
April 18	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Columbia
April 18	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Scythia
April 18	New York	Genoa	Naples	Nav. Gen. Italiana	Colombo
April 18	New York	Bremen	Plymouth	United States	George Washington
April 18	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth	Holland-America	New Amsterdam
April 18	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	France
April 18	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic
April 18	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Adriatic
April 18	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Royal Mail S. P.	Orbita
April 21	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg	White Star	Pittsburgh
April 22	New York	Southampton	Plymouth	Cunard	Mauretania
April 22	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Suffren
April 23	St. Johns	Glasgow	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Metagama
April 23	New York	Gothenburg	Direct	Swedish-American	Stockholm
April 25	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Cameronia
April 25	New York	London	Plymouth	Cunard	Saxonia
April 25	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Laconia
April 25	New York	Hamburg	Queenstown	Hamburg-American	Westphalia
April 25	New York	Bremen	Queenstown	United States	President Roosevelt
April 25	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Paris
April 25	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Homeric
April 25	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star-Dominion	Doric
April 25	New York	London	Cherbourg	Atlantic Transport	Minnetonka
April 25	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Royal Mail S. P.	Orduna
April 28	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Luetzow
April 29	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Aquitania
April 30	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marburn
April 30	Montreal	Hamburg	Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Marloch
April 30	New York	Hamburg	Boulogne	Hamburg-American	Albert Ballin
April 30	New York	Copenhagen	Christiania	Scandinavian-American	Oscar II
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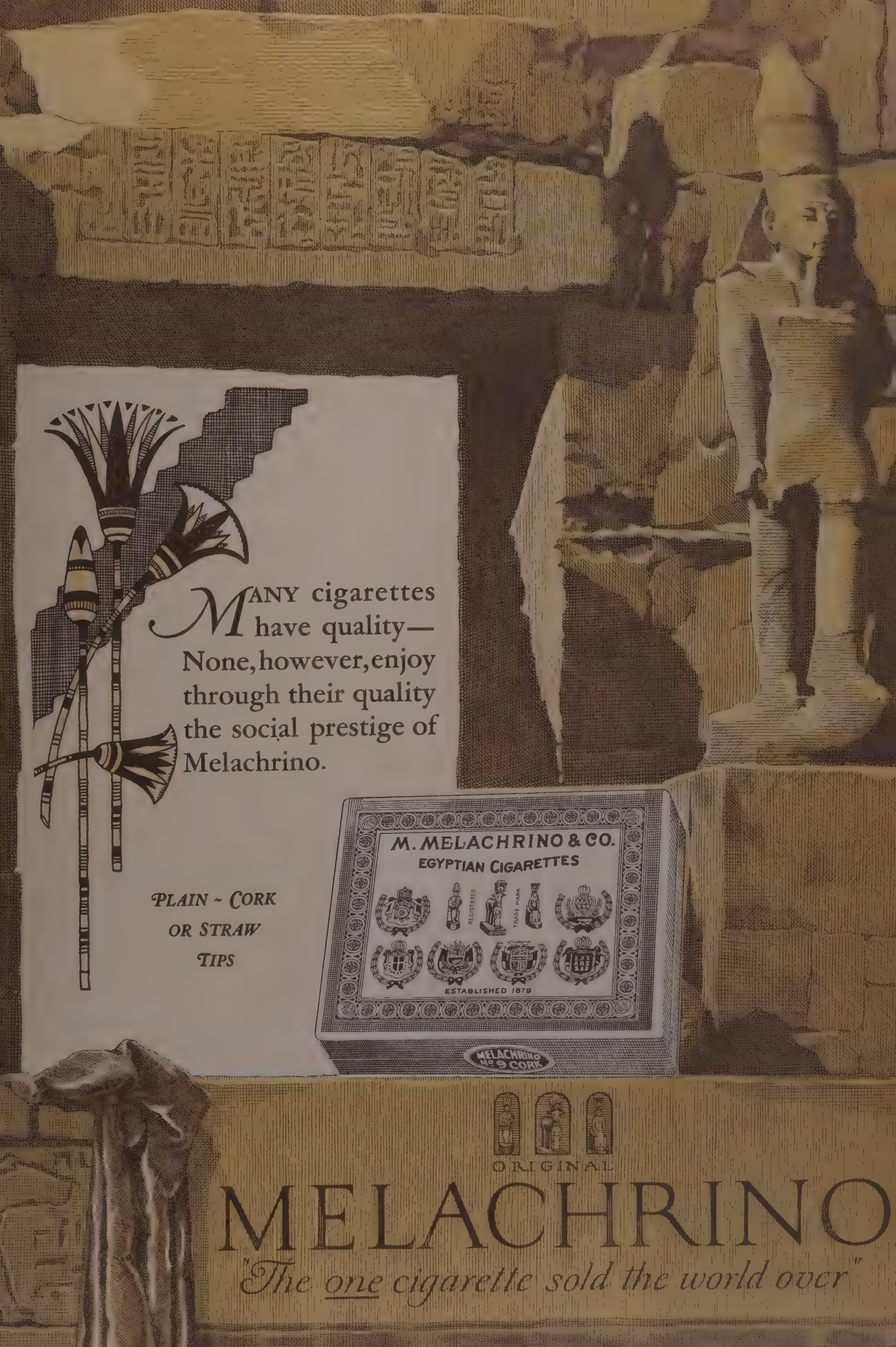
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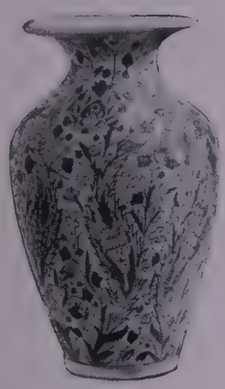
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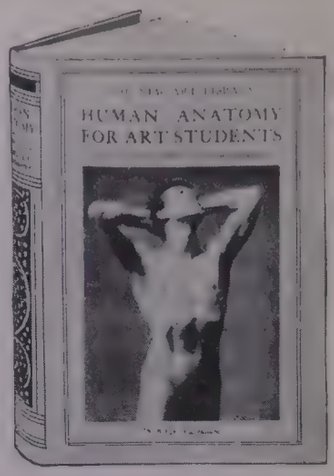
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